THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Fo[illegible] Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAR. 6. '15 — 5c. THE COPY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

CONGOLEUM RUGS

For porches —and every room in the house

CONGOLEUM RUGS are made by a new and wonderful process. We believe housewives will find them superior to any of the medium-priced grass, fibre, or fabric rugs now on the market.

Congoleum Rugs are absolutely sanitary. The way to clean them is to wash them, for they are waterproof. They do not fade in the sun. They lie flat and never "kick up".

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1	yard x 1	yard	$ .60	each
1	yard x 1½	yards	.90	"
1	yard x 2	yards	1.20	"
1½	yards x 1½	yards	1.35	"
1½	yards x 2	yards	1.80	"
2	yards x 2	yards	2.40	"
2	yards x 3	yards	3.60	"
2	yards x 4	yards	4.80	"

Congoleum Two-piece Rugs

Undoubtedly the most novel Rug on the market today is the Congoleum two-piece Rug, which is a real achievement. The Rug is made in two pieces for easy handling and has the so-called "invisible seam", so that when it is laid on the floor it matches perfectly. Ideal for dining room, bed room and porch use. Prices:

3	yards x 4	yards	$7.50 each
3½	yards x 4	yards	8.50 "

The name "Congoleum" is stamped on the back of every Rug. Look for it when you buy and be sure to get the genuine.

Handsome Rug Chart Free

If you are interested write to us for handsome Rug Chart, in colors, from which you can make selection and get your dealer to supply you with the Rugs you desire.

UNITED ROOFING & MANUFACTURING CO.

DEPT. OF BARRETT MFG. COMPANY

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Maxwell

The Car That Laughs at Hills

The Maxwell is the car in which "Wild Bill" Turner made the world-record climb up Mt. Hamilton to the famous Mt. Lick Observatory.

The Maxwell is the car that Billy Carlson drove 9 miles up Mt. Wilson, Cal., over snow and ice, around sharp, dangerous curves, climbing 6,000 feet in 29 minutes and 1 second, breaking the previous record of 42 minutes. These are but two of the Maxwell stock car hill-climbing records.

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If you want a car of ample power to climb hills with speed and pull through heavy going, this is the car.

The Maxwell Dealer nearest you will show you the "1915" Maxwell

Maxwell Five-Passenger Touring Car, $695. In Canada, $ 925.
Maxwell Roadster, - - - - 670. In Canada, 900.
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Write for illustrated catalogue. Address, Department B.

The Maxwell will be exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, Inc., Detroit, Michigan

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THE hostess whose linens win the admiration of her guests is blessed with something more than good taste. She is twice-blessed in knowing the value of Ivory Soap for keeping delicate fabrics like new.

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Use water that is warm, not hot. If the water is hard, soften with borax. Make a thick lather with Ivory Soap. Do not rub the soap on the fabric. Soak the pieces thoroughly in the lather; then rub the spots gently with the hands, sousing the material up and down in the suds. Rinse in several warm waters until all traces of the soap are gone. Rinse once again in boiling water, followed immediately by a rinsing in as cold water as you can obtain. Hang in the sun, if possible, but do not let the linen dry completely. Iron without sprinkling.

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IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100% PURE

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A SOCIAL QUADRANGLE

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IN THAT early and unlovely day in our national life when men coming home from the Civil War still regarded pain-giving as one of the high virtues the Times-Globe never referred to Colonel Longford less gently than as "that human orang-utan." His presence was esteemed by the same authority and in those days as a "portable plague spot." In a great black sheet-iron box locked with a log-chain and padlock—a box whereon the editor's rifle rested, a mute token of his willingness to assist might in making right—were filed away records of the evil men had done in the town, in the county, in the state and in the nation. That box was a kind of black Ark of the Covenant which the editor kept with his fellows, and in the box, he always claimed, were records and documents whose lightest word would send Colonel Longford through the penitentiary to suicide.

Yet the Colonel was not upon particularly intimate terms of enmity with the editor; the Colonel's dark record was one of scores to which the editor of the Times-Globe in his high office of guardian of the public morals and keeper of the town's conscience pointed with pride. And it may be worth while to recall that in the open season for shooting editors—as for instance when the campaign for the location of the courthouse was on, during a campaign for voting railroad bonds or for choosing a member of the school board or council—the Colonel was but one of a gallant company who availed themselves of the season's pleasant privilege and took pot shots and wing shots and trap shots at the editor. So the long list of those names that could not be printed in the paper grew longer, until in the decade following the Civil War the list included the flower of the chivalry of Pleasant Ridge. And as many of the flowers in that bouquet were merchants whose advertising patronage was needed by the sordid demands of a pay roll, it became necessary for the editor to leave his citadel and find another watchtower of public virtue in another town. But before he left—the week before he left—he printed this item:

The Doctor Tried to Answer, But His Voice Had Slipped From its Control

Born to Mrs. Prudence Cabot Longford, three hours before her death, a baby girl, who has been named Lalla Rookh. For the sake of the motherless child who is cast into worse than orphanage we regret that the sweet and patient sufferings of a devoted life are ended.

When the black box was opened by the young schoolmaster who paid seven prices for the paper the damning evidence in the dark archives was found to be chaff. All that was held against the Colonel was the fact that he deserted an Irish regiment to fight on the Union side in the Civil War; that he joined the Fenian raid on Canada, and that he took a contract to furnish hay to troops in Arizona before coming to Pleasant Ridge.

As a dashing young Irish colonel of a colored regiment he had caught and held the heart of a Yankee girl near Boston, had eloped with her to Arizona after the Fenian raid, and the rest we knew. He had no particular business or calling, and was just coloneling round in a grand way in politics and in real estate and in contracts to supply stone or meat or hay or railroad rights-of-way wherever he could find employment for his talents—a bull-necked, bull-voiced, bull-headed Irishman with a mid-Victorian education, who loved to quote Tom Moore and Charles Lever; drank corn whisky to flaunt his Democracy; was not overnice in his stories or his accounts; and had the documents to prove that he was a true descendant of the rightful heir to the Irish throne. He had the only case of books in the town in those halcyon days of his early widowerhood, when he launched out with a colored mammy for his housekeeper and walked with a chip on his shoulder before all the town's widows and school-teachers, tempting them to touch him if they dared.

A year and a month and a week and a day after the funeral of the late Prudence he made a dashing social sortie into the shining needles of the enemy and gave a party—and escaped. He was the very devil in a church social, and aired his knowledge of cookery and his taste in literature before the available women as one who loved dangerous ice for its own smooth sake. When his little girl was seven years old he had torn down his old barns and built him new ones, and in his house was a large room gaudy with Indian blankets and trophies and bestrewn with books. The books were of such a sadly improper character, many of them, that the town shook its head; but when he inaugurated a weekly afternoon tea and read Locksley Hall by the open fire in the twilight the town could not resist. Now Tennyson done into Irish after tea is a tempter that few women could resist. Yet the Colonel knew too much about cooking, and after reading the song of Maud with such fire in his voice as fifty full fighting years could fan up he would sigh to the assembled company: "Ye never can tell of the ways of the heart; and if I could find a woman who had never parboiled a goose, nor scalded a turkey to pick him ——" He never finished the sentence, but wiped a tear from his eye and smiled into the fire as he sighed:

"And my heart would hear her and beat,
Though I'd lain for a century dead!"

But even that could not tempt them to touch the chip on his shoulder, though it should have tempted a woman saint. So the Colonel's fifties merged into his mellow early sixties and found him tall, burly, shaggy, merry eyed and devilish, with more property than he knew exactly what to do with and more notes outstanding than he could conveniently pay.

And Lalla Rookh, of the house of Longford, was passing from twelve to twenty before his puzzled eyes. The little girl who loved to coast down the boys' hill "belly buster" and scorned the baby hill; the little girl who had learned to ride as she learned to walk; who had learned the stern virtue of lying from her colored mammy and the refined art of it from her father; who took her mother's Puritan religion as a dissipation and often went on spiritual debauches at the revivals in the town, adventuring with God until her little soul was exalted beyond human endurance; who swarmed the girls of her hive at school like a queen, and led them into the library for forage when her father was away; the little girl who could always bat her father's jokes back to him, was passing in some mysterious way beyond her father's ken. A strange, prim young person was coming into

her face. He shook his head and sent her to a convent, and she ran away and wrote him from a boarding school. He laughed, made a note at the bank for her year's tuition and told the story in the town as a sign of her prowess.

It was in those days when the country was bumping along over rough roads at high pressure, when men grew rich overnight and poor before sunset, that the Colonel, having taken what he wanted in one way or another, had retired from business in the fullness of years, with some kind of a vast Irish dream of settling up his affairs and becoming a patriarch for the town. He used to haunt the newspaper office where his name twenty years before had been a curse, and expound the meaning of his dream. We never knew what it was; nor did the Colonel know exactly; but we were for the Colonel's scheme and wrote more or less about it. Then there came a time when his interest in the plan slackened and we found out, by the innumerable lines of gossip that converge in every newspaper office, that the Colonel was worried about his daughter. She had been too enthusiastic for three separate boarding schools, so she came home in her late teens very much of a young woman, with a deeply cleft chin, the Colonel's own devilish chin, which he had hidden all the years with whiskers; and with something as to eyes—reddish brown, a match for the Colonel's wavy hair—something as to eyes deep and restless and so indecently candid as to be almost openly intriguing with every pair of eyes they met, and with a figure ——

"My heavens, Madie!" said the little flat-chested, milk-eyed society editor at her telephone to the inky-nosed printer-girl waiting for copy, as Lalla Longford whirled out. "Ain't that a goddess in corsets for you!"

The exit of Lalla Rookh was always as dramatic as her entrance. Her coming and going seemed like the flashing on and off of a joyous flame, and when she left the newspaper office the society editor brushed back a stray lock of lusterless hair and turned to her typewriter, saying:

"Wait a minute, Madie; I've got to rewrite this Longford girl's item."

"Mercy, did you see those sleeves, Elsie? Are they wearing 'em that big now?"

But the society editor went on writing and talking it out in an undertone as she wrote: "'He—is—a—graduate—of Evanston University—and—the—Medical School'—say, Madie, this is her fellow; she left boarding school near Chicago to be with him—'of—Pennsylvania'—and she went to boarding school near Philadelphia to be with him; they say it's an awful case." Resuming her monotone: "'And—he—will—occupy offices in—the Borland Building. His mother—Mrs. Matilda—Kurtlin—will live—with him at 1127 College Heights Avenue. They—will—arrive'—the old lady's got money, they say; anyway she's staying by the boy. They say he is only twenty-four—'next—Tuesday—and during—their—first—few days—in the—Ridge they—will—be the—guests of—Colonel Longford—at—Longheath.'"

The typist slipped the sheet out of the machine and jabbed it at the inky-nosed person, saying: "Mark that 'Society.'"

As the stubby printer-girl waddled out the society editor called shrilly: "Charley! Oh, Charley!"

A man at a desk in the front office looked up. "Make a note on your calendar that a young fellow—Lalla Longford's prize package named Dr. Paul Kurtlin—is to be here Tuesday to open an office in the Borland Building, and go get his professional card for the paper and hit him for some letterheads and envelopes."

"Got you," answered the man finally as he pushed back his tablet; then he asked: "When's it going to be?"

"Oh, I don't know," called back the girl at the telephone. "Maybe never, now that she's good and got him. She was that way as a little girl."

"I'll give her four months; then she'll nab him," said the man in the front office. No reply came from the society editor's room. She was rattling away at her machine. As she came out ten minutes later the man in the business office hailed her: "Elsie, I bet you an oyster stew Lalla Rookh has him nailed down and married before snow flies."

"You made a bet!" replied the girl as she slammed the door on her way into the composing room. When she returned she said: "Charley, I don't want to take your money; but I watched her dancing with that young Prof—the new one—Gregory Nixon, a big, handsome brute who teaches physics out at the college—and I'm here to tell you the Doc's got competition! My, but they made a couple! And after he danced five dances with her I quit counting and went to work."

As the summer deepened the battle for the possession of Lalla Longford opened for the diversion of the whole town. A town's mind is a child's mind. It cannot see the foreshadowing of a tragedy for what it is. The town's mind saw only the comedy of it. The town smiled and sometimes even laughed. But those were serious days for three young people grappling with the most vital problem in youth. The slight, blue-eyed doctor, with his sympathetic face, with his high forehead full of dreams and his heart

Lalla Rookh Snapped Her Fingers at the Town

shining through his troubled countenance, seemed only a boy, distraught and worried, as he went about his little practice that summer. For Dr. Paul Kurtlin realized, even before he had seen Nixon, that danger was in the air. He had the nine points of the law that come with possession. She still wore his ring. But the tall, heavy, quiet, effective, easy-going, slow-speaking, gentle-handed, patient college man, older than the doctor, plodded along, accepting the handicap of the ring good-naturedly but not seriously. And because he was bold and persistent in his lovemaking the Doctor could feel the quake of the ground under him. As for the girl ——

"Ah, Archimedes!" smiled the Colonel one summer evening as he tilted his chair back in front of the office and talked to the young schoolmaster, grown into his forties, who for a score of years had been handling the lever that moved the world of Pleasant Ridge. "Archimedes, my boy, 'tis a queer world ye hooked your lever to, a damned queer world, and the fun of it is we have to lie so much to keep it going. There's poor little Lally Rookh, eatin' the heart out of her fer that she loves 'em both, the polygamous little haythen! She loves 'em both and wants 'em both, and could love another and more if so be the case. But because society holds her to one she's tearin' her heart out decidin' a most unnatural question!"

The Colonel thumbed his vest-holes and looked at the twinkling September stars, and smiled and nodded whimsically as though to an old friend. "And don't ye know it's the truth, Prudey, by this time, that I was a born polygamist? But for the way you had of devilin' kidneys and pannin' a rabbit and roastin' a goose I'd 'a' been philanderin' far and wide, Prudey, and well ye know it now, my poor gal—well ye know it now!" The Colonel sighed and snapped his suspenders with his thumbs, and continued: "And then Lally Rookh, Archimedes, poor Lally Rookh, she's her father's daughter by marriage, and blood kin to the chained Turk who sits in the back of my head, gnawing his chains and thanking God for the safety and the comfort they bring him."

The reply of Archimedes is unimportant except that it prompted these words from the Colonel: "It's the young Doctor I'm really sorry for, if ye must know the truth. Haven't I tramped the cobblestones of Dublin, across the bridge and down the quay, and up the quay and over the bridge, all of a winter's night, with the vultures of shame and hate and—saints forgive me!—murder rippin' my heart to shreds on the weddin' night of Kate McGarrity, dead these thirty years. Ah, my little man, my game little doctor man, ye'll be salvin' a blister on your poor soul the long score of years till you're passin' forty! And I'm wonderin' now"—and the Colonel gazed wistfully at the stars as he spoke—"if Prudey and Kate will be meetin' betimes and havin' a bit of a tear and a smile in their tea in the Milky Way yonder as they talk me over!"

The autumn sank into winter, and still the town smiled at the battle for Lalla Longford. We Americans make a pretense of civilization that keeps us from claws and fists and knives and guns in these struggles for our mates. But the fierceness of the fight is prolonged only because it has no climax, no expression in terms of blood and muscle. How the town could laugh at the tense, strained face of the Doctor, or the lowering animal wrath that loomed big in his slow-moving, dogged rival, is only explicable on the theory that it is always funny to see a man act the beast, or a beast try to act the man. But our sense of humor blinds our eyes to the tragedy that inheres in every yielding of the man to the beast, or aspiration of the beast toward man.

The quarrel that Nixon knew he would force between the Doctor and the girl came in January. The Doctor sent for his ring and got it; but he did not know that she sent it covered with kisses of remorse. Then the Colonel took her away to the city for a week of grand opera, and Wagner harrowed her heart. So she wrote passionate letters to both her lovers, and the big man came to the city and got her.

The boy who brought the Associated Press report one Saturday afternoon came stumbling along, reading the sheet. He handed it to the society editor, who met him in the corridor, and she cried to the man in the business office: "I win! I win! They've eloped to New York!"

The office force came crowding round to read the dispatch, and there it was, in plain typewritten characters—the story of Lalla Rookh and the Professor, and the Colonel chasing them furiously to the station in a cab and then throwing kisses after them as they stood on the rear of the departing train.

When they had all gone out of her room the society editor called: "Charley, come here!" And when Charley came she shut the door and whispered: "And not five minutes ago, as I was in the post-office for the afternoon mail, I met Doctor Kurtlin—his box is right above ours—and Charley, if that girl hadn't written him a letter—written Doctor a letter that he got just now. My land, Charley—what—do—you—think—of that! Why, it must have been just before she left with Nixon. I saw it drop from his box, address up; it's her big box-car handwriting, and it wasn't a little old ta-ta or by-by; it was a big fat letter!"

Then in a pause her newspaper sense came to her, and she hurried to a door and called: "Herman, Doctor Kurtlin got a letter a minute ago from Lalla Rookh. You send one of the boys over to his office and maybe he'll talk—send Jim; he can fight if he has to!" The girl came back to her desk by the telephone and sat looking at the advertising solicitor. "Charley," she said, "listen to me: If that girl lives to be thirty, she's going to make a big first-page, black-head, three-decked story for this paper. She is full of the kind of dynamite that makes news!"

"Well, don't you go telling Archimedes your dreams, Elsie," answered the solicitor; "he's that soft on the Colonel he'll order the story killed five years in advance and cut down to-day's story to a society item on the third page!" And with that they fell to their work.

But alas for the futility of prophecy! The only copy Mrs. Lalla Rookh Nixon made during the first five years of her married life was birth notices! Three notices appeared in fairly regular succession, and the last notice chronicled twins. Then news of that character conspicuously quit coming from Longheath, where the happy couple had settled down with the Colonel. The phrase "settled down" perhaps may apply to Gregory Nixon, who settled down to a steady brilliancy of work in his profession; the phrase may even have applied to the Colonel, who was enjoying to the full the long afternoon of his vigorous life, as one on a quiet perennial spree who lives in fear of the return of somber sobriety; but "settled down" was no phrase to use on Lalla Rookh. The current of life was strong in her. But after the birth of the twins she seemed to tire of the game of domesticity. Almost with a click or bang or whack she slammed the door on the picture she had been making of herself as she appeared in public with her children, rather overdressed and bedizened, grouped beautifully round her. Then she opened another door as impetuously as she had shut the last one, and Elsie Barnes at the Globe office began getting two kinds of items from Longheath. One set of items was always written in Mrs. Nixon's box-car chirography, setting forth the achievements of the Professor in the line of pure physics. Her chronicles told us what we knew in the office, that his papers delivered before learned societies were being translated into many foreign languages and that he was becoming an international figure in his profession. The items told us also of important offers he received from great Eastern universities to take chairs or departments in his line of work, which he always refused. We knew why. It was because his salary at the college was large enough to live on, and because he had practically ceased to teach and was devoting his time to research work. Also the Colonel loved the babies, but he would not leave Pleasant Ridge, and Lalla Rookh would not leave him, and the Professor would not leave Lalla Rookh, so pure science throve in our little college and all the world made a path to the Professor's door. The second type of news that we had from the Nixons concerned the activities of Mrs. Nixon. She had assumed a distinctive kind of social leadership in the town. Let the divine Elsie with her troubled hair and her baked-potato complexion describe it:

"Now, Madie, wait till I give you this chunk of copy the Nixon woman has sent down here. She can't spell for sour apples, but she does manage to turn in the news. It's the list for to-day of the contributors to the flood sufferers in Ohio. Honest, Madie, I'd think the merchants would hate to see that woman come bursting in the stores—she never comes without a subscription paper. And she's always wringing money out of 'em for something—floods and earthquakes and doors of hope and provident associations and home guards and the old brass band and the North End Mission and the rescue work and the anti-saloon league—heavens to Betsy! And say, Madie, did you know she snatched up that little tough hussy of a Snay girl at Longheath as a brand from the burning and has her a-makin' baskets?—and Mrs. Nixon goes round selling 'em—literally choking baskets down people's throats. That's the third little ashcat she's picked up this year." Elsie rattled away as she corrected the copy, and

when the printer girl had gone she called: "Charley! Oh, Charley! Come here. I got something to tell you."

When Charley appeared with his paste brush in hand: "What do you think—the Nixons had Dr. Paul Kurtlin out to dinner last night to meet that Frenchman! She handed the Doctor's name in with the dinner guests." Elsie blinked malevolently, and Charley prodded her: "Go on, you rattlesnake, say it!"

"Well, *I* think," returned the girl, busying herself with the copy on her desk—"I think, Mr. Charley, that she's going to break up that little budding affair between the Doctor and the Ellis girl—that's what I think, if you must know!"

"Ah, Elsie, you're such a ——" He did not finish his sentence, for the door opened suddenly and the man, looking round, gazed into the pink-and-white features of Mrs. Lalla Rookh Nixon. He faded into the next room without a word.

"Well, Elsie, if it isn't too late here's another hundred dollars I've got for the flood sufferers. I hope you can get it in the paper this evening."

She spoke in the gentlest tones, and put her strong hand in a caressing habit she had on the girl's shoulder. The girl at the desk looked up at the tall, gorgeous creature scrupulously, even painfully, tailored from toe to chin, with the frank yet intriguing eyes, and the splendid head of flaming copper-colored hair, and the rattlesnake blink went out of Elsie's eyes. She touched the fondling hand and said: "Why, of course I can get it in," and taking the paper and dabbing it here and there with a pencil to make it conform to some office style, she hurried out to the composing room. When Elsie came back she found her visitor still standing by the desk. Mrs. Nixon touched her arm again with caressing fingers and said:

"Now, my dear, I want you to do two things for me: First, I want you to assemble your Plymouth Daughters next month and give a fair and sell a lot of the dearest baskets that Maudie Snay is making; and—now don't you flinch—I wish to arrange for Maudie herself to come down and take a booth. It will give her self-respect, and you know psychologists tell us self-respect is the foundation of will power, and that's the thing she most needs at present. Now you girls certainly can contribute that mite of sacrifice to the cause of charity. And I'll stand near Maudie and see that she doesn't interfere with your boys."

She paused and smiled, then added: "Oh, Elsie, Elsie, if you only knew how sweet the life of service really is." She had her arm round the girl's bony waist and hugged her a little. "Now, Doctor Paul ——" She hesitated half coyly after the name and then repeated: "Doctor Kurtlin promised me last night he'd solicit all the doctors in the Argyle Building for my flood sufferers, and he must have two or three hundred dollars." Again she stopped as for a longer jump than she had made and flushed prettily as she spoke:

"I don't want to go to his office." The tone of her voice grew a little shrill and tense as she said: "Elsie, dearest, won't you run up there and get that list and tell him I'm down here waiting for you?" The reporter blinked at Mrs. Nixon a moment as she wondered what pose of modesty was back of the woman's hesitancy about going to the Doctor's office. But Elsie put on her hat and was gone in a moment. Dr. Paul Kurtlin returned with her, and she saw the overcandid eyes of the woman meet the man's eager gaze, and then droop a little—a calculated little—and their hands met for an instant, perhaps two instants, before they fell to the work of inspecting the Doctor's paper.

All the time Elsie, bending over her machine, hammering away at her copy, was watching from the sharp corners of her dull gray eyes the feminine craft of Mrs. Nixon—the glancing touch of a finger to a wrist; the brush of her body against the man's arm; the mingling of her breath with the man's as they bent over the paper; the devilish poison in the reddish-brown eyes as they flicked the Doctor's flushed face, and over all this an obvious veil of kittenish innocence that made the reporter's gorge rise. She felt she had to keep the machine going, but she could write only, "Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the party," over and over, and she brushed back her straggling hair betimes and set her teeth by time lock. And Lalla Rookh smiled at the reporter through it all as blandly as though she did not know that Elsie knew what was occurring. And what made Elsie's teeth ache as she ground them was the knowledge that as soon as the man was gone the beautiful creature who had herself so well in hand would begin making love to Elsie to make her doubt the evidence of her own eyes and ears.

As he was leaving the room Mrs. Nixon said: "Here's a receipt I've made out as chairman of the committee, Paul. You just fill in the total." She handed him a folded paper, and as he went out Mrs. Nixon was saying: "Now, Elsie, that poor Snay child never has had a show—a drunken father and a mother washing out by the day and the children growing up in the street. Oh, Elsie, Elsie, I never see one of her kind nor any of the poor girls down in Jimtown that I don't say to myself: 'There you go, Lalla Longford, if the good God hadn't shielded you.' Don't be narrow, Elsie, because you haven't had to fight with that particular devil; your own devils are probably just as bad of their kind." Her hand, soft and yet strong, but white and well kept, touched with a caressing pat the bony, brown-red hand of the reporter. The girl felt an extra squeeze, and the woman was gone. Elsie sat at her desk and tore off the scribbled sheet of rough copy paper on top of her pad. Under it she noticed a sheet had been torn out, and on the soft white paper before her she traced in shadowy outline where the hard pencil had written the words on the extracted sheet: "My dear, dear Paul," and then a few half-legible but meaningless lines, closing with "—— ing Lalla." The girl tore out the embossed sheet, wadded it up and threw it into the basket. Then she reached for it, tore it up and chewed it up, and carried it with her when she went to the stove in the back room.

It was nearly a year afterward, when the youngest little Nixons were three years old, that the town began to realize that Dr. Paul Kurtlin spent more time than was necessary with the Nixons. It was not with Mrs. Nixon that he spent his time, but with all the Nixons, including the Colonel. Always he was round for Sunday dinner; always he made a place at table when notables were to be entertained; and when they drove he rode behind the family horse, sometimes with the Professor, sometimes with Mrs. Nixon, sometimes with the Colonel, but never with the children. For they were not taken on these family drives.

The children were at that time wandering about the universe like four disengaged moons, in charge of a white-capped nurse. They were more or less out of school, more or less down with something catching, when Lalla Rookh was attending grand opera and living what she called "my own life in my own way"; and what with short socks and hygienic underwear and bare red knees in the winter, when other children of the Ridge wore long flannels and overshoes, and what with an ever-varying scientific diet to reduce their rising tendency to fratricide, they were beginning to be a sensitive point between Mrs. Nixon and her friends.

It was at a committee meeting of the Children's Home, of which organization Mrs. Nixon was for the moment president and moving spirit, that she burst out in answer to a covert scratch of one of the women on the committee: "Now, Jane, you run your children and I'll run mine. Go ahead and slave for them if you want to. I won't. I get the best nurse that money will buy, and she knows twice as much about the children as I do. She's a graduate nurse and better than half the doctors, and she's teaching them French and German as they grow up and she loves all four of them fondly."

The great frank eyes swept the circle and the cheeks reddened and dimpled as she smiled: "Now, girls, I'm going to shock you to death. Listen: You are all pretending, faking, just politely lying, because you think it's proper to when you talk about mother love. There is no such thing. I love my children as much as any of you, but I don't love them at all because they're my children. I could take any other four that were just as good as mine and love them just as much."

When the committee had quit gasping Lalla Rookh went on: "Now, girls, don't you go and say I don't love my children, for I do; but it's because they are good little things, and nice, and clean, and not sticky and dirty and messy, and because the nurse keeps them well bred and teaches them good manners."

When that story got out and over the town legend declared that Lalla Longford would be perfectly willing to eat her children raw if she were hungry, and the comments on the strange relations of the Nixons to Doctor Kurtlin grew more and more acrid in their nature. The Professor had a laboratory at one end of the long two-storied brick edifice that was Longheath, and he often spent his evenings in the laboratory or with the children. Sometimes Doctor Kurtlin sat with Mrs. Nixon; sometimes the Colonel sat with her; and sometimes the Colonel and his daughter and the Doctor went to the theater together, or appeared at the few social gatherings which the Nixons patronized. For Lalla Rookh was not bitten by the social bug.

Most of the joy of social climbing is in climbing, not in arriving; and in Pleasant Ridge, Lalla Rookh was born in the social sanctuary. So she was intensely democratic, loathed snobbery, and went in, not for bridge and teas but for committee work in the City Federation of Women's Clubs, for the afternoons of the music club and for dinners—chiefly her own dinners, for that matter—where the talk often ranged upon subjects which the Colonel, with his Victorian ideals, regarded as a shade too frank even for his liberal standards. So when gossip began to buzz about Mrs. Nixon society could not reach her. She did not ask to be chairman of any committee; all she asked was to do the committee's work, and any committee will surrender that right to anyone, even though the lady to whom the surrender is made does spend rather more time than is required in the company of a former lover. She did not seek for a place on the program of the music club; she asked only to make the programs, to see that the invited performers came, and to pay the bills from her own pocket.

As for her dinners—well, as for her dinners it was at her dinners that all the vital energy that moved the soul of Lalla Rookh came out to walk the earth. At her dinners she dared—dared in her cooking to do those glorious things which other women read of and dreamed of and fancied might be royal; dared in her talk to say all that lay behind those candid, fearless eyes; dared in her guests to twist social lines and rub the insolent democracy of the aristocrat under the noses of the socially squeamish. But most of all she dared in her clothes. No one would imagine that the tautly tailored person, sailing like a trim schooner down Merchant Street by day, could strip for action like a battleship by night and show where every

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"Your Overcoat Is All Very Grand; But the Kids Have Their Rights to a Motherin'!"

WAR'S BACK FIRE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ONE Sunday afternoon, when the war was less than three months old, I went to the largest cemetery of a certain small German city. The cemetery was a Catholic cemetery and the city was a city of Rhenish Prussia. The place literally crawled with black dots: women in black; men in black, with crape armbands on their sleeves; children in black—but particularly women.

On a week day there were astonishingly few persons, considering everything, to be seen wearing mourning on the streets of that town. At first this made me wonder, seeing that in the first of the fighting round Liège, immediately following the invasion of Belgium, a regiment drawn from this same community had been shot to bits. And now, on this Sunday afternoon, I marveled more; for here were hundreds of people, plainly drawn from all classes of society—most funereal figures, all of them—who sat among the graves or solemnly promenaded in the narrow aisles between them. The thing seemed uncanny.

So I sought for the cause and learned it. Very soon after the war began the people of Germany were asked, semiofficially, to refrain from displaying the signs of immediate grief for those of their kinspeople who had fallen. It was said, with some color of authority, that the Kaiser dreaded the effect on the popular mind of so many black-robed men and women in public places. Indeed, I believe all the papers of the empire printed statements to that effect. And the people, as a rule, obeyed the wishes of their ruler; or, rather, they respected his wishes.

When you consider how dearly the average Continental loves to put on mourning for his or her dead, you understand that this general acquiescence in a suggestion from the Throne was not the least of the personal sacrifices these Germans have made. During the week days I did not meet abroad a dozen individuals wearing new mourning; so far as I might judge by their looks, those who did wear mourning were men and women who had been wearing it before the war began.

But the people of this town could not entirely cure themselves of the habit of generations. A custom that is centuries old gets into the blood and becomes a part of the inheritor of the custom. So, as we guessed for ourselves—my companions and I—and as we subsequently confirmed by private inquiry, every woman, or nearly every woman, who had suffered a loss privately procured for herself the heaviest and thickest mourning she could find. When Sunday came she put it on; and if she had children she put black on them too; and, since her dead most likely lay buried in a trench fifty or a hundred miles away in Belgium or in France, she went to the spot where the dead of others lay.

You see, lacking the physical nearness of her own dead son or brother or husband, she craved the poor companionship of even the stranger dead. There was manifest in her a yearning that was morbid; and yet it was very pitiable too. And so all the afternoon through she would gloom among the tombs.

The Resiliency of Human Nature

WHEN we saw how very many of these women haunted the cemetery we came, better than ever before, to a realization of the terrific toll of mortality the war was exacting from the populace of at least one of the countries engaged in it. But on Monday morning those selfsame women, in colored garments now and with composed faces, would be going about their ordinary duties and about the extraordinary duties which fell now on their shoulders by reason of the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, their menfolk, whether living or already dead, were at the front.

I am citing this detail at the outset of this article because it serves, rather fitly I think, to illustrate the principal point I hope to make. It shows how absolutely the lives of a people—the German people in this instance—may be transformed out of all normal conditions by the supremely great and overwhelming circumstance of war.

In a previous article I said that, in my humble judgment, people themselves are not changed by war; mentally, I believe, they remain almost exactly what they were before. Twenty-four hours after the war hurricane has rolled over them, you find them magically readjusting themselves to conditions that are almost as strange to them as though they had been moved to another planet. The resilience of human beings on the rebound—once they have grasped the necessity of rebounding, if they care to go on living at all—has been to me one of the most astonishing things I have witnessed in Europe.

Not only the people themselves but all the surroundings amid which they exist are twisted and smashed. It is as though the world had been turned inside out in an hour or a day, and as though the dwellers on it were walking about head downward and feet upward. The startling thing is that, figuratively speaking, they do just this. What was proper and ordained yesterday is quite impossible to-day. Yesterday, as a free agent and a responsible being, you might go where you pleased in your home town; within the walls of your home you might order your own life to suit your own whims. To-day, if you attempt to cross a certain street, a strange man in a strange uniform will shoot you dead.

Very well, then; you either refrain from crossing the line or he does shoot you. In any event, once you and your neighbors have grown accustomed to the prospect of being shot dead on short notice—as you do grow accustomed to it within a space of time to be measured by the round of the clock—things go on as if they had been going on so for months and years. By to-morrow, at the latest, the impossibilities of to-day have become the conventional—I came very near saying the commonplace—and there you are!

Our own people here at home, who have not had war at their own doorsteps for half a century, and who think of the present war in Europe in terms of battles and mortality tables and hospital reports, and the rest of it, do not, I am sure, sense the scope and effect of warfare as it is reflected in the small, everyday affairs of existence. Yet it is there, if you but look for it, that it shows itself forth most frankly and most brutally.

Take, for example, the small and simple proposition of a short railroad journey in any of the Continental countries involved in this war—that is to say, it would have been a small and simple proposition once on a time. Now it is not. Let us assume, for the sake of making the instance typical of wartime conditions, that the journey you wish to take begins near the border of the country in question, where, because of the danger, real or fancied, of spying and smuggling and clandestine transportation of contrabands, the military regulations are especially strict and exacting.

War's Tangles of Red Tape

SEVEN months ago, or such a matter, the procedure you followed would have been simplicity itself. In your room at your hotel you packed your hand bag; then you notified the gorgeous functionary who used to gladden and glorify the front entrance of every European hotel to call a taxicab or a carriage for you. While this was being done the head waiter or his assistant brought you your bill and you paid it. A nameless functionary in a red coat and a long apron—anyhow, I never learned his title by its proper name—carried your belongings downstairs and bestowed them in the cab.

In the cab you rode to the station, where a porter relieved you of your traps and put them in a railroad carriage for you, you having first purchased your ticket. Entering your compartment, you made yourself as comfortable as possible until you reached your destination, when, having surrendered your ticket to an official at the inner gate of the station, you passed out into the open, followed by another handy porter bearing your baggage. Then you got into another cab and drove to another hotel—and that was all there was to it. In other words, you took an ordinary railroad journey in an ordinary fashion. You wanted to go somewhere and you got up and went, without delay or confusion. It was nothing out of your life, or in your life either.

Now, then, move the date forward sixty or ninety days: You are in your room in your hotel, folding your belongings and packing them into valises. In the room adjoining yours is a secret-service agent who would give his right eye to be able to convince his superiors of his zeal and his sagacity by ferreting out a spy. Incidentally he has that right eye glued at this moment to a secret peephole in the panel of the door between the two rooms, and he is studying—and suspecting—every movement you make.

Your passport is regular; your other papers seem to be orthodox; your actions bear all outward semblance of innocence and honesty; you appear in all respects to be exactly what you really are—a reputable citizen of a country with which his country has no present quarrel. Nevertheless, he has been dogging you for days. Every night probably he has been making minute reports of your conversation and your actions and your general bearing to a man higher in the detective arm of the military force, who is every whit as anxious as the underling to make a showing of efficiency.

The capture of a traitor or a spy means promotion for both. It may mean the added honor that is so dear to the bosom of small-fry officialdom all over Europe—a trumpery decoration to wear on that proudly puffed bosom. It is sufficient for the sleuth's purposes that you are an alien and that you speak the same language his country's enemies speak.

Accordingly Brother Peeping Tom watches you through his peephole. You wind your watch, and he makes a mental note of it. You slip your toothbrush into a celluloid case, and a spasm of horrid fear clutches at his heartstrings—he should have tested that toothbrush handle for a secret joint and a hidden air chamber before now. A bone toothbrush handle might very well contain a hollow space, and any hollow space might very well contain cipher messages. At the thought doubts beset his earnest mind. Putting the situation slangily, you might say that bone is calling to bone.

For days now—ever since you landed in this town—he has been carrying a key to your room and has been entering your room in your absence, and prying through your papers, through your clothing, through everything that you own. The chambermaid who makes your bed knows of his presence and his business under that roof; the barber who shaves you knows all about it; the lignum-vitæ faced youth who cleans the boots you leave outside your door at night knows it; the frock-coated manager downstairs in the office knows it.

Indeed, for that matter, all of them are his more or less willing confederates and accomplices; for if you should turn out to be other than what you purport to be they may share in the glory of the capture, and in any event will have rendered a service to the state. So the secret agent, with his highly transparent methods of espionage and his elaborately clumsy devices for winning your confidence and betraying you into damaging conversational admissions, has had the aid of as many willing volunteers as he feels like enrolling.

You finish packing and you ring for the head waiter. The head waiter does not come. Yesterday he answered the call to the colors as a reserve. To-day he is wearing a uniform. This time next week he may be dead. In his stead comes an inefficient assistant. An eager ear is at the keyhole now, listening, instead of a greedy eye; whatsoever remarks you make touching on the accuracy of the account for services rendered will have due attention on the other side of that door panel.

A substitute porter—the regular porter being afield with his regiment—carries your bags downstairs for you. However, no automobile is waiting for you; there is no automobile. Every able-bodied automobile has been commandeered for military purposes. Very well, then; you will take a carriage.

Orders, Formalities and Obstacles

THERE are no carriages to be had—at least, there is no carriage to be had for you. All the available carriages have this morning been taken over by the local commandant for the transferring of wounded officers from the railroad stations to the hospitals; and by "hospitals" is meant all the schoolhouses, all the clubs, all the gymnasiums and all the public buildings not already devoted to other military purposes. You are moved to inquire when a carriage may be secured. Who can tell? Perhaps in an hour; perhaps in a week.

For a fee a human pack animal consents to transport your traps by back-and-leg power to the station. You precede him afoot. To reach the station you must pass, in its immediate vicinity, at least two armed sentries, who scrutinize you curiously. At the door is another man in uniform and also armed—a noncommissioned officer. He inquires as to your purposes. You tell him; in a Continental country that is in a state of war it is never wise to question the right of anyone to question you.

You tell him you are wishful of taking a thirty-mile trip to an interior town in the same province. Ah! quite so; but have you the proper credentials that will enable you—mayhap—to board the train? You show your passports; your other papers; your receipted hotel bill; your letters of introduction from high functionaries of your own land, addressed, broadly and generously, "To Whom it May Concern."

These documents are brave with seals, some of them, and furnished, moreover, with the corrugations of the official stamps of State Departments and Plenipotentiaries Extraordinary. Yet, by sight of them, even by sight of engraved spread-eagles and rich red blobs of processed beeswax, the noncom is not to be abashed one jot or tittle. He may not know what a jot is, or a tittle either—I am sure I do not—but he is not to be budged. As one might be moved to say, in his own racial vernacular, there is nothing doing—absolutely, so far as that noncom is concerned.

To pass him, as he laboriously explains, you must have a special pass from the adjutant of the local commandant. It is an order. It is a new order superseding all other orders. There appears to you to be no earthly reason for it; and you so state, as forcefully as your command of his tongue will permit you to state it. The noncom shrugs.

You leave your luggage in the custody of your bearer and you take a long, weary walk to the building where the commandant has established himself, like a large brass-buttoned spider in a voluminous and intricate web of red tape. Here you bicker with sentries, with orderlies, with civilian and military secretaries, each of whom, as you advance along the line, seems more dubious of your motives and more doubtful of your identity than those below him have been.

Finally you reach the sacred presence of the adjutant, cushioned within the sacerdotal precincts of his office. He, being an adjutant by trade, is most polite; yet seemingly he finds it most difficult to understand why you should desire to go elsewhere when you might remain where you are. Ensues a painstaking and cumbersome inquiry into your business, and more especially into that part of your business which leads you unaccountably to wish to ride thirty miles in a given direction to a given destination.

Eventually—say, in half an hour or so—the adjutant begrudgingly bestows on you a stamped slip permitting you to go to that one place, but extending no further privileges of travel.

You take it to another part of the same building, where, after more interesting formalities, the official in charge of transportation affixes his visa to it.

This boon, understand, is vouchsafed you because you are a responsible and properly accredited resident of a neutral and friendly Power. If you should chance to be a citizen or a subject of a country with which the particular country you are in is at war, you would go under armed guard, and possibly with gyves on your wrists, to a jail or a fortress, to remain a close prisoner until the end of hostilities.

In Aix-la-Chapelle I repeatedly met the aged and infirm rector of the Anglican Church—a mild, scholarly old gentleman.

Because of his years the authorities did not lock him up, as they had already locked up practically all other English civilians caught in that town after war was declared to exist between the German Empire and Great Britain; but, because he was English, they did not permit him to leave the country or the district. And every day, rain or shine, he and his wife—an elderly, feeble gentlewoman—were required to report personally to the head of the local garrison. At that, they counted themselves lucky.

When Soldiers Run the Railroad

ARMED with the precious document issued by the adjutant, you hurry, as fast as your wearied legs will bear you, back to the station. The train you meant to take, the one you hoped to take, has gone, and no living soul knows when the next train will go. Trains in this topsy-turvy land, where only military affairs are ordered with regularity, no longer run on schedule or according to time cards; they run according to the vagaries or the necessities of those who now control the road and its destinies; for this railroad, like every railroad in the country, was taken over by the government on the day when mobilization was ordered.

There being nothing else for you to do, you sit and wait amid the squalor and the smells of the neglected station. Stretchers are piled in the corners, and the refreshment room is a temporary hospital for the redressing of wounds of injured soldiers and prisoners passing through.

Late in the afternoon—remember, you started getting under way for this trip early that morning—a train is announced to start shortly. Your pass having been duly examined first, you are permitted to buy a ticket; and you wriggle through a guarded gate and board a dirty and overcrowded coach. The engine has a soldier-driver. The guard is a soldier, too, and so is the fireman. Every member of the train crew is a soldier; and in addition there are special detailed soldiers, fully armed, who ride on that train to guard against whatever may befall.

Once aboard, you may spend an unhappy hour or two discommoded hours in your dismal compartment before the wheels begin to turn. It is dusk now and the cars are feebly lighted. You creep along, crawling when you are not jolting, and taking to sidings often so that the main line may be cleared for troop trains, until you have gone perhaps halfway on your journey. You have been traveling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, but you are satisfied to be traveling at all. Presently you quit traveling. Night has come and something else has come too.

The train slackens to a dead halt. An underofficer bustles through the coaches, stuffed with petty authority and prolific in imperious gestures. Everybody must get out and get off. It has been so ordered. Explanation, expostulation and pleading do you no good whatever. The officer merely is the tool and instrument of an instruction coming suddenly from a source that is not to be disobeyed. This particular train is needed by the government for government purposes. With those purposes the casual passenger from alien shores cannot possibly have any concern. *Heraus mit ihm!* Which, accordingly, with neatness and dispatch, is done.

The train, emptied now of all but its soldier guard and its soldier crew, pulls away into the distance, leaving you and the rest of your late fellow travelers standing alongside the track, in approximately the same historic but uncharted district where Moses was presumed to be when the light went out. Nobody knows where you are going to spend the night. Nobody knows what you are going to do with your mound of baggage. And, except yourself, nobody cares. All others in that immediate vicinity have troubles of their own.

If you are lucky, having first abandoned the bulk of your belongings, you find lodgings of sorts for the night. If you are unlucky you sit up all night and in person greet the newborn sun of the morrow. Next day you either go forward by slow and painful degrees to the place you originally thought you wanted to go, or else you go back, also by tedious stages, to the place whence you started; it all depends on whether your stubborn will power overcomes your weariness or your stubborn weariness overcomes your will power.

I have written this in the second person. I might just as easily have written it in the first person, for it was an actual experience of mine. It occurred substantially as I have here detailed it, in Rhenish Prussia in the latter part of last September; the main parts of it are absolutely true, including the circumstance of the secret-service man with the intent ear and the ever-watchful eye.

Perhaps there has been some improvement in conditions thereabout since then; but personally I doubt it. War is a most terrific unsettler of everything that suffers by being unsettled. The cause is supreme; the individual does not figure in the equation—neither he nor his comfort nor his desires, nor his ordinary rights as an individual.

I doubt whether an American could readjust himself to an existence so completely transmogrified with the marvelous facility and patience which these European races have lately exhibited. I seem to have heard that, in those first few frenzied days of war last August, a considerable number of my esteemed fellow countrymen became vocal and palpitant with indignation, grief and kindred emotions on making the astounding discovery that for the nonce an American tourist, with plenty of money, cut no great amount of Continental ice; and that, in the presence of a cataclasm that threatened the geography and the destinies and the lives of a whole hemisphere, nobody seemed to care particularly whether he got his wife's twelve trunks and chow dog across the border or just naturally left them behind him as he fled for the dear U. S. A.

Swift Adjustment to Martial Law

POSSIBLY the secret lies in the breed of those peoples. Heredity may help to account for it. They belong to countries where, through all the centuries since time began, there have been wars frequently, and war's alarms even more frequently.

The capacity for readjusting to war—the ability to endure war—is born with them, I guess; it must run in their blood along with the corpuscles. The English, who have had many wars away from home but very few wars at home, do not, if I am one to judge, possess the same mental facility in anything like the same degree. It appears to belong to the Continental peoples.

Overnight apparently they get used to doing without those things that heretofore have made up life. I am speaking now of dwellers within the zone of hostilities or on the edges of it. Mails are suspended; ordinary means of communication are interrupted or annulled outright; shops are closed or else they pass into the hands of the military authorities; highroads are closed; byways are stoppered; traffic is ended; trade is destroyed; credit is something that was, but is not any more. And a new, strange and terribly exacting code of laws, framed on the drumhead and executed at the rifle's muzzle, takes the place of the easy regulations of a time of peace.

Those who yesterday perhaps paid a land tax to their own tax collectors are to-day called on to contribute to a levied tribute infinitely heavier than any they ever knew. The able-bodied menfolk are snatched up for service at the front on behalf of their own country, or possibly they are marched off to the prison camp of the conqueror. Common commodities become contraband of war. A man's own private property is liable to seizure. Officers clank into his house and camp in his parlor; common soldiers crowd his halls and flock in his kitchen, and deny him access to his own bedroom and his own wine cellar and his own pantry. Tribute is exacted on his bank account and his larder.

Very well, then; so be it! Thus you may translate the mental attitudes of the chief sufferers by this invasion. They rally from the first shock of the earthquake. That takes perhaps a day; but when night comes they are readjusting and rebalancing themselves, and piecing together the broken and bankrupt fragments of their affairs. Within a week, looking at them, you would say here was a community that never had known daily mails and postmen and newspapers and milkmen and open markets and open roads, and the rest of the minor and major machinery of twentieth-century civilization. Medievalism has come

DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

back, and people live among Middle-Age crudities as though they had never seen anything better or anything different.

Where there has been fighting to any considerable extent the abnormality of conditions is enormously accentuated; and yet all hands endure that too. I have seen Belgium and Northern France, and I imagine from what I have been told that Eastern Prussia must be much like most of Belgium and part of France.

A fair and pleasant town becomes a jungle of havoc and ruination. Fecund fields are wasted, and the harvests of those fields are squandered under hoofs and feet and cannon wheels. Hundreds of men—perhaps thousands of men—cease within the space of a few hours to be whole men and are turned into lumps of messed and bloodied carrion fit only to be shoveled into trenches and hidden under the merciful clods. All that makes for comfort and happiness and prosperity, and the customary intercourse between people, disappears within an hour—swallowed up in the belly of war.

With those who survive it does not seem, from outward appearances, to very much matter. Those who yesterday had homes den now in noisome ruins. Those who were comfortably off in worldly goods beg for food and are glad to get scraps to eat. Those who are wounded endure their hurts in silence, for the most part. Those who are dead go underground, and that is the end of them.

In France I have seen gnarled old peasant women grubbing the mildewing remnants of their crops out of the ground literally within the fighting zone, with shells bursting over them and near them. Unless a shell burst very near, however, they scarcely raised their heads to look. It was as though they had always gathered their beets and turnips on the fringe of an artillery duel; a dogged fatalism had become their creed.

In Belgium I have seen ragged children, who doubtless were also hungry, playing at housekeeping among the racked and toppled walls of their own ruined homes.

In Germany I have seen streams of wounded men going through the streets of a town in automobiles and trucks and wagons; and the casual pedestrian often did not turn to look at the lamentable caravan as it passed him. A month before the sight would have stunned him by its pitiable horror and its unutterable criminal uselessness. Now he accepted it as a matter of course.

Pretty Dreams and Hideous Realities

THE new soldier who went into this war must have undergone a profound disillusionment if he lived long enough after he reached the front to undergo anything but wounding or death. Doubtless he pictured war as something glorious and immensely uplifting—a splendid jumble of crash and clamor, winning charges and splendid victories—and then, at the last, a triumphal return with bands playing and flags floating.

What he found was physical filth and physical discomfort; a pigsty to live in and pig's food to live on—the customary cooked ration is apt to look and smell exceedingly like swill; a dreary, weary, unending round of day labor to be pursued without any glamour or any cheer to it; tremendous exertion—and tremendous fatigue for a reward; small chance for individual achievement, and a constantly enlarging chance of being mangled or destroyed outright by an enemy whom he never saw and who never saw him.

Yet I found the soldier enduring what befell him with the same phlegm and stolid fortitude that marked the civilian. His pretty dream had died a-borning; but he accepted the hideous reality without complaint and seemingly without any prolonged sense of surprise. This was true of the officers and in an even greater degree of the men in the ranks.

Personally I noticed that nothing about war—not a single detail or incident of it—corresponded with my own conceptions of the institution in operation. Men on the march did not march as I had expected they would march. At the close of a hard day's march I have marked how the ranks lost all formation and regularity. The laboring men no longer stepped in unison—but they panted in unison. The sound of their labored gasps for breath caught a sort of rhythmic pulsing; the drumbeat of their straining lungs and the whistle of their choking throats came in a weird chorus.

Also, I noted how slobber ran down from their opened mouths and dappled their breasts like lather on the breast-yokes of overdone horses. And, fifty yards away, sometimes you could smell the exhalations that arose from the sweated, fetid, unwashed mass.

Troops going into battle did not in the least look as I, in my ignorance, had thought they should look. I had imagined they would wear an exalted mien, with knitted brows and tight-gripped hands and tense muscles bespeaking resolution and a high and a noble purpose.

As a matter of fact they seemed slightly nervous and very tired—and that was all. Otherwise they were not to be distinguished from troops engaged in any less hazardous employment. The camps of reality were not the camps of my fancy. Wounded men did not deport themselves as wounded men always do on the stage and as they nearly always do in fiction; and dead men on the field were not heroic sights but unpleasant and unwholesome blemishes of the landscape. After my first few experiences of seeing dead men there was nothing particularly horrifying about the spectacle. It was disgusting but it was not terrible.

For two reasons I believe war on a wholesale scale will go out of fashion—not immediately, but eventually. This war will probably spawn a brood of wars. And, so long as men have passions and tempers and greeds, no doubt there will be wars waged on a small jobbing basis, for at bottom all wars are trade wars; but I am quite sure universal wars, so called, and world wars, so called, will cease to be popular.

In the first place war conducted elaborately does not yield large dividends in these times. Once it did, but not now. Merely altering national boundaries does not alter national instincts; too many people read newspapers and do their own thinking nowadays. And war has become very expensive.

Putting aside the fact that a good part of Europe is already underground, and an even greater part is on crutches, the winner of this war will be bankrupt for a long while to come; and probably the loser will be teetotally ruined. So, since war does not pay its own way now, the kings and the chancellors, and behind them the great commercial and business interests that breed war fevers and bring on wars, will, I think, quit looking with such favor on the industry.

There is another and a more cogent reason however. War is not a romantic calling under modern conditions. It has lost its glamour and its picturesqueness; and, lacking these, in time it will no longer appeal to the imagination of the man in the street—who does the fighting.

That is plain human nature, I think; and human nature may always be depended on to come to the surface whenever the habits of centuries and the customs of environment begin to crumble and cave. In this war, news sources have all been dried up at their fountainheads. People within the zone of hostilities and in districts occupied by the enemy's forces have largely gone back to the same word-of-mouth way of spreading information their great-great-grandparents used. They have had to; there is a reason for this, or, rather, a number of reasons.

The Martyr Maid of Dolhaim

WITH their newspapers either suppressed outright or in hostile hands; with the telegraph in the hands of the military censor or possibly chopped down; with the telephone interdicted; with ordinary avenues of travel blocked off altogether; with residents restricted in their movements to certain prescribed areas; with mail service suspended; with carrier pigeons even confiscated out of the possession of their rightful owners—it is easy to understand that stirring and historic events occurring but a few miles away should not be known generally for weeks and months.

It is equally easy to understand how false and spectacular rumors, if only they be false enough and spectacular enough to roll of their own initiative, fly fast and fly wide and are accepted as truths wherever they alight.

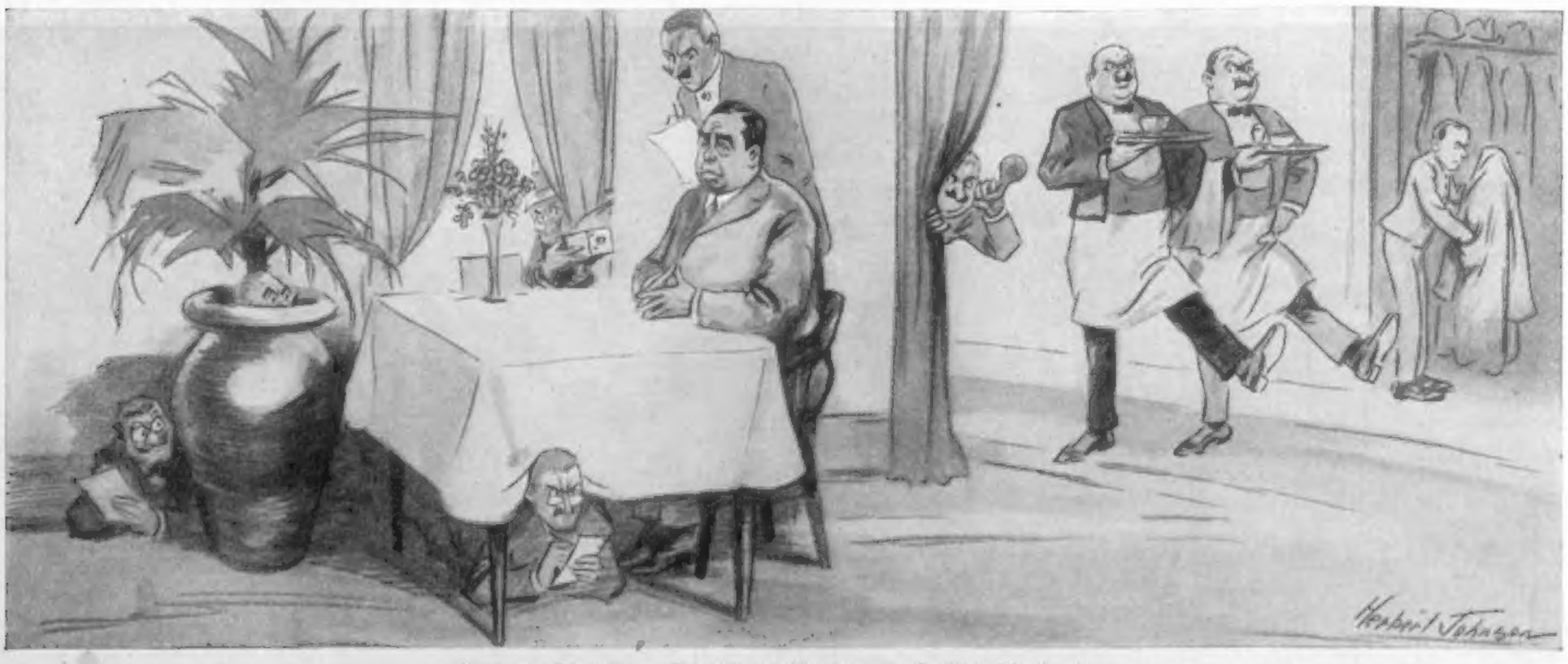
On this premise, to a considerable degree, the number of perfectly baseless tales of atrocities, which had so great a vogue in Northern and Northwestern Europe in the earliest stages of the war, may be accounted for—not that some atrocities did not occur. Given so much smoke, inevitably there must have been a little fire; so that any fabrication sufficiently lurid and sufficiently blood-curdling was guaranteed a tremendous circulation.

Inversely, the real things have been smothered and buried; the screen of secrecy with which most of the warring nations have mantled their operations—or, at any rate, the names and performances of individuals—is responsible for this. Years after peace comes, historians will still be digging out of official reports the tallies of personal acts of heroism and gallantry—all the accumulated tragedy and pathos of this mightiest and most moving of world events. The pity of it is that all this wealth of material will be bloodless and fleshless then; that there will be only bare bones of fact, wrapped in the dry skins of official language.

In my own experience I know how laggard and slow and incomplete is the movement of worthwhile tidings. I had been in the German border city of Aix-la-Chapelle for upward of a fortnight, as I now recall, before I heard, through roundabout and devious backways, of that young girl whom I have mentally christened the Martyr Maid of Dolhaim. Yet, measured by miles, Dolhaim is distant from Aix-la-Chapelle but a very little way, and the tale itself was six weeks old before I heard of that girl's splendid end.

In other times than these the world would have rung with the tale of her death; but then, in other times than these she would not have died. War, which killed her, likewise stifled the story of her taking-off. What should

(Continued on Page 40)



The Secret Agent Has as Many Willing Volunteers as He Feels Like Enrolling

TO MACEDONIA AND RETURN

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I SAW a squib in the paper this morning to the effect that the eminent Mr. Roscoe B. Knapp delivered an address at the Y. M. C. A. last night on the subject of the purity of amateur athletics—and I wonder Old Nervy didn't choke! Of course I know he is anxious to go to Congress and doesn't care much how he gets votes, so long as he gets them; but when he was talking about his own college career, and blurting about what a holy and noble thing it is to strive for the simple laurel wreath, I would have given ten dollars for a seat in the first row and a chance to catch his eye. Like as not it wouldn't have bothered him, though. We didn't give him the name of Nervy Knapp for nothing.

Nervy is my old college chum. We started together and we finished together, and during a lively four years we had our dear old Alma Mater sitting up nights with a stuffed club, and spending her days trying to figure out a legitimate excuse for firing us on suspicion, evidence or no evidence.

If it hadn't been for our prominence in athletics I think we should have gone away from that place suddenly, accompanied by the jingle of hardware; but Nervy was our track and field star, besides being a bird of a pitcher and a whaling good running half back. I pole-vaulted and hurdled some, caught Nervy's delivery, batted better than .325 for my entire college career, and played right guard on the football team. This closes the case for the defense.

On the whole, maybe it would have been tougher to spare us than it was to have us stay; so we went the full course and finished just under the time limit—fully extended, as you might say. Nervy said that the only reason they gave him a sheepskin was because they didn't want him sticking round there another year; and I guess the same thing applied to me.

Nervy's genius manifested itself in thinking up unusual stunts for preserving the dear old college spirit and giving the Faculty something to worry about; and I was his lieutenant and confidential adviser. Between us we managed to pull off some performances that are now regarded as classics; and, considering the time and thought we put into them and the trouble and expense we went to, the rising generation hasn't rated them any too highly. If nothing else can be said for our work, it had the merit of originality; we never cared a hoot for precedent. Our very first stunt was a strong though anonymous introduction; and it stamped us as pioneers in our line of endeavor.

"These other Freshmen," said Nervy to me, "are a bunch of hidebound yaps. They are wedded to precedent and lacking in initiative. They are conventional in their mental processes. They are figuring on stealing a cow and a calf and locking them up in the chapel overnight. That was considered great stuff when Methuselah was in short pants, but it's passé now. What can we do to show these poor benighted yokels that the world do move?"

Well, we laid our heads together; and then Nervy went out and dug up a nice, harmless old chap named Ben Cooley, who made a living by trapping squirrels and foxes, and other small game, for the museums. Ben was a natural-born animal tamer—maybe because he wore such funny whiskers that the animals thought he was one of 'em. Anyway, he knew how to get on the good side of things that wore fur and claws.

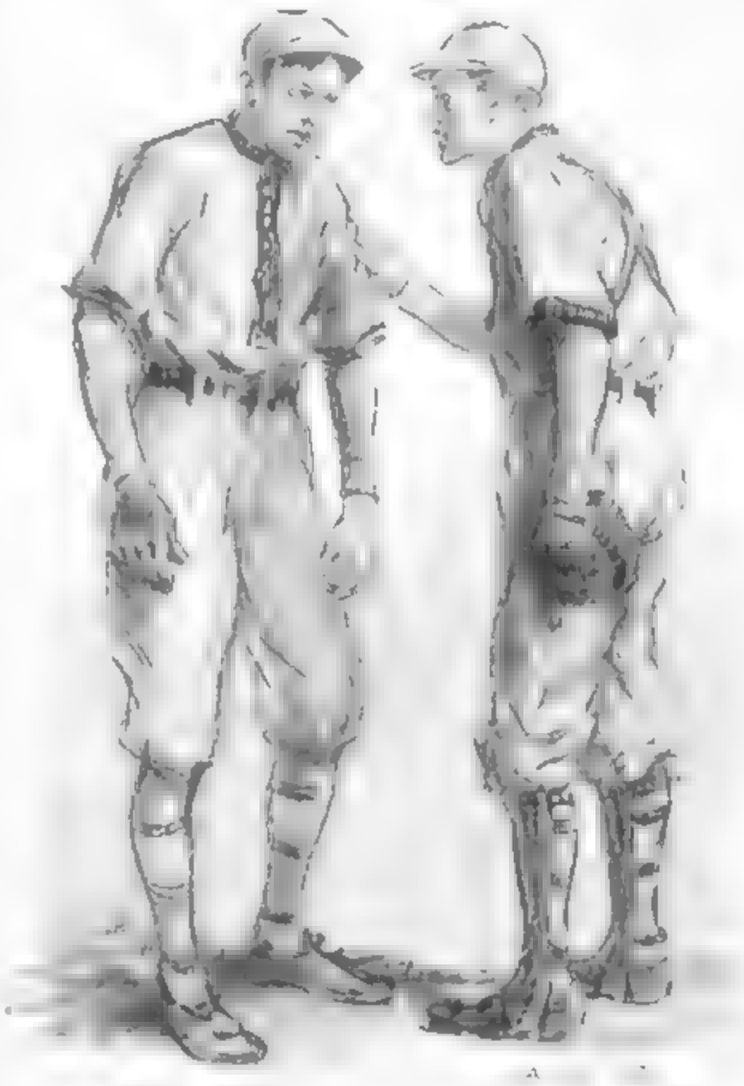
We had a consultation with Ben, accompanied by a financial transaction involving the hocking of my watch; and, as a result, we spent three weeks domesticating a couple of lovely little animals to the point where they got used to being confined in a box. Then Ben helped us transfer 'em to the lower drawer of old Peevy Burdick's desk. Peevy was one of the professors that we didn't seem to be able to love very much.

Our pets didn't like him, either, as it turned out. Peevy went into the lower drawer for a book and the class went through the windows after air. The room wasn't used much for a month or so, and Peevy took the high moral ground that skunks were not needed to add tone and atmosphere to his lectures on political economy. He was very fussy about it; but there wasn't any evidence that he could lay his hands on and he never thought of taking Ben Cooley's deposition.

Then, one night some of us wanted to go to town in a hurry, and we flagged the Interstate Limited at the foot of the grade below the campus. It stopped all right enough but the conductor called us a bunch of half-baked Lizzies and threatened to have us arrested. He wouldn't let us get aboard, and was so nasty about it that Nervy had another brilliant idea.

The next afternoon we bought two big buckets of lard, and we began at the foot of the grade and greased the rails for a quarter of a mile. It came under the head of hard labor, but it was worth it.

"Won't stop for passengers, eh?" said Nervy when we got through. "Half-baked Lizzies, are we? I guess this will detain you for a minute." And then we got down behind a fence and waited.



"They Think I'm Trying to Throw This Game"

Pretty soon the Limited came booming along, all lit up like a Senior at a banquet. She hit the grade with a flying start, skated part of the way on momentum; and when that died out she went sliding back to the bottom, churning her driving wheels and spitting fire like a skyrocket. I thought she was going to cough her fool smokestack off.

There was considerable notice taken of that little stunt, because the president of the road happened to be on the train, and he had influence. He used it too; but he didn't have enough to find out who bought the lard, and his hired men were left with some John Doe warrants on their hands which I guess they've got yet. The boys are still greasing that track to the present day, which just goes to show that the average college student is long on tradition and short on invention.

However, I didn't start out to tell you about our college escapades, because they would fill a large book. The one that concerns me now happened a long way from the campus and has to do with the purity of amateur athletics that the eminent Mr. Roscoe B. Knapp was spouting about the other night.

It came in May of our Senior year, after the close of the baseball season. Nervy turned up one night with a letter which he read to me. It was short, sweet and to the point—something like this:

Mr. R. Knapp: We have a tough game scheduled for Saturday with the Templetown Terrors. We are shy a first-class A Number One battery. If you will pitch the game we will pay you twenty dollars. If you bring your own catcher we will make it thirty and expenses. See inclosed literature and answer by wire at once.

Yours truly,
ABE LEFKOWITZ,
Manager Oakmount Baseball Club.

"Now," said Nervy, lighting his pipe and putting his feet on the table, "you have heard the Macedonian cry. The question before the house is: Shall we heed it? Shall we step over to Macedonia and help these yaps thirty dollars' worth?"

"Macedonia?" said I. "I thought you said Oakmount."

"Joe," said Nervy, "if you would listen when you're in chapel you would pick up a few Biblical allusions with which to combat the popular superstition that you are a heathen. Question before the house again: Do we need this money?"

"You ought to know. You hocked our watches last night; but, our amateur standing—how about that?"

Nervy cocked one eye at me.

"I always knew you for a sickly sentimentalist, Joe," said he. "What's the market value of our amateur standing? Two honorable records without a stain on 'em except an occasional defeat. For four long years we have nursed this—this chimera of amateur standing, and the breath of scandal has never been pointed in our direction. The taint of professionalism is not on our garments. We're pure as the driven snow, Joseph, my son; and what is our bee-lasted purity worth in dollars and cents? What's the present quotation on amateur standings, all wool and a yard wide, warranted not to rip or bag at the knees? What can we get for 'em at a forced sale?"

"Not a single sou," said I.

"Go to the head of the class!" said Nervy. "Amateur standing! Bah! It's like a good conscience—nice to have round, but a mighty poor asset when you're looking for something to raise money on."

"But if we get caught ——"

"There you go again! Don't you know why the name of Stephen Brodie is revered in this land of the free? It's because he took a chance. If we get caught, why, we're caught—and what of it? They can't bar us from further competition, because we're barred anyway. We've served four years apiece for our Alma Mater—darn her!—and what have we got to show for it? A couple of chemically pure amateur standings and some medals that made the pawnbrokers laugh no later than last night!"

"Of course we're through as college athletes," said I. "We're ineligible after this year. Even though we fail to pass our exams next week, we can't compete again."

"A faint glimmering of intelligence!" said Nervy. "Now, then, we need some money or our best girls will have to walk to the Senior Ball. Oakmount is more than one hundred miles away. We don't know a soul there. Will you gamble your snow-white, untainted amateur standing against thirty big iron men, coin of the realm? If we don't get caught we're still pure amateurs. If they spot us we've got the money. Fifteen apiece—what's your notion?"

Well, I had a lot of notions, but I couldn't lay my tongue on them just at that moment. I stalled for time.

"What was that he said about inclosed literature?" I asked.

"Oh, there was a boosting pamphlet in with the letter," said Nervy. "I haven't looked at it yet. Here it is."

The pamphlet was an advertisement for the Oakmount County Fair. We waded through the stuff about prizes for cattle and hogs, sweet pickles and such; and over on the last page was an item that made us both sit up and take notice. It was an announcement of a Grand Athletic Carnival, to take place on the fairground before the ball game on Saturday afternoon.

"Hello!" said Nervy. "Get this, will you? 'Track and field events . . . Open to the general public. . . . Cash prizes—to first, ten dollars; to second, five dollars; to third, two dollars.' Holy sailor, Joe, what a cinch! Why, it's a gold mine—a windfall! What we'll do to those Rubes will be a plenty! We ought to run one-two in every event!"

"Fine!" said I. "And then we'll be eligible to enter the hog competition. Be a little modest, can't you?"

Nervy jumped up, grabbed his cap and started for the door.

"Why the speed?" said I.

"I'm going to telegraph this Lefkowitz that John Smith and Henry Jones will be with him next Saturday if alive," said he. "We don't want him going round bragging that he's hired Knapp and Slater, the crack college battery, do we?"

"Then, shall we take a chance?"

"Man dear," said Nervy, "there's no chance about it. It'll be just like shaking a Christmas tree! Oh, you Macedonia!"

II

ABE LEFKOWITZ met us at the train—a little man with sharp black eyes that looked hard enough to scratch plate glass.

"Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, I believe?" said he, grinning.

"Your belief is correct," said Nervy. "I hope you read my telegram carefully."

"Don't worry, gentlemen," said Lefkowitz. "I got you under cover absolutely. We're going to slip something over on the Templetown bunch that they'll remember for years. I ain't said a word, gentlemen, on account of the betting."

"Oh! There's some betting, is there?" asked Nervy.

"All kinds, gentlemen—all kinds. You see, everybody thinks I'm going to pitch Maloney. The Terrors knocked him out of the box two weeks ago. That's why they're betting eight to five. Which one of you is Knapp?"

"Me—Henry Jones," said Nervy.

"Your arm feeling good—eh?"

"Never felt better."

"You got speed, control, curves—everything?"

"I've got everything—but an interest in the money you're going to win," said Nervy.

Lefkowitz was astonished.

"Ain't twenty dollars enough for you—and ten for your friend here—and carfare? What do you mean—an interest?"

"He's only kidding you," said I, pinching Nervy's arm. "Thirty dollars is plenty."

"I think so myself, gentlemen," said Lefkowitz.

Nervy looked at me.

"Piker!" he whispered. "I nearly had him going!"

"Don't be a hog if you can help it!" said I.

"Oh, by the way, Lefkowitz," said Nervy, "when do we get that thirty?"

"After the game, of course. Do you think I pay for service before I get it? No chance!"

"And you've a couple of uniforms we can wear? We've brought our own shoes and stockings."

"Oh, sure! They're down at my billiard room now."

"Well, bring 'em out to the park with you when you come, and leave 'em in the dressing room. Don't say a word about our being here and we'll show up at the last minute, ready to play."

"A good idea!" said Lefkowitz.

"We'd better not be seen with you," said Nervy; "so we'll have a bite to eat and go out to the park now."

"Game is called at three," said Lefkowitz.

"We'll be there!" said I.

"All right, gentlemen! Don't take any bad money."

"We're going to examine every piece," said Nervy.

"You've Got Influence With These Ball Players of Yours, Haven't You? Suppose You Tell 'Em to Bat in a Few Runs; That Will Help Some"

By the time we got out to the park the place was full of farmer boys, getting limbered up for the Grand Athletic Carnival. Some of 'em were barefooted and in their shirt sleeves; some were going to run in their stocking feet; and here and there was a gawky high-school boy in a track suit and tennis shoes.

"Pretty soft for us!" said Nervy. "Where do we dress?"

There was no lock on the dressing-room door; but, as it happened, we weren't very strong on valuables just then. Our watches were both in pawn and we hid our small change on top of a rafter before we went out on the track. Our appearance created something of a stir and pretty soon we were interviewed by the Athletic Committee. We knew it was the Athletic Committee because it said so on the big blue-and-gold badges they wore. The committee was composed of two Rubes with whiskers and one Rube without.

"Where be ye from, young men?" asked the one without.

We told him, picking out a town in the same county; we had sense enough for that.

"Ye don't look it!" said the committeeman, and the Rubes who were standing round began to laugh. In a way he had paid us a compliment, but it made Nervy mad to have his word doubted.

"You advertised athletic events open to the public, didn't you?" said he.

"Ye-up—guess we did, young feller; but we didn't aim to ring in no p'fessionals 'gainst the home talent!"

We both saw the funny side of that remark; but Nervy looked the committeeman in the eye and put so much feeling into his voice that it would have been hard not to believe him.

"I give you my word of honor, as one man to another," said he, "that I am not a professional athlete. I will swear it on a stack of Bibles as high as that grand stand!"

"Me too!" said I.

And there we were, taking an oath that we were amateurs in order to get a chance to become professionals.

"Well, seeing as ye don't make a livin' by it," said one of the Rubes with whiskers, "I guess it'll be all right. . . . Git set on your marks for the hundred-yard dash—everybody!"

Well, I never saw such a ragtag-and-bobtail flock of starters in my life. Everything under forty years of age wanted to run, and the committeemen didn't have sense enough to split the race into heats. The mob lined up clear across the trotting track, two or three deep in places, like the start of a cross-country run; and the only pair of spiked shoes were on Nervy's feet. I never was much of a sprinter, so I waited at the finish.

"Ready! Set! Bang!"

Nervy deliberately took the worst of the start, so as not to be disqualified for beating the gun; but in six jumps he was the bell cow of the herd, and running all alone. There was nothing to it but a lovely scramble for second money, about thirty of the Rubes finishing neck and neck. The chairman of the committee paid the cash prizes on the spot—paid 'em in bright new gold pieces, except third money, which was two silver dollars.

"You're sure ye don't make a livin' at this business?" said the chairman as he handed Nervy the ten. "Ye run most too good, young feller—most too good!"

"You ought to be thankful," said Nervy. "What if you'd been forced to pick the winner from the gang that finished behind me?"

Nervy came over to me, looking at his ten-dollar gold piece, which was scarce enough to be a kind of curiosity.

"I wish I had a pocket to put this in," said he. "I wouldn't trust anybody in this crowd to hold it for me. Come on and get into the two-twenty. It's a cinch!"

The high jump was next and that was like finding money for me. I picked up ten dollars without starting a sweat; and Nervy, who couldn't jump at all and never tried before, was third. By this time the Rubes were beginning to mumble a little among themselves and cast unfriendly glances in our direction. There was a good deal of talk about ringers and shickers and sharks.

The atmosphere wasn't cleared to any great extent when Nervy romped away with the two-twenty. I went into it, too, just for the fun of the thing, and had an awful battle with a long-legged yap who ran in his stocking feet. I should have been ashamed to let him beat me; so I uncorked all I had and took second money by a stride.

The crowd wasn't very much pleased and the committee held a conference. They wanted to bar us; but Nervy went to the bat and said that, as they'd advertised open events, they had to be open or he'd bring suit. It was an awful bluff, but he made it stick. The rest of that Grand Athletic Carnival was a combination riot and benefit. Nervy won the running broad jump with two feet to spare and I was second. By this time we had so much money that it was really bothering us; we didn't have any place to put it and there was nobody we dared trust it with.

I never saw such a hog as Nervy made of himself. The shotput brought out a lot of blacksmiths; but they didn't know how to get the best results and I collected another ten-spot.

"I think I can get third in this," said Nervy to me. "Hold my money while I try."

"You chump! You'll hurt your arm!" said I.

I couldn't stop him though. He gave me his money to hold and, sure enough, on the third trial he heaved the pill far enough to win two more silver dollars. Shotputting isn't a very healthy exercise for a ball player, and especially a pitcher.

"Let's quit," said I. "Remember you've got a ball game on your hands."

"Just one more!" said Nervy. "The half-mile run is next; I'm no distance man, but it's a cinch I can beat these pumpkin rollers!"

"You'll wear yourself out," said I. "Let's let well enough alone. Don't be such a hog! Give the Rubes a chance."

Nervy counted the money. All told, we had sixty-four dollars.

"It seems an awful shame to let some yap win that half mile," said he. "These birds can't run; they don't know how. I'll go in there and discourage 'em in the first two hundred yards. I'll use my head."

"Use it now and stay out," said I. "The ball game will be called in three-quarters of an hour. Take a rest. You need it."

"I need the ten dollars more," said he.

"If you go in there and win they'll mob us," said I. "They're sore, I tell you."

I might as well have argued with a wooden man. Nervy climbed over the fence and lined up with the starters—hog, all hog. The crowd hooted and hissed, but he didn't pay any attention to 'em.

It would have been better if he had taken my advice, because there was a red-headed kid in that race who was cut out for distance events—a plugger from Pluggersville. He didn't have five cents' worth of form, but he was as game as a pebble and he had stamina to burn. He burned some of it on the back stretch, catching up to Nervy; but when they rounded the turn and straightened out for home the redhead really began to run!

My heart bled for old Nervy, because the sprints were his long suit, and this half mile, coming on top of all he'd done, was sheer murder; but his fool pride wouldn't let him quit. He put everything he had left in the last fifty yards; but the redhead nosed him out at the tape—and I had to hold Nervy on his feet while he collected his five-spot.

I thought those Rubes would go wild. They whooped and yelled and carried the redhead round on their shoulders, and I hustled Nervy away to the dressing room. He was just about all in and blowing like a walrus.

"Sixty-nine dollars!" he panted. "The yaps—can have—the rest!"

I made him lie down on a bench while I rubbed his legs; and as I was working on him Lefkowitz came in with the uniforms.

"Hurry up and dress!" said he. "They're clearing the field for the ball game and the rest of the boys are out there practicing." Then his eyes caught the pile of gold and silver on the bench. "Hello!" said he. "What's all this?"

"Oh, something we picked up in your town," said I. "Do you think baseball is the only game we know?"

"Yes; and we haven't got any place to put it," puffed Nervy. "There's no lock on this door."

"Stick it in the hip pocket of your uniform pants," suggested Lefkowitz.

"And lose it the first time I slide?" said Nervy. "Not a chance! If it was only paper —— Oh, say, Lefkowitz, you take care of it till after the game, will you?"

"Why, if you want me to—sure! Let's see: Sixty-nine dollars, eh?"

"Oh, gee! Why wasn't it a dollar more?" said Nervy. "With the thirty we get for the game it makes a total of ninety-nine dollars. It ought to be an even hundred!"

"Well, now," said Lefkowitz, "you get out there and trim those Terrors good and proper, and I'll call it thirty-one and make it an even hundred. That's the kind of a sport I am!"

"Yes," said Nervy, rolling over on the bench; "I guess you are!"

III

WHEN we got dressed we went out behind the grand stand and Nervy warmed up. His control seemed to be all right and his curves broke well, but he didn't try any speed.

"I want to save my smoke for the game," said he.

If we had any lingering hope that those Rubes wouldn't know us in Oakmount uniforms it died as soon as we got a peek at the field of battle. The diamond was laid out inside the half-mile track, with the home plate close to the upper turn, and so far away from the grand stand that only the couples who wanted to hold hands would sit in it. The real crowd was packed along the foul lines from the outfield to the plate, Oakmount on one side and Templetown on the other—and there was a lot of loose language flying between.

"Don't Think You're Going to Get Away With It, Young Feller. Win or Lose, You'll Get Yours, and You'll Get It Good. See?"

Starting at the wide end we had to march into that solid V of humanity, a couple of total strangers—in a baseball sense at least; but, as Nervy remarked, the cynosure of all eyes and compassed round about by a great cloud of witnesses—sharp-eyed ones too. We hadn't gone far before somebody on the Templetown side recognized us.

"Here they are again, boys! Here's the slickers!"

Well, that started the grand chorus:

"All-round ath-a-letes, ain't they?"

"Oakmount's playin' p'fessionals! Sha-ame!"

"Run 'em out of town!"

"Ride 'em on a rail!"

All these remarks came from the Templetown fans; but what impressed me most was the deep and displeased silence on the Oakmount side of the field. It's one thing to listen to the rival rooting section when you know your own gang is only getting its breath and is about ready to break loose and drown out everything else; but it's another proposition to hike up under the guns without a single friend to chirp in your behalf. It certainly gives you the feeling that you're an orphan child all alone in the wide, wide world.

"Templetown wants to murder us, and Oakmount hopes we choke," said I. "This is what we get for crumbing up a yap holiday."

"This—and sixty-nine dollars in cash," said Nervy. "I care not who boasts the approbation of the agriculturalist so long as I can spend his simoleons. Buck up, Joseph; the worst is yet to come!"

But Lefkowitz came instead—running.

"Don't you want to warm up?" said he.

We explained that we were already warm.

"This Jones-and-Smith business won't do, gentlemen. I heard what you did to the Carnival and there's hard feelings about it. Everybody is asking who you are, and if the umpire announces the batteries and says you are Jones and Smith there will be a riot. No; them names won't do."

"Make it Kelly and Burke," suggested Nervy.

And that was the way we were introduced to the crowd—Kelly and Burke. It might have been all right if the umpire hadn't laughed when he said it.

The first Templetown man who came to the bat turned round and looked me in the eye. He was a big husky too.

"Don't think you're going to get away with it, young feller," said he. "Win or lose, you'll get yours, and you'll get it good. See?"

"Well," said I, "it's nice to know we're not going to miss anything, Rube. That'll be more than you can say when this pitcher gets through with you."

He didn't like that, and I kept him so busy with repartee that he didn't have much time to study Nervy's curve ball. He struck out with three nice, healthy swings, and slammed his bat down on the ground. Templetown growled under its breath and there was a faint twittering sound on the Oakmount side of the field.

The next man up was a foxy little party who shortened his bat, laid down a perfect bunt and streaked it for first base. He would have made it, too, only Nervy came in on the run, scooped the ball and nipped him by a stride.

"P'fessional! P'fessional!" howled the Templetown fans, and the Oakmount crowd woke up and went back at them with "Soreheads! So-o-oreheads!"

The third man showed a willingness to fish for curve balls and finally fouled out to me. Nervy walked off the diamond, grinning.

"In every war," said he, "the mercenary is abused by the losing side. The victors hail him as the savior of the nation. The Oakmount yaps are beginning to like us; they'll love us to death before we get through with these Templetown tramps. They're the softest bunch I ever pitched against; they swing like a lot of rusty garden gates!"

"How's your arm?" said I.

"Plenty good enough for these Rubes."

"Why didn't you give me the fast ball when I called for it?"

"Why waste speed when they can't hit curves?"

"Quit stalling," said I. "You're not using speed because you can't throw a fast ball, Nervy. That shotputting hurt your arm, didn't it?"

"Well, I got two dollars for it, didn't I?" Nervy answered sort of glum.

"And a sore arm! I wish you'd listened to me and stayed out of it."

"I don't need an arm against these yokels, Joe. All I need is a head."

"That's all you needed in the half mile."

This riled Nervy, and he went over and sat down on the grass beside Lefkowitz. He would never admit that he'd made a mistake.

One thing was certain—the Templetown pitcher had plenty of speed. He was a long, gangling left-hander, and he burned them over so fast that the top end of our batting order sat down—one, two, three.

"You're Sure Ye Don't Make a Livin' at This Business? Ye Run Most Too Good, Young Feller—Most Too Good!"

Well, we wagged along for four innings without a score on either side, Nervy using nothing but a slow ball with a roundhouse curve on it. Lefkowitz began to get excited.

"You got to beat 'em!" said he to Nervy, wiping the sweat off his face. "You got to do it!"

Nervy looked down at him the same as though he was a peculiar bug of some sort.

"I'm holding them," said he. "I don't know what more you can expect me to do. You've got influence with these ball players of yours, haven't you? Suppose you tell 'em to bat in a few runs; that will help some."

It was in the last of the fifth that I made the Oakmount fans love me. There was a man on second base and two down when I came to bat. The Templetown pitcher grooved one and I caught it on the end of the bat for a triple, scoring the first run of the game. The Oakmount people went crazy; but when I got round to third base I had to listen to the other faction. The Templetown rooters were on that side of the field.

"P'fessional!"

"P'fessional crook!"

"Slicker!"

"You wait, young feller! We'll get you yet!"

Old Nervy did his best to cinch his own game, but the Templetown second baseman jumped six feet in the air and pulled down his line drive with one hand. I wasn't sorry to get away from third base. Some of the remarks were getting personal in their tone.

"Now you got a run behind you!" yelled Lefkowitz, dancing up and down. "Hold 'em there!"

"Holding 'em there is the best thing I do," said Nervy; "and I should have had another run behind me if that second baseman had left his horseshoe at home."

"Go right after 'em!" said Lefkowitz, slapping Nervy on the back. "I got money bet; remember that! Go right after 'em!"

"Have you seen anybody running away from 'em?" asked Nervy. "Seems to me I could stand a little collaboration here. Your ball club bats like a bunch of drunken teamsters!"

The sixth inning was an anxious one for me and the seventh was worse. Nervy was weakening fast. The track and field events hadn't done him any good; the half mile had tired him badly and the shotputting had given him a sore arm. He had no speed to start with, and now his control was leaving him—the curves were beginning to go wide. I helped him all I could by quarreling with the Templetown batters, and if they hadn't been so set on knocking the cover off the ball Nervy would have filled the bases sure.

By petty-larceny luck we managed to get through those innings without being scored on, but the ice was awfully thin in places. A smart ball club would have eaten us alive, simply by standing still and making Nervy put 'em over the plate.

In the eighth the old boy was all gone—couldn't even curve a ball. It was like him, though, to try a bluff at such a time. He began to talk to the batters himself, which was something he seldom did; and his line of conversation would have blistered a ward politician.

"Well, you poor hick!" he would say. "Let's see: I made a sucker out of you with a curve the last time. Is there anything you can hit? Try a slow one just for luck!"

And then up would come a sickly floater with nothing on it but the stitches. Like as not the Rube would try to kill it and miss, for a slow ball is hard to time. Then Nervy would laugh and tie his shoelaces and tighten his belt, and stall until he got ready to throw another one. As an exhibition of pitching it was pitiful; but as an exhibition of nerve it was magnificent. He actually managed to retire the side on slow balls. The first man struck out trying to put the ball over the fence and the others popped into the air.

We went to the side line and Lefkowitz horned in with advice.

"Some speed is what you should give 'em now!" said he. "That slow ball is great, but slip in a fast one now and then! Mix 'em up more!"

"What do you think I am—a bartender?" Nervy was so tired that he was blear-eyed. "If you don't like the way I'm pitching ——"

"You're doin' fine!" said Lefkowitz. "I ain't criticizin' you at all—only you ought to mix 'em up more!"

"Listen to this bird!" said Nervy to me. "We've got the game cinched and he's not satisfied!"

"But—I got a lot of money bet," chattered Lefkowitz—"a lot of money! Don't take a chance!"

"Tell him about Steve Brodie!" said Nervy to me.

Our yaps didn't do anything in their half of the eighth. They didn't even have sense enough to delay the game a little and give Nervy a chance to rest. He was unsteady on his feet when he went in to open the ninth.

Somebody—probably the Templetown manager—was smart enough to see how things were going, and the Terrors came up with orders to wait Nervy out—the very worst thing that could have happened to us.

The first batter stood still and the umpire called four balls in a row; and every one of 'em was a ball, too, though I kicked pretty hard on a couple that came within six inches of the plate.

"Wait him out!" came from behind third base. "He's had a hard day and he's all in. Wait him out!"

The second batter took a count of three and two, and Nervy missed the plate a yard with the big one. That made two on bases and nobody out. The Oakmount rooters began to yell, and I could see right away that they hadn't forgotten their original grudge.

"What're you trying to do—throw this game?"

"Get 'em over there, slicker!"

"He's sold us out!"

I caught a glimpse of Lefkowitz chasing up and down the first-base line and tearing his hair.

"Speed! I ask you to give 'em speed!" he was bawling.

I walked out into the diamond to hold a consultation with Nervy.

"That's right! Fix it up!" yelled the Oakmount fans. "Slickers! Slickers!"

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THE HOUSE THAT JUNK BUILT

By John R. McMahon

THIS is the story of a city man who without previous experience went into the country within commuting distance and, acting as his own architect, contractor, foreman and laborer, built himself an all-the-year house. Its cost, outside his labor, was $2135.15. With two and a half acres of land, a private road and general improvements, the estate came to $3000. Its commercial value is more than fifty per cent above the latter figure. Regardless of commercial value, my family and I wouldn't trade our homemade dwelling for a millionaire's mansion.

We have something that just suits us. The location is a splendid compromise between Nature and a railroad station, glorious hills and a convenient trolley, isolation and accessibility to the haunts of men. The house is largely fireproof and is likewise constructed so as to be pretty secure against burglars, visiting relatives and tornadoes. What more could one ask in a world of imperfections? Nevertheless the house was built largely if not entirely of secondhand material in steel, stone and wood, most of it as good as or even better than new, but technically junk or near it. If all new material had been used the cost would have been considerably—and, for us, prohibitively—greater. Most probably if we had had no junk we should have had a worse-built house.

The Private Road to the "House That Junk Built" is 8 Feet Wide, 375 Feet Long and Cost $120.51

Before going any farther I want to address a word of gratitude to Thomas A. Edison. When Mr. Edison was working on his idea of a concrete-poured house I was sent to him on a business errand at his West Orange laboratory. I ventured to tell Mr. Edison that I thought of building some kind of fireproof house and asked for suggestions. Instead of telling me to consult an architect or saying that a city man without mechanical training had better stick to his last, Mr. Edison treated me almost as if I were a fellow inventor. He gave me the desired information, promised me more, and chiefly inspired me with the notion that I could build a house just as well as the next fellow. I talked with architects and builders afterward, and they mostly tried to intimidate me with the mysteries and difficulties of house-building, but thanks to Mr. Edison neither then nor throughout all the time that I was building my house did my confidence fail. Possibly if I had at that time actually realized all that I didn't know about house-building my store of confidence would have been less and my house of junk would never have been built.

Good Tools a Help to Good Work

IN WRITING this story I aim to serve, first, those who may have the time, means and ability to follow or improve on my housemaking; second, those who cannot build for themselves but would like to have some points to check up the statements of architects, contractors and real-estate agents; and, finally, those who care for general information not too technically expressed. From the beginning to the end of my enterprise I have kept account of the costs of all labor and material. I have made detailed tables showing costs of various definite divisions of house-building, such as foundations, walls, floor, roof, doors and windows. The figures are taken from my daily account book. They are as accurate as I could make them, but I cannot guarantee that they are always and absolutely correct, owing to the inherent difficulties of the case.

For example, it is not always easy to determine whether a certain amount of work should be credited to wall construction or to the fitting of a window frame. Also, unless you are an efficiency expert taking notes and doing nothing else, it is not easy to keep track of the exact fractions of an hour spent on half a dozen different tasks by three or four men in one day. However, I believe the figures given are tolerably accurate and, when compared with the architectural plans and the letter-press descriptions and photographs, they should possess a really practical value. The series of snapshots used as illustrations for my story have a few unfortunate gaps, chiefly owing to such causes as the sulkiness of the sun or the preoccupation of the builder.

I was born and brought up in the country, but went to a big city, round the age of eighteen, and have lived there or in its environs practically ever since. I received a fair education in gardening, and took postgraduate courses along this line during a number of summers spent at suburban rented places. As far as mechanical art was concerned I was never more than a bungler, maybe because I never had anything but bungler's tools. I could drive a nail, use a screwdriver, and saw crookedly with a saw. Until a few months ago I never had handled a steel square or a spirit level. I did not even know the difference between a rip saw and a cross cut; but I always had a sympathetic feeling for tools. I liked to watch mechanics at work, and thus picked up a little eye knowledge. A neighbor with a hobby for cabinet work gave me some useful points. He taught me, I remember, to countersink screwheads and to put vaseline on all tools after using them. Also he let me have a lot of duplicate tools which he did not need, and these I carefully hoarded as the nucleus of my present extensive collection of tools.

Bungler though I was, I always had a feeling that I was not inherently incompetent in a mechanical sense; that, given the tools and the chance, I would some day justify myself. Even the wretched failure that I made of a doll's house for my eight-year-old youngster did not throw me into despair. I told my pitying friends who surveyed that doll's house that I did not have the proper tools. Events have justified me. I have found that tools themselves will almost teach one how to use them, and that most mysteries and difficulties are solved by having the right tools at hand. But when this story began my knowledge of architecture and house construction was about the same as my knowledge of square, level and plane—a little more or less than nothing.

At the time when the idea first came to me to move into the country I was on the shady side of thirty-five, blessed with a splendid wife and a sturdy little daughter, and was holding down a sedentary city job that paid a little more than the cost of our living. I realized that what we needed was a home of our own, a place we would not have to move out of every six months, and an investment of our savings that would yield twenty to forty per cent instead of four per cent; and the location had to be within commuting distance of our metropolitan meal ticket. My wife and I had found by experience that a small garden would keep a small family in a good part of its food for two-thirds of the year, and we knew the economic advantage of having potatoes by the barrel and groceries bought in large amounts from the city stores. A few chickens would enable us to laugh at the egg jokes in the newspapers. These were our motives in looking toward a home. I declare solemnly, for myself at least, that I never entertained the idea of raising chickens for a living, or blooded rabbits, or pigs, or anything like that. My wife has had some such ideas, but so far I'm quite satisfied with a home and vegetables and food raised for our own consumption.

Why didn't we buy a house ready-made? I often asked myself that question in moments of dejection. The reasons were various. We had not enough money, for one thing. More important, I was dissatisfied with the houses we had lived in or seen. When I left my family of mornings, not to return till late at night, I had two fears—fire and housebreakers. I wanted my new home to be as far as possible secure against these two perils. Call them imaginary, if you will, despite the frequent evidences published; certainly it is worth something to be rid of imaginary troubles. I realized that a substantial and fireproof dwelling would cost more than one constructed of wood; therefore we could not afford to have waste room and gimcracks. We did not want the latter anyhow. Our idea was a liberally spaced city flat in the country; living quarters on one floor; no spare room dedicated to Cousin Eliza; no attic that would accumulate dust and trunks filled with magazines dating from before the Civil War. My visit to Mr. Edison round this time strengthened my original plan to build something of reënforced concrete—which we didn't do in the end.

When our minds were finally made up and we were prepared to build, our resources in savings bank or in sight amounted to $2220—the skimpings and scrapings of four years. Although I had made no close calculation I did not believe this sum would be sufficient. I figured that we should want $1000 more to insure the success of our project. Thanks to a relative—for whom there will always be a spare room in our home if I have to sleep on the floor—we borrowed $1000 for a long term of years at four per cent.

Scouting for a location to build, we had boxed the compass round the city's suburbs from spring to fall. Our experience kept us from going in many unpromising directions, but it did not save us from numerous disappointments. We wanted elevation, accessibility, wildness, water and cheapness—a hard combination! Once I picked out a small but charming site near salt water, fancied we could get it for about three hundred dollars, only to find it within the city limits and assessed at a thousand dollars. Then and there I made a note of the point that city property was expensive; and that it was well to fight shy of any location covered by building laws. Our quest was beginning to look hopeless when I came to a bit of country that had everything except accessibility. The train service we discovered was poor. I looked at the time-table and saw that the next station had a very fair service.

Spying Out the Promised Land

WE WENT to that place and immediately found just what we had been seeking. We wrote to the owner, asking his price for half an acre or an acre of his land. About six weeks later he answered, with apologies, that he did not care to sell. I called on him and explained what I wanted. He suggested my trying the railroad station and hamlet a mile nearer the city. It proved to be a beautiful and undeveloped hamlet, with woods and open fields, views of the hills for great distances, fishing, bathing and canoeing close at hand; and it was only one hour from the shops.

It took a little time to find our particular corner of this paradise. At first glimpse, on a lowering January day, the destined spot was a trifle disappointing—perhaps because the general beauty of the surroundings had raised our expectation too high. Afterward the place grew on us and we desired it like land-hungry homesteaders. We wanted an acre. The tract comprised about two and a half acres, according to the owner. He was not sure of the area, but if we bought his land he was willing to pay half the expense of the survey. He asked $335 an acre, half cash and the other half an optional mortgage. Half a mile away lots were being sold at the rate of $1400 an acre. I knew as a general proposition that any land within twenty-five miles of the city and half a mile from a railroad station was worth round $500 an acre. I learned that the site offered to us was one of the last small tracts in that section on the market.

The property was nestled on a hillside two hundred and seventy feet above sea level, according to a state map, and had a western and northern view of distant mountains across a little valley and slope where straggled a modern edition of Sleepy Hollow. A wooded acre fronted on the highway. Behind it rose a cleared plateau of some two acres, screened on three sides with birches and oaks, hickory, tulip trees, maples, dogwood, cedars. I saw our house rise on this plateau, far back from the highway, a panorama of perpetual loveliness on one side and wooded heights on the other. There were only three houses within a quarter of a mile, and these were half hidden behind lowering knolls. A strip of silver a thousand feet away was the nearest bit of water, and there was a full-size river not far off.

Though the property was larger than we needed we concluded we could handle it financially. We decided to sell the front acre, except for a private road through it, and keep the plateau behind for ourselves. Right here let me say that throughout the deal the real-estate man who brought us to the tract, the owner and our lawyer acted just as if they were our friends. Our lawyer, in fact, deserves to be disciplined by the Bar Association for rank philanthropy. He did a lot of work and charged nothing; and I believe he deceived us on the score of expenses, which he paid out of his own pocket. The real-estate man was similarly unprofessional and positively hospitable.

We drew and signed a preliminary contract—$100 paid down—in which I agreed to pay the specified price for the roughly described tract containing "about two and a half acres," provided the title should be passed by a title guarantee company. It was arranged that we should divide the cost of the survey, and the owner guaranteed a clear title to the land. The matter of a mortgage was left optional; and the transaction was to be completed on a certain date about six weeks later. When the time came to close the deal the title company was not ready to issue a clear policy. It wanted further information on such little points as: "Where was Ezekiel Jenkins in 1819?" "Who were the cousins of Darius Jones in 1873?" "Why was the property nonexistent so far as the books of the local tax collector showed?"

Our lawyer brought me this letter of "exceptions," so-called. When I had read it I felt like Adam when he was fired out of Eden.

After having enjoyed my misery for a time my lawyer friend burst into a loud laugh and told me not to worry about trifles like that. He assured me that compared with the mussy and spotty titles he had handled our title was immaculate. He said he could get a few dozen affidavits from surviving relatives that would patch up any defects. The fact that the property did not exist on the tax books was probably because it was listed with another parcel of land. The owner could pay his taxes now and get a last-year tax receipt, which would satisfy the title company.

Personal Supervision

THE survey showed that the tract contained 3.67 acres, about an acre more than we expected; but we figured that we could still manage it. I studied that survey diligently. I compared it with a rough survey I had made myself with a fifty-foot cloth tape. Absurd as it sounds my cloth tape survey saved me about $35. My measurement from the road's edge to the first interior stake was twenty-five feet or so short of the surveyor's figure. I spoke to our lawyer and we decided that the survey must have been taken from the center of the highway. The surveyor confirmed this, and the owner agreed that he could hardly charge us for half the public highway. I calculated the area to be deducted as eleven one-hundredths of an acre, and we settled on that basis.

I wanted to verify for myself the total area of the tract; the distances between stakes I had already roughly verified. I applied a scale rule to the blueprint, divided up the area into squares and triangles, multiplied bases by half of altitudes, and the result was not far from the surveyor's figures, which satisfied me.

Right here I want to recommend the method of doing everything for yourself that you possibly can.

I looked into the legal details in the same manner, learned some useful things and perhaps prevented one or two embarrassing errors. It is written that fools rush in; yet even a fool may enlighten himself, and vigilance is always profitable. Among the interesting things that I learned from the surveyor was that many property boundaries, such as streams and creeks, are naturally changeable; and that even compass-given lines shift owing to the movement of the magnetic pole. On the legal side it is well not to overlook the rights to a public highway adjoining any piece of property. It is also well to put up fences, which, like legal precedents, acquire merit with age.

Since I was anxious to begin building on April first, and my lawyer friend told me it was quite safe to do so, I did not wait for the title company to issue a policy, but concluded the deal with the owner. In exchange for a cashier's check on my savings bank and my signature to the quaint and curious documents called bond and mortgage, I became a land owner and lord proprietor. It was a couple of months before the title company issued its policy of insurance, and I admit that, despite my legal friend's assurances, I had some uncomfortable moments during that time.

For one thing I was worried about the cost of all these investigations. For another, I feared lest the deal might somehow fall through. In the following table I summarize the land transaction:

Dam at Woods' Edge to Collect Water for Foundation Work

Making Concrete Foundation Wall, 12 Inches Wide and 10 Inches High—Above Grouted Foundation 20 Inches Wide and About 3 Feet Deep

COST OF LAND

Cash payment on 3.56 acres net, at $335 per acre, including $100 paid on signing contract (balance $600 mortgage)*	$592.60
Fee for title company guaranty of title	60.00
One-half cost of surveying land	12.50
Fee for recording deed	2.50
14 blueprints of the survey at 5 cents; postage 10 cents	.80
Six months' interest on $600 at 6 per cent (paid when due)	18.00
Total	$686.40

* Since we expect to sell the front acre for at least the amount of this mortgage, we have not included the latter liability in the general estimate of cost of land and house

For several months I had been considering what kind of house to build. Besides reading any books on building that I could lay my hands on I talked with builders and architects whom I met in the city. I visited a concrete show and stuffed my pockets with circulars. I stopped at street corners to observe how skyscrapers were put up, fancying I might pick up some useful points. I stood over laborers mixing mortar and concrete workers making sidewalks. In bed at night I thought of problems in construction and solved them triumphantly—mostly without ultimate direct benefit. Finally I decided to use concrete blocks for walls, since they offered the cheapest fireproof material and could be handled even by a single worker, and for my floor reënforced concrete. The necessary wooden roof—other material being too expensive—would be sheathed with asbestos on both sides.

By having the basement on the ground level our living floor could be at least seven feet above the ground, giving view and dryness; and the window sills would be nine feet above earth, making intrusion a difficult matter. In connection with burglar proofing I had in mind what a detective once told me—that though scientific cracksmen are able to get in anywhere, every little precaution in a house deters casual intruders and is worth taking. A drawn window shade at night is a safeguard; so is a locked window. If a ladder is necessary for entering the windows of one house, and the windows of a house next door are close to the ground, the intelligent housebreaker will quickly decide in favor of the easier proposition.

We took the measurements of the suburban house we had rented and were occupying, as a basis for our plans. After I had roughly sketched the dimensions of rooms my wife rose to remark that the two bedrooms and the kitchen were absurdly small, while the entire ceiling was shamefully low. With an air of liberality I expanded the sketch sidewise one foot and lifted the ceiling to a height of nine feet.

Doors and Windows

I WILL not encumber the record with domestic discussion, but will concede that my wife often gave me very helpful suggestions in such matters as amplitude, closet space and so on. I suppose wives are generally right on such points.

I decided for economy's sake to make most of the doors and windows alike and of standard size, so that they could be had ready-made. I measured up the desirable sizes in the house we occupied, and thereby planned to have all our principal living-floor windows 2 feet 8 inches wide by 5 feet 6 inches high, all interior doors except closet doors 2 feet 8 inches wide by 6 feet 8 inches high, and all exterior doors 3 feet wide and 7 feet or less high. The basement and cold-storage doors I wanted of the 3-foot width so that a wheelbarrow could be used for bringing vegetables, taking out ashes, and so forth. There was a small open fireplace in our rented house. I faithfully measured it as far as possible, but could not solve all its mysteries—an omission that fortune later supplied. I knew from experience that it was not wide enough at the back to take a decent log, so I expanded my sketch to about three feet. The stairways proved a puzzle to me. I measured all our stairs repeatedly and could not find much satisfaction in them.

I obtained valuable suggestions then and afterward from three small pocket volumes on concrete work, building construction and plumbing, issued by a correspondence school and costing 35 cents apiece. These booklets contained much antiquated matter, yet they were worth to me ten times their price. They told me things of which I had never dreamed; and I found reading them more fascinating than the Arabian Nights. Also they were crammed with tables and sketches of the utmost usefulness.

When I had measured everything round our rented house that could be measured, I took the figures and a rough sketch to a city architect whom I knew pretty well. I told him that if he would transform my rude data into working plans I would repay him some time with a certain professional service. The architect thought he could do the job for me, or get some one in his office to do it, if he could have a little time. Two weeks passed and nothing was done, and as the prospects of getting anything accomplished soon were scant I decided to draw the plans myself. I had observed that architects used scale rules,

Foundation Trenches Partly Filled With Broken Stone

triangles, pencils and a special kind of paper. I went to an architects' supply store and obtained these essentials at a cost under one dollar. The triangle was a little celluloid one, the scale rule a six-inch bit of wood with four scales marked on it. The salesman told me something about how to use the scale rule, for I had never handled one before.

I began to draw the house plans evenings—for I was still holding down my office job in the city—and I found it hard work and great fun together. I soon figured the right scale to use, a quarter of an inch to a foot, which gave a plan that was large enough and yet would not run beyond the area of the drawing paper. In view of the site we were to build on we decided to locate the sleeping porch toward the big western panorama, to put the kitchen on the side toward the future garden, and to have few basement windows on the windswept north. After marking out the living room I put the windows for it as far as possible from the outside front stairs.

Concrete Blocks Ready to Lay on Foundation. These are Old and Ripe. Avoid Green Blocks

Many details seemed to work themselves out inevitably by the aid of the scale rule. I marveled at the magical little rule that enabled its user to construct on paper an accurate miniature of a large building. The rule even gave answers to mathematical problems in roof making, such as the pitch and length of rafters. When I was baffled by the mathematics of a stairway I tackled the problem graphically with the scale rule and made a stair plan. There was just so much space to be apportioned, and the rule apportioned it down to fractions of an inch.

In order to get data on steel beams and reënforcement for a concrete floor I called at the offices of a large steel concern. The young men there politely gave me handbooks, circulars, prices and other information, but seemed to be quite void of engineering knowledge themselves. Even one man who was said to be an expert could not help me on a very simple matter. However, aided by a civil-engineer friend who had an office near by, I puzzled out a quantity of useful information from a handbook on steel beams. For a time my head was whirling with such terms as bending moments, radius of gyration and modulus of elasticity, but finally I gave up trying to understand them, consoling myself with the reflection that they probably didn't mean much anyhow.

Help From the Good Blueprint Man

WHEN I had finished my plans as far as I felt able I proudly took the pencil drawings to my friend the architect. I asked him to revise them if necessary and to make ink tracings on linen from which blueprints could be made. The architect asked me whether I knew what such a job would be worth? I said I did not. "Thirty-five dollars," he replied. I departed, feeling that I needed the thirty-five dollars more than the architect did. Next I called at the office of a man who did blueprinting, showed him the drawings and told him my troubles.

"You can't get these passed by the building department," was his first observation.

"I am going to a wilderness," I explained, "where there is no building department."

The kindly blueprinter pondered a moment, then said he might possibly be able to fix me up. Did I know how to use India ink? No. Well, it was a dangerous fluid, but I could try. For a week I spent my evenings laboring to spread the treacherous and fast-drying ink over the pencil lines of seven scale drawings—ground plan, floor plan, four elevations and one stairway. On the whole I did not make so many blots as I expected.

It was a joyous day when the kindly blueprint man showed me accurate and what seemed to me very professional looking copies of my homemade plans.

For various reasons the plans as carried out in building were changed in various details, but not essentially. The plans served their purpose as well as if they had been professionally perfect and had cost me a couple of hundred dollars.

My expenditure for architecture was as follows:

Drawing paper, scale rule, triangle, India ink, pencils, pens	$1.75
Blueprinting seven sets of plans at 35 cents	2.45
Three correspondence-school handbooks on building, plumbing and concrete work at 35 cents	1.05
Total	$4.75

The cheapness of my architectural work contrasts markedly with the expense to which I was put in buying tools; but most of these I still have, and use constantly. When I was ready to buy my tools I drew up a list of what I thought necessary, compared the prices of a mail-order house with those of a city hardware store, and finally left it to a city salesman, to whom a friend had introduced me, to make the selection for me. I believe the salesman gave me a square deal, and I had a considerable discount below retail prices for buying in quantity. Here is a summary of tool cost, including an estimate of previous possessions:

Carpenter's tool chest, oak, two drawers	$ 8.40
Sundries for above and secondhand tools	4.20
New tools, carpentering, plumbing, concreting, and so forth, and supplies, including 2 saws at $1.25; adz at $1.00, jack plane at $1.87; smooth plane at $0.91; 2 hammers, 2 squares, 50-foot steel tape at $2.70; 50-foot cloth tape at $0.80; 3 spirit levels, including mason's 42-inch level at $1.50; drawknife, cold chisels, hatchet, wrecking bar, iron tamper, hoes, trowels, Stillson wrench, monkey wrench, files, metal drill at $2.50; metal saw blades, mattock, crowbar at $1.10; spade, steel wheelbarrow at $5.25; solder set, ballast fork, galvanized wire, bolts, calipers, clamps, glue pot, red lead, 100 pounds nails at $2.50; and so forth	47.96
Extra tools $0.57, spading fork $0.75, secondhand short shovel $0.40, scythe $1.67	3.39
3 ax handles $0.70; 2 sledge handles $0.50	1.20
Tools previously owned, including brace and bits, wood chisels, sledge hammer, cross-cut two-man saw, long shovel, pick, wheel hoe, worth conservatively as secondhand	7.00
Total	$72.15

With miserly care I wrapped the finer tools in cloth and packed them away in the carpenter's chest, which I had painted inside and reënforced on the bottom and at the lower corners with strips of galvanized iron.

April first saw our joyous pilgrimage from the bondage of a rented house to a land of promise where we should have our own home. Our household goods were sent by an automobile van; we ourselves went by train, carrying the precious architectural plans, circulars and samples of building material in a suit case. We had given up our original idea of camping out while we built, and had arranged to board at a private house not far from our building site.

I had resigned my city job so that I could devote myself entirely to the new enterprise. Several years of office work had left me in not the best condition of health, and I was looking forward to the prospect of three or four months of outdoor life as though it had been a vacation tour round the world. My good wife shared my enthusiasm and said she would help to lay up concrete blocks after she had devised a suitable costume for it. Our youngster was a little disconsolate, because she was leaving her playmates behind; but she, too, soon found compensation in our new life.

It was not an easy matter for any of us to adjust ourselves to exchanging a comfortable home for the cramped quarters and primitive arrangements of a country boarding house, and it was especially hard for my wife and youngster. I on my side was depressed by the thought that age and habit had enervated me; that I could not adapt myself to the simple life as I had done in the days of the Spanish War. But we consoled ourselves with the thought that within three or four months we should be living in our own house. I am glad we could not foresee how long it actually would take to build our home.

Troweling Concrete Foundation Wall—Stones Were Laid in Form, Wet Mixture Cement and Sand Poured Over Them

The first thing we did was to mark out the foundations with stakes and double lines of cotton cord. A kindly neighbor offered to help me. His method was to nail two long pieces of straight scantling at right angles, according to the steel square, and let the cotton lines follow the scantling. We used the scantling, starting with it and then proving each corner. I was told afterward that the right way to square a foundation is to measure from the corner six feet on one line and eight feet on the other, and to have the distance between the two points measure ten feet. I did not have any particular faith in this formula until my clever wife—who had been to school more lately than I—reminded me that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides.

Euclid said it, and so it must be true. However, the scantling method served for the first operation.

Armed with an old ax and hatchet, my wife and I chopped the sod between the cotton lines, which were twenty inches apart. At seven o'clock the next morning, which was less than a week after our arrival, I had four Italians digging out the foundations. I was boss and also a laborer at the wheelbarrow. We dumped all the earth toward the edge of the woods some seventy feet from the house site, a place where the land was low. Three diggers kept two wheelbarrow men busy, for the ground was loam and clay with hardly a stone in it. A pure cold wind which was more exhilarating than wine came from the blue hills of the northwest. My lungs expanded with deep intakes of oxygen. I was younger and happier at the wheelbarrow than I had been for years at any other occupation.

Laying the Foundations

THE Italians who worked for me lived in a settlement near by and had regular jobs in the quarries. They earned round $1.75 for a ten-hour day on regular jobs, and I usually employed them on holidays and paid them $2 a day. My whole experience with them was most pleasant. I learned that it was wrong to call them unskilled laborers, for they were highly skilled in the arts of excavating, stone-breaking and dynamiting. I made friends with some of them, and I owe not a little of the success of my house-building to their helpful suggestions. They did us many good turns, and only recently we had difficulty in warding off Christmas presents of a chicken and a young goat.

In less than three days the foundation trenches were dug. They consisted of a ditch almost two hundred feet long, twenty inches wide and about three feet deep. I proceeded to fill the trenches with bowlders, broken stone and cobbles that I had found lying on the ground in the woods and had collected with a single horse stoneboat. An incredible amount of stone was needed for those trenches and I feared we should never get enough. Besides the stone we found on our land we cleaned up nearly all a neighbor's stone piles. Large bowlders near the house site were blasted and broken up, and they seemed to disappear in the trenches without making an impression. At the bottom we put in rocks that weighed three hundred to five hundred pounds, and smaller material toward the top. This consisted mostly of trap rock in various states of solidity and disintegration. I did the greater part of this work myself and learned that there was no harder job than ten hours' toil over a bowlder with sledge hammer and crowbar. Flying bits of stone cut me on cheek and forehead. I shut my eyes at each blow with the sledge, and I had to wear gloves to protect my hands. This work was extra hazardous for a novice, but even an experienced stonebreaker may lose an eye. There was one advantage in the interminable filling of trenches—I was at the same time cleaning up our premises. My principal helper for a time was a

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REDCROSSIE

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

MY MAMMA is so kind to people that it takes up all her time; and Papa and me used to peep in from the hall or from the stair landin', and be proud to see her, tall and lovely, talkin' to her smart friends 'bout the poor.

Early ever' afternoon she'd be dressed in her kimono and at her desk in the lib'ary, sometimes eatin' breakfast over her letters and hardly havin' time to pull up her stockin' if it came down. And then the other smart folks who were kind would begin droppin' in for tea, and Mamma would come out in one of her Japnese house gowns; and they all would be so happy plannin' parties and bazaars and things for the poor.

I was so little a girl in those days that I hadn't even gone to live at the boardin' school; but I 'member Papa comin' to my room one night after I was in bed and sayin' we two would have a better party than the one downstairs.

So I jumped up and began fixin' my hair, and asked had I better run into Mamma's room after a kimono, if it was goin' to be a smart 'fair.

"Nothin' doin' in the kimono line," he said; and, wrappin' me in a cover, he set me on his knee and shook out my hair over my shoulders. Then he rolled up a brown paper cig'rette and called a servant. "Tell old knee breeches to come up here!" he ordered; but the servant came back and said the butler was busy with the other party.

"Scuse me a minute, Florrie," said Papa, and set me careful in the big chair while he went down the hall.

He came right back, with the fat butler followin' and bowin' to us.

"Now think up what's needed for a party, Florrie," Papa told me. "You never had one; so you must think hard. Don't overlook any bets. There's plenty of time."

The butler whispered that the party downstairs was waitin', but Papa smoked his cig'rette and grinned at me.

He was not fash'nable, but one couldn't help noticin' how straight and strong he was, with bright gray eyes and even white teeth. There was somethin' about him that scared me a little, and I began orderin' and orderin' ever'thing I could think of to please him. At last I couldn't think of anything more and he told the butler to have my party served in ten minutes.

"Fetch it up yourself, too, Major Gineral," he said, with so many teeth showin' that the butler stumbled out in a hurry.

"Now what makes you look at me so hard?" he asked, blowin' smoke rings; and I answered that he was so different from anybody else Mamma and I knew. "To-night I'm 'fraid o' you," I told him.

"No; it's me who is 'fraid o' you," he splained. "Back in the old, wild days, when I was ridin' the cattle trails or camped in the mountains at night, I'd see my little girl, who hadn't come into the world yet at all; and she'd shake her hair down over her shoulders and blink at me with solemn eyes, and I wouldn't dare move. Fact!" said Papa. "One night a wolf came and sat right across the little fire from me; and he knew I was watchin' somethin' queer out in the dark, and he howled to himself."

All at once Papa stopped talkin', with a long, deep breath.

"Pshaw! Florrie," he said after a while; "such tales will scare you of me worse than ever." But I shook my head.

"I 'member it all," I told him. "I saw the little fire burnin' and you sittin' across from the wolf." It puzzled me how I could have forgot about it for so long a time; and Papa stood, with his cig'rette gone out, wonderin', too, I guess.

When the party came up on trays we had it served on the rug—a table wouldn't have held all I ordered anyway. And we nibbled and didn't talk for a while.

"I wonder where the wolf is now?" I asked him, and he shook his head.

Martha Looked Worried and Asked if I Didn't Think That Sendin' Away So Much Food Would Make Things Awful Scarce Here at Home

I coaxed him to tell all about those old times, and he did; but I couldn't 'member plain about anything but the first little fire. Then I fell asleep.

Next mornin', while we two were at breakfast, Mamma came in.

"Why, Ma'am," said Papa, "you mustn't be losin' sleep like this."

She smiled and came up to him to shake hands; she always seemed kinder to him than to anybody when they met. And the reason she couldn't sleep that day was 'cause she was worryin' about him.

"You aren't happy here," she said, and they talked on quite a while.

I 'member Mamma spoke about those mountains and cattle trails, and splained how Papa was a part of the picture—or paintin' maybe it was—when she first saw him, while travelin' out there.

She held his hands and told how beaut'ful the meetin' had been, and said the partin' would be just as beaut'ful. Papa nodded and was very polite. He said if he stayed round this house he would make her and all the kind people cross, and the poor would not be 'tended to.

Then all at once his eyes and teeth flashed out, and Mamma gave a little scream, tuggin' at her hands; but he grinned and held her face to face.

"I've got to leave this little girl with you, Ma'am," he said; "but if she don't get square deals I'll know it, and I'll come down on you—'member!"

He dropped Mamma's hands and she stood lookin' at him hard, with frownin' eyes. Then she said to me:

"The poor man doesn't know any better; we must not be angry. Tell him 'good-by,' Florence."

He lifted me up by the arms and held me out before him, and I was 'fraid.

"Do as Mamma tells you," he said, "or I will come down on you too!"

Then he set me down and bowin' to us both with a little laugh turned and went out. And he never came back.

Of course I liked Papa; but there's so much to think about when one grows up in the world, particular at a young ladies' school, that I couldn't think of him often. And at last he seemed to fade away and turn into one of the giants in storybooks—strong and fierce, but who have no set to move in, and are not smart people by any means.

Mamma was so int'rested in me bein' 'complished that we didn't meet often. In the winter term I called sometimes, and in the summer I went to the country with the botiny class.

At home the kind people were all Red Crossers now, 'cause the war was broken loose and it made wounded, pris'ners and refygees. One afternoon I heard them tell each other 'bout La France and Beljum, and even the gentlemen dried their eyes with handkerchiefs.

I did, too, with mine; and at school the French class wanted to scrape lint off their last summer frocks when I told 'bout it. And I unstitched one of the red bars on the sleeve of my blouse and sewed it on over the other to make a red cross.

It seemed dreadful that the poor here were not all refygees and wounded, so I could be a nurse and tell the people at home and Mamma 'bout it; but they were not, and so I was sad and, when I could, walked apart by myself, thinkin' of it. I b'lieve the girls knew what 'fected me so, but the princ'pal thought I was grindin' at French.

Instead of goin' home one Saturday I went down and looked at the ships sailin' out, and knew that some day soon Mamma and her friends, whose pictures had been in a paper standin' on a deck, would be sendin' out their shipload of nurses and food to the wounded.

There was a boy down at the pier that afternoon; he must have been a strong boy, for, though he wasn't much older and bigger than me, he unloaded heavy packages from a truck. Then the truck backed into an automobile and caught him between, so that he fell to the ground; and I heard the bones in his leg snap like a firecracker.

It was my duty, like all Red Crossers, to crawl under the wagon and see if he was wounded; and he looked at me, raised on his elbow, with his face very white, except for the smears of dirt.

The man in the auto, who was scared and worried, had the boy lifted inside to hurry to a hospittle; and I climbed in, too, and knelt down in the bottom to hold the broken leg stretched out on the seat.

Somebody said I must be the boy's sister, though they might have noticed the cross on my arm and said I was givin' first aid. Anyway, we was gone before I could splain, and at the hospittle the boy was carried inside, with me followin'; the auto man didn't wait a minute, though.

The boy was laid on a cot and, ever'body else bein' busy in the hospittle, I was the only nurse there for a minute.

"Don't it hurt very bad?" I asked; for he hadn't cried any.

"Naw!" he answered, frownin', and turned his face to the wall. But I smoothed the pillow a little; and, havin' heard the Red Crossers tell how some wounded went into a fever and fought against bein' treated, I just touched his hand, which was clinched as hard as stone. Just then the doctor came up.

The boy raised on his elbow; he was very wild-lookin', with his black hair all wet and matted over his forehead.

"The leg's broke, Doc. Are you goin' to dope me?" he asked.

When the doctor nodded the boy said to me:

"Come here, Sis. You'll let me speak to her a minute, won't you, Doc?"

The doctor nodded again and went away to make ready the leg settin', I guess; and the boy said:

"Sis, help me turn over a little."

I did, and he went through his pockets; then, givin' me some money and a piece of paper, he said:

"Count it."

The money was eight dollars and sixty cents.

"I know better'n to take dope with that much on me," he whispered; "anybody might frisk me. Loidy," he said, his eyes growing bigger and bigger as he strained up on the pillow, "for heaven's sake, be honest!" Then he fainted, without cryin' a tear.

The other nurses and the doctor took him away, and nobody had noticed my red cross; so I looked at the piece of paper, which had writin' on it—"Martha Connor," and a street number. The wounded had sent his money home as a keepsake, like the dyin' soldiers in the battle; and it was nice of him to make me the messinger.

The street was strange to me; so I went out and asked policemen and car conductors till I found it in a terrible noisy, smelly neighborhood. And the house of Martha was dingy, with tumbledown stairs.

A woman who sat on a fire escape at the end of a hall, with a pail of beer on her lap, answered my questions.

"Marthy Connor—is she not a drinkin' lady?"

I didn't believe she was; so the woman told me to listen at all the doors till I found one where there wasn't any sound of a good time being had inside, and I did.

At the last door of the hall, under the roof, ever'thing was much quieter than anywhere else in the house, except for a tiny little song, and feet skippin' quick and soft as a bird's; so I knocked here and the door opened in a flash.

A queer little girl, with one shoulder which kept saggin' down, bowed and said:

"Do come in; 'tain't ever' day we have comp'ny. My! It's so high up here, and so dark on them stairs, I don't blame people," she talked right on, puhin' me up a chair.

Her name was Martha Connor; and she hoped I hadn't made a mistake, 'cause she'd been spectin' a caller for so long.

There was one little room, and another which was littler, and a cunning window, with one pane, through which I could see a steeple. I never saw saucepans twinkle like the ones hung in a corner, and the boards of the floor were scrubbed as white as snow.

A baby boy crawled out of the little room and Martha made him stand up and bow; then he laid down on his stummick to watch me.

"John ain't used to visitors," Martha said; "but when I was a young un, and we lived in Colyrado, strangers called in to make theirselves at home any time at all."

She opened her eyes wide and told me, as a secret, I think:

"Pa and Ma brought us all here to git edycated; now ever'body's died off but us four children. Robber Henry goes to published school; he's only eight!"

I couldn't help but be int'rested; it was just like a little play fam'ly in a toy attic.

"Why, it's just lots of fun to be poor!" I said; and Martha nodded till her hair fell into her eyes—she was so glad I was entertained.

Another boy came in from the hall; he was Robber Henry, and asked:

"Do you think I look like an angel?"

The teacher had told him so once, and it was true; he had the loveliest brown hair and eyes, with long lashes, and pink cheeks.

Martha blushed to have him ask me about it, but she was very proud; John, though, was scowlin' and crowdin' into a corner.

Robber Henry talked very cool and plain.

"You are a lady; you are not like Martha," he said. "What do you come here for?"

Then I remembered and showed Martha the badge on my arm.

"I am a Red Crosser from the wounded," I told her, not to keep her suspended; and I gave her the keepsake.

She took the money, lookin' down and thinkin', and then laid it on the table. I saw Robber Henry put it in his pocket and go out. A man on the street afterward took it away from him. Martha said to herself, so low I could hardly hear:

"Oh, Joe!" Then she looked up. "Tell me, please, Redcrossie."

So I told her; and she walked over to the little window, lookin' out at the city. The room was very still and I began listenin' to somethin' I'd never heard before—the wildest, strangest sound, which was like singin', only it was not singin'. It was all the noises and voices of all the streets, which I'd always heard close by one at a time without noticin'. Now they all rose up to the sky together, in one big howl.

"I ain't 'fraid," Martha said, comin' back to me.

"Of course not; there's nothin' for you to be 'fraid of," I answered. Pretty soon Joe's leg would get well and he would come home.

Martha looked at me and seemed listenin' to the howl. Her face was little and brown, and her eyes sharp gray; her red hair was not long or done up in fashion. I wondered why she didn't wear a little gray house frock and slippers; she wasn't pretty, but they would have been more becomin' than the fuzzy black dress, which was long and like a grown-up woman wears.

"Thank the Lord, I ain't 'fraid of 'em!" she said, nodding.

Then she wanted to go right away to my hospittle to see Joe, and I splained that I wasn't a reg'lar nurse yet while she was makin' John ready and pinnin' on her hat. It was a straw, though this was the fall season.

Martha was s'prised that Robber Henry had gone out with the keepsake money, and looked out the window for him a minute. Then she was ready to go. Her lips were pressed tight together; she walked along, steppin' hard down instead of skippin'. I noticed that her shoulder didn't sag a bit. She didn't say anythin' 'bout Robber Henry; anyhow, little boys will get into mischief, which don't do nobody any harm. I left her at the hospittle door, 'cause I had to hurry back to the seminerry. And she said, "Thank you, Redcrossie, so much!" and kissed me on the mouth. It was bad manners in the street, but one can't be a nurse just in one's own set.

"I Only Treated Him Like You Did; But it Wounded Him. And Then I Tried to Forget Him—Like You Did"

At school I didn't darst tell of what had happened—they'd never let me go out again by myself—but I hinted, and some of the girls were crazy to know; many others thought I was a liar when I wouldn't 'fess all. Red Crossers must deny themselves a lot; so I denied the truth.

A week passed by and I called at home, where Mamma's set were havin' a bridge party and tellin' about the poor soldiers. The ladies who were goin' as nurses spoke so sweet about their dressmakers who were slow in gettin' their uniforms made. The fashion in nurse uniforms is plain, but they could wear other things, too, which would please the wounded on the battlegrounds that they would attend.

Mamma said the ship was sailin' soon, loaded with refygee's food, and doctors and nurses for the dead and dyin', and ever'body clapped their hands; and for a while they were more int'rested than in the bridge.

No one could suspect that I had been a nurse for the wounded and they paid me no notice; so I didn't stay long and went down to Martha's instead.

There was no answer to my knock; but I heard somebody inside and opened the door. Only John was there, sittin' on the floor of the toyhouse attic, sucking his thumb; but Martha came right after that, carryin' a heap of waistcoats on her shoulder. She was so glad to have me call, and asked did I mind her sewing on the vests; and I learned that my wounded was doing nice at the hospittle.

Robber Henry came in and asked for somethin' to eat, but he wouldn't take a piece of bread.

"Why don't we have cookies any more," he asked, "or somethin' besides bread and meat?"

I didn't blame him for being cross over Martha's negleck; and when I went there the next week he was crosser than ever, and quarreled while I showed Martha my new furs. This time he said:

"Why don't we have meat any more?"

Martha, who was not sewin' that day, blushed redder and redder; and then she showed me, by figgers on a tablet, that they spent two dollars and eighty-five cents a week.

"I b'lieve there's so little food any more, and that's what makes it cost so dear," she said.

I knew better than that, though, and told about the whole great ship they were loadin' down with food for La France and Beljum. Her eyes were round and big, and Robber Henry listened, with both hands on my knee. I b'lieve even John understood, for he sucked his thumb loud as anything.

"So that shows there must be lots of food," I told them; "and you haven't looked in the right stores."

Robber Henry said:

"We haven't got any money."

Martha splained, though, that she had the promise of some more vests to sew on next day and they'd have plenty. She promised to look round for the stores that were full of food, and I went back uptown.

I kept thinkin' that I might have given them somethin', but I had only three dollars a week for pocket money and was savin' to buy a dear little gold-mesh purse. All the girls had them.

Still I kept thinkin' 'bout the Connors till the next Saturday, when I called at home. The ship was at the pier and ready to sail, and some more money was needed to buy the food; but the Red Crossers all told each other:

"Don't we give time and 'tention, and don't we offer to nurse?" It was an outrage to expect them to give money too.

After that I felt all right about the gold-mesh purse, and knew I shouldn't be spected to give money. The Red Crossers were all going down to look over the ship and took me along; but I slipped away pretty soon to do my duty and ask 'bout my wounded.

Martha cried out:

"Oh, here's Redcrossie!" which I liked.

I told 'bout the ship while she was sewin' hard; and Robber Henry, who'd been cryin', kept tuggin' at her.

"Why don't we move over to Beljum?" he asked. "Ever'body keeps movin' but us!"

Martha didn't answer him. She looked worried and asked if I didn't think that sendin' away so much food would make things awful scarce here at home; but I didn't believe it would.

"Let's go look at the ship," Robber Henry kept beggin'; and so I took 'em all down on the street car, and they stood perfeckly still, lookin' at it. I pointed out the Red Cross on the flag, which was the same as on my arm.

"I'm goin' away on the ship," said Robber Henry; but Martha held him in her arms.

She had to promise him a lot of things to eat to keep him on shore; and then he led the way back in a hurry, to make sure the stores hadn't all been emptied into the ship.

It was that afternoon when I got such a shock as I walked round the little park where the seminerry is. The street lamps had already been lighted and a cold mist was blowin' from the bay; not many people were about; and I noticed a man, who stood still in the street before the seminerry, looking up at it.

Somethin' made me stop and we stared at each other.

"Do you 'member me, Florrie?" he asked without moving.

"Yes," I answered, so faint I could hardly hear myself.

"I'll go in for a minute with you," he said; and he waited in the hall till the principal came and he was interduced. Then we went into the reception room.

It was all so strange; I hardly knew how to act toward him. We'd shook hands already, and now I took a chair and he stood near me with his hands in his pockets.

"You're growin' up all right," he said; "straight and healthy. Let's see, you're twelve years old; it's been five years since we parted."

He had a strong, rough look; his clothes were not smart, and his face and hands were dark-tanned.

"How's Ma?" he asked.

"You mean Mamma?" I said. "She is well."

He took out a tobacco sack and brown papers and rolled a cig'rette, and I was scared; but he didn't light it—only held it between his fingers.

"What is she now?" he asked; and I answered:

"A Red Crosser."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"I might have guessed it," he said; and I blushed.

"I am one," I told him, and showed the badge on my arm.

He stopped laughin', with a kind of sigh.

"You too!" he said. "Florrie, I b'lieve you're 'fraid of me," he went on.

"It isn't that," I splained. "I don't know how to treat you."

"Oh, I see!" he said, thinkin'. "You mean you want to take the proper manner with a Pa you haven't met lately. There must be some rule for it. Now what do you s'pose Ma and the other Red Crossers would do in your place?"

They would be kind to him, of course; so I said I would be kind too. He whistled a while to himself very softly.

"You Red Crossers don't aim to wound anybody yourselves, do you?" he asked

"Oh, no," I told him; "we nurse and heal wounded people."

"You're satisfied that you've met me in the right way, with the proper manner?"

I wasn't sure of this; somehow I was bothered as he picked up his hat. But he was so big and rough looking that I felt I must know best about manners. So I nodded:

"Yes"

He stopped still for a second.

"You don't happen to 'member—way back yonder—anything partic'lar about me? Anythin' to make your heart jump, you know; do you, Florrie?"

I shook my head; and he said, very soft for so big a man:

"All right, Florrie; never mind. Of course you couldn't."

After shakin' hands he went away. That night I counted up my pocket money and found I had enough to buy the gold-mesh purse.

I went out and bought it Tuesday afternoon. Somehow I wanted to show it to Martha; and I liked to hear her call me "Rederossie."

There was nobody home, though, when I got there—not even John. The door was locked fast. I was dis'pointed and angry a little; and, 'memberin' the ship was to sail that day, I thought:

"They've run off down there to watch it go—that's what they've done."

I went down too. And, back from the pier, I saw Martha holdin' John by the hand and wavin' her handkerchief at the big ship out in the bay; but when she turned her face to me I could see it was different from the faces of all other people who wave to ships and travelers—so white and strained and drawn into hard little wrinkles.

"Where's Robber Henry?" I asked.

She caught her breath twice and then answered that he was gone.

"We came down early in the mornin'," she said. "Robber Henry cried all night. There was a sailorman sittin' on a post at the side of the pier. So I told him about us and asked if Robber Henry would be welcome. I hate to be 'fraid; but I was, for him—he's so awful little!

"Robber Henry looked just like an angel at the sailorman, who said: 'God bless you! I'm goin' on that ship, and I ain't been a snuggler for nothin'.'

"So he snuggled Robber Henry on board," said Martha; "snuggled him under his overcoat; and he's goin' to feed him to bust! It's grand!" she whispered, and watched the ship, with her face drawn up so queer.

I showed her my gold-mesh purse.

"It took all my pocket money for five weeks," I said. While she held it, and wondered to find gold so soft and meshy, I told her: "If it hadn't been that one must have such things I'd have given Robber Henry the money, instead, on the day he wanted some."

"Oh, you could have!" she said right out. "And he wouldn't have had to sail away." Martha said this and then blushed, as if shamed.

Somehow I didn't like her sayin' that at all.

"Of course you know that Red Crossers aren't spected to give their money—at all," I told her. "It's their duty to help poor and wounded—other ways; but it was my money and I just told you one must have such things as gold meshers."

She looked at me, with eyes growin' bigger and her hand pressed to her chest. Then she was crying.

"What's the matter?" I scolded.

"I'm 'fraid!" she said.

"Well, cryin' won't help you."

But Martha wasn't 'fraid for herself or John, or Joe or Robber Henry. She was 'fraid for me. It was just impidint; I couldn't stand it. I had nothin' to be 'fraid of, and she knew it.

"One would think I was a cast-out waif!" I told her, and marched off and left 'em; the wind was awful cold there, anyhow, blowin' right through my furs.

That night, while lyin' awake, I made up my mind to forget all about such unthankful people as the Connors.

Who would have had an idea that, when down at the pier that afternoon, I had been watchin' the very ship that was carryin' Mamma abroad? But so it was. Next mornin' I got a hasty letter by our butler splainin' that at the last minute she had been plead over by friends and couldn't resist the call of duty.

She was goin' to nurse on the battlefields; and she was so thoughtful of me, sayin' I was to stay at the school, and the butler, who had the key, would let me in at home if I wished anything. The other servants had been dismissed.

The butler wished to go out of town over the holidays; so I took the key, sayin' I would get the princ'pal to go with me if I wanted anythin'. But I didn't take her, or tell anybody that Mamma had gone; and when Christmas came I left the seminerry, with lots of merry wishes, same as all the other girls whose mammas were to have them home for Christmas.

I went home and unlocked the door. The house seemed as hollow as ruins, and when I spoke out loud the words went round in an echo. I had the strangest Christmas—servin' my own dinner from the tinned things and a loaf of dry bread left in the kitchen. That was the only warm room, and I piled up some cushions before the gas range, where I made myself cozy and read Mamma's letter again.

I was like a princess alone in her castle; her story was in a nursery book there at home, which I hunted up and read over again. There were some fairy poor in the book, too, which made me remember Martha and her brothers in the attic the first time I called there. If they hadn't been so unthankful I might have called again.

The next day was a very long, dark one, and I ate what I could of the tinned things and dry bread, and wondered what my school friends were doin' at home.

Late in the afternoon the doorbell rung out, shrill and long. I listened in the hall for voices beyond the door, but no one spoke. Then, after another ring, I heard a key being tried in the lock, and stood back, a little frightened, in the shadow of the stairs.

It was Papa who came in, and after a minute he called:

"Nobody home?"

Of course only echo answered and he went into the drawin' room where, after a while, footsteps showed that he was just walkin' up and down. Through a loop in the curtains I saw him, with a letter in his hand, under the light he'd turned on. It was Mamma's letter splainin' that duty had called her. I'd left it lyin' on the table; and then, after readin' it, he put it back.

I can't tell why I watched instead of going out to meet him. He spoke aloud:

"So Ma's gone! Well, I hadn't much to say to her anyhow." He looked round the room and spoke my name—"Florrie!" Then, after thinkin' a moment, he said, very quiet: "I'm glad you'll never know of the wound you gave—little Red Crosser!"

After he'd gone away without seein' me I sat thinkin' about his wound. He was very strong, but his eyes had been cast down a moment and his voice had made me want to cry out—a great, fierce cry—in answer.

"How could I wound him?" I thought. "And why did I want to cry out?"

The day got darker and I sat in the kitchen, over the fire, listenin'; for I could hear a great cry through the empty house. I was still, but I heard the cry.

Then I remembered, faint and far away, that Papa had sat by his little fire on the cattle trails and seen my face out in the dark; and the wolf had sat down 'cross from him. I had seen them both.

"That is the wolf's cry through the house," I thought; but it seemed to come from me.

I tried to see Papa out in the dark as he had seen me, but I couldn't 'member his face. I knew his eyes and hair and mouth, and yet when the face came it was not his. I was troubled, because I could 'member ever' one exactly—'cept him, and the face which ought to have been his was strange.

It seemed that there had always been somethin' about him I had never noticed, and this troubled me. And, after a while, I thought:

"There must be other things in other people, too, which I never have noticed." Maybe I hadn't cared to.

The strange face, with Papa's hair and eyes and mouth, was still floatin' there in the dark; so I put on my hat and cloak and went out. It was late in the evenin' when I got to Martha's. She had been sewin' by a candle, but put away the vests and needle after I came, and said:

"I'm so happy you came and we can have a gossip!"

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"I Know Better'n to Take Dope With That Much on Me," He Whispered; "Anybody Might Frisk Me"

"I Told Him About Us and Asked if Robber Henry Would be Welcome"

FIRING

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"The Saloons Had Obtained a Tremendous Hold on Our Force and It Was Plain That Drastic Measures Were Required"

THE heartless employer who fires with gusto and takes ghoulish satisfaction in separating a worker from the pay roll is confined to movie films and the misguided efforts of fictional sob artists. In real life there is no such monster. His species is extinct. There is not an authentic specimen now in captivity.

Of all the duties of the business executive that of firing help is undoubtedly the most generally dreaded and most heartily despised. It is a function that can afford no pleasure to any human being having instincts more kindly than those of a Moro head-hunter. Beyond question, here is more than a hint as to why execution in this specialty is generally so faulty and hesitating, and why its principles are so undetermined and so seldom understood; but firing has to be done—even in the most highly favored industrial families—and a closer inquiry into its forbidding facts may not unreasonably be expected to disclose principles by which its operation may be more tempered with intelligence.

Probably no business executive of to-day ever discharges a man against whom he has no personal grudge without devoutly wishing that the art of hiring had been developed, at least in this case, to an accuracy which—barring the unhappy exigencies of general business conditions—would eliminate altogether the grim function of firing. Undoubtedly better hiring is the most dependable preventive of individual firing. At best, skill in firing is a negative virtue, "more honored in the breach than the observance," and most exercised when its effects are most unhappy.

Buying Reserved Seats on the Pay Roll

A PERIOD of general business depression, when the best of men can be kept in their places only by the most adroit management, and when wholesale firing is the prevailing fashion, brings every employer up against this forbidding problem with the sharp spur of necessity. Such a man, the head of a two-million-dollar corporation in the West, recently made this confession:

"The first boom of the cannons on the battlefields of Europe served notice on me that I must face the task of trimming our force until I cut close to the quick. As I had taken care of myself and fought my own way from the time I left home, early in my teens, until I was able to establish a business of my own, I was thoroughly acquainted with the sinking feeling that a man gets in the pit of his stomach when he receives notice of his separation from the pay roll. Several acute personal experiences rose before me as I settled myself to the unpleasant task of cutting down our force of employees. These memories made me wince; but the job had to be done, and done quickly.

"In all good conscience I can say that I was never fired because I was a drone or did not produce. As this reflection came to me I decided I would first go over my pay roll with a view to separating the real producers from those who had held their positions through prosperous times on a basis other than that of definite and tangible production. In other words, my first effort in the work of elimination was to spy out the dead timber. As my eye traveled over the pay roll, with this point clearly in mind, I experienced a distinct shock, but one that made the future brighter and made the job in hand appear altogether less difficult. What a revelation that pay roll was as I looked at it through the eyes of a man who must cut it mercilessly in order to protect the very life of his enterprise! In that pay roll was written almost the whole history of the foundation of the business.

"The business executive who cannot read in his pay roll the history of the financial foundations of his enterprise is fortunate. The manner in which my capital was brought together, and the sharp financial corners I had been obliged to turn from time to time, when forced to interest more capital, were all brought vividly before me by the perusal of this pay roll. Near the head of the list stood the name of a friend who had started the capital stock subscription with one hundred thousand dollars. I recalled the glow of gratitude I had felt when he wrote his name on that subscription list and set those figures opposite his signature. This emotion was not permitted to fade into an afterglow before he delicately intimated that, though he had retired from active business with enough income to keep him comfortable for the remainder of his life, he had tired of total inaction and had reached the decision that it would be pleasant to have a connection that would give him agreeable occupation, in which his business experience, judgment and standing would count for something.

"Of course he had me there! His delicate suggestion was a sight draft on my gratitude for starting my capital stock subscription that I could not allow to go to protest. He was frank enough to give me to understand that he was not looking for a position in which he would be expected to overwork himself, keep arduous hours, or to give exacting attention to details. We agreed on a salary that was moderate enough, considering the dignity of the official title selected. He closed the incident by observing that it was entirely natural he should wish to have an active insight into any business in which he made so heavy an investment at its inception. I cheerfully admitted this and consoled myself with the reflection that I was in great luck to get so big a bunch of capital, and that it would probably be easy enough to eliminate this man from the salary list sometime in the future, when it proved to be a burden to carry him.

"Undoubtedly—in spite of my friend's warning intimation that he was not looking for a position which involved real work—I nourished a lurking suspicion that he would somehow be worth the salary I had agreed to pay him. Then I consoled myself with the reflection that his interest and position in the enterprise would help to attract his friends. This would be a consideration with me, for my company was located in a section where it must be financed along the line of personal acquaintance, and the capital required was large for that region. My hopes of what his influence would accomplish for the list of stock subscriptions were not wholly disappointed. Some of his friends and relatives did come forward with moderate amounts; but as I look back over the list I am convinced he must have told each one of them that the best way to make sure of a quick return on the investment was to insist on a position. Anyhow, they did insist and I did not feel in a position to turn them down just then.

"Independent of this group of investors and position-holders, several others who bought substantial amounts of stock worked the same game. When the stock was fully subscribed and the enterprise was put into active operation, I lost sight of my original determination to see to it that these employees who had bought their positions earned their salaries. From the start the enterprise was so successful and made money so rapidly that there seemed to be no real excuse for letting out anybody. And, as this prosperity continued, those who had bought reserved seats in the pay-roll row became more and more firmly attached to their reservations.

"Once, when there was a dull period, I took a notion to make a little investigation as to the amount of actual work these shareholding employees were doing in comparison with the returns rendered by the other employees who were just plain hired hands. I found that their work was generally in an inverse ratio to the size of their stockholdings.

"Another curious fact revealed by this investigation was that certain employees, who had come to us on their merits and without any hope of ever owning stock in the company, had been greatly stimulated by being permitted to buy a few shares with their earnings. In a word, there was no escape from the conclusion that the man who buys a position as a stock bonus makes a poor servant of an enterprise, while the man who starts at the other end and uses his position as a means of buying a little stock is the best servant an employer can have on his pay roll. It is all in the approach, in the mental attitude.

"I had just begun to screw up my courage for a firing campaign when there was a sudden change for the better in business conditions and I excused my procrastination on the ground that I was too busy with more important matters to attend to it then, and that I did not wish to disturb the atmosphere by the stir-up that would follow such a pruning of the pay roll.

"The fact is I allowed things to drift as they were simply because I dreaded the disagreeableness of a thorough elimination of dead timber. It was not good business and I knew it; but when business is good the men at the head of enterprises temporize and tolerate a whole lot of things that, in a more or less indefinite way, they know should be remedied. Like me, they leave firing alone as long as they can."

The Art of Making Men Fire Themselves

"HOWEVER, when the Belgian alarm clock sounded and the big guns began to bark I knew the time for laying the ax to the dead timber, and to some that was not quite dead, had come. First, I called in the man who had started the subscription list with a hundred thousand dollars and put the question to him bluntly:

"'Which would you rather lose—your salary or your investment?'

"He replied:

"'My salary, of course; but ——'

"Then I demonstrated to him in plain figures that there was no 'but' in the problem. He saw the point, admitted that he had been carried on the pay roll as long as he had any right to expect, and that if any of his friends who came into the company at his suggestion, and who held down positions, balked at a separation from the pay roll he would back me with the force of his own voluntary resignation and all the moral support he could bring to bear. And he did. The emergency was placed in the same way before every holder of a reserved seat. Nearly all of them were brought to see that their investment and the prosperity of the company must be protected, and so they fired themselves by timely resignations. Two or three who did not do this were discharged.

"The net of it is that we have done a clean job of pay-roll housecleaning. I would be ashamed to say how many thousand dollars we shaved from the pay roll. It was a big sum. And the beauty of it is we have a working force left that can get just as good results as before the cutting was done. Besides, there is a different spirit in the organization. The men who are left now feel that they are getting all the credit for the work they do, instead of dividing it with an encumbrance of drones. You cannot fool the real producers in an organization: they know which men are getting the results and which are getting the salaries for something besides results. And it takes the heart out of a real producer to know that men are carried on the pay roll who draw their money on a false basis.

"No Nurse Will Be Sent Into Any Home Without a Request From Either the Workman or His Wife"

"In the general clean-up I let out two or three relatives of my own who were inclined to feel that the ties of blood bound them so securely to the pay roll they did not need to hustle. Altogether, I have stopped shedding tears over the depression of business caused by the great European war and other things; in fact I have about concluded that such periods are providential and compulsory opportunities for just the kind of housecleaning campaign I have put through.

"Of course if the depression is so severe that it compels the discharge of good workers, then the occasion is to be regretted; but there can be no doubt of the fact that it is good for the general business health—in the long run, at

"My Eyes Have Been Violently Opened to the Fact That This Business Is Suffering From a Bad Case of Fatty Degeneration of the Pay Roll"

least—to have employers occasionally forced into the firing line. I do not believe any man hates to hand out a blue envelope more than I do—it is a job that always makes me shrink; but I feel that I am a better executive and a fairer employer because of my experience in trimming out the dead wood."

Sympathy with this man's viewpoint will not be confined to the hundreds of executives whose ships of enterprise have been allowed to collect a heavy load of pay-roll barnacles; it will be appreciated as well by employees who have had to furnish the real motive power that propelled these ships with their clogging handicaps.

Another angle of the firing problem as revealed by the pressure of tight times is brought to light by the experience of the head of a great manufacturing concern having branches and factories in many towns and cities. Because of the size of this corporation, which is capitalized for many million dollars, it is not carrying so heavy a load of men who have secured salary berths as a stock bonus. This element is so small as to be practically negligible.

Lessons Learned on the Firing Line

AS SOON as the necessity for retrenchment became evident a series of economy meetings was held. Here all important executives and the heads of the various plants met and discussed means of elimination that would enable the management still to keep the wheels turning and to give continued employment to those most in need of it—the wageworkers, the skilled mechanics, and the office men on small salaries, who did work that could not be dispensed with. Incidentally each meeting was confined to the discussion of a single, limited subject.

For example, one session was devoted to correspondence. The result of this particular meeting was the discovery that there was an immense volume of overlapping and unnecessary correspondence, particularly of internal correspondence exchanged between the various offices of the organization. It was found that the office force generally was manned on a high-tide prosperity basis, and that the slightest decrease in business—that slackening which is bound to come in any line where the volume varies with the season—placed certain employees under the necessity of finding or inventing work. Naturally this led to much overlapping and duplication.

It Was Evident He Had Formed Acquaintances That Exercised an Undesirable Influence on Him

It was finally determined that forty per cent of the internal correspondence could be cut out without any damage to completeness of records or to the prompt transaction of business. The result was a decided simplification of all classes of correspondence and particularly of internal communications. Of course this carried with it the discharge of the least competent of those on the correspondence staff—the shirkers and the clock-watchers. Though this purging has been unpleasant it has certainly been wholesome; and it has been extended to all departments. The head of this institution stated to one of his subordinates substantially this:

"At first I felt that this slump in business was an awful calamity. I thought of our thousands of employees, and the idea of cutting any of them off the pay roll was very distasteful. Now I see the situation in a different light. My eyes have been violently opened to the fact that this business is suffering from a bad case of fatty degeneration of the pay roll. This is an economic disease that is equally fatal to employer and employee unless it is checked in its earlier stages. So far as the employee is concerned this is undoubtedly the most deceptive disease known to the body of business; for, instead of producing discomfort, it provokes sensations of the most agreeable sort. One symptom by which the employer may know that it has fastened on his pay roll is the fact that his employees—or some of them—will boastfully describe their jobs as snaps.

"Why is this malady as fatal to the employee as to the employer? Because it unfits him for giving an honest return for his wage or salary; because it runs him at low speed and vitiates both his productive power and his natural development as a useful worker; it induces a lethargy, a subtle disintegration of energy and of ethical fiber, which creeps on even a good man without his knowledge or consent. It is a highly contagious malady and spreads through an organization like the measles. It is mainly caused by eating at the table of Prosperity and is also induced by a mistaken soft-heartedness on the part of employers who have an acute dread of applying the firing iron, which is the only known cure for the disease.

"Every employer who is really human—and most of us are—and who has himself been an employee, hesitates to use this remedy. Personally I am a constitutional hesitater on this line; but when I find that fatty degeneration of the pay roll is threatening not only the industry itself but also the continued employment of the faithful and efficient wageworkers, who earn their money, who are loyal and industrious, and who have cultivated a keener eye for good workmanship than for the clock, then there is no choice—I know it is time to fire.

"That's just what we are going to do all along the line. When we get through we shall have an organization that is nearer to economic soundness than it has ever been before. When we enter into another period of booming prosperity we shall be in better shape to make fewer mistakes in hiring because we have learned valuable lessons on the firing line. The tendency of intelligent firing is to provide richer rewards for those who are really worth hiring and cannot be fired without loss to the organization."

The systematic caution that one of the largest manufacturing corporations in the country uses in firing help is a vivid object lesson in corporate humanitarianism and a practical recognition of the fact that a fired employee generally represents an economic waste. In effect the policy of this great concern may be put into these words: "Sending a unit of our pay roll to the scrapheap costs money; it involves the sacrifice of an investment that should not be resorted to until a reasonable effort has been made to fit the man into a place in the organization where he will make good."

Restraint is the watchword of all who have the power to increase or diminish the pay roll in this great industry. Because it is one of the most thoroughly coördinated concerns in America, it is fair to select one department as a type of the others in reference to the methods by which an employee may eliminate himself from the pay roll and the persistence with which the management strives to prevent his progress in the direction of the scrapheap. The sales department affords an interesting example of this systematic determination to prevent the sacrifice of human material in which the company has made an investment.

A telegraph operator employed by the concern aspired to become a salesman and was given a chance to solicit the smaller dealers not regularly visited by the salesman for that territory. In the field of salesmanship this young man was assigned a task parallel to that of the boy who, in the hayfield, is given the job of "raking after." He made a fair showing and, a little later, was given a larger and a special field, which included a provincial Western city of no small importance. This territory called for a first-class man; it offered the young salesman a big opportunity for rapid development. For a time it appeared that he was going to measure up to the opportunity. Then his thermometer began to drop. He grew neglectful and his trouble was diagnosed by the sales manager as swelling of the head. Also, it was evident he had formed acquaintances that exercised an undesirable influence on him.

It would have been easy to fire him, because he had failed to realize on a generous opportunity, and he had put himself, almost at the outset, in the problem class; but this was not the policy of the concern. Therefore he was transferred to another and a larger city. Here he showed just enough improvement to indicate that his case had been well diagnosed; but he did not show the steady development demanded by the efficiency standard of the corporation.

"The Employer Should Never Fail to Recognize That He Has a Man to Deal With"

On the other hand, he did develop a standing disagreement with the manager of that sales district. At the end of two years he was again transferred—this time to one of the main offices. For some time good reports of him came back to headquarters; but one day, when the general sales manager was in that office, it developed that the former telegrapher had once more put himself into the excess baggage class. There was a disposition to let him down easy, and also to shift responsibility for him to other shoulders. Once more he had pushed himself into fair range for the firing squad.

Employers Slow to Wield the Ax

AT THIS point the general sales manager said to his chief lieutenant, who had direct charge of the line this young man was selling:

"I know nothing of this man and have no personal interest in him. No doubt his head has been swelled and he has developed traits that make him unpopular with his associates. It would be a pity, however, to sacrifice the investment we have made in his training without going the limit and making sure that he cannot be developed into a paying proposition. You have had remarkably good success in handling desperate cases of this sort; so take him in hand, give him a new territory and a little special treatment."

The young man made his appearance at headquarters and was encouraged to give his views of his experience in his latest position. He responded glowingly and seemed to feel that at last he had found the right place and had made good.

"No," was the quiet interruption of his superior; "they have been kind to you—a little too kind, I am inclined to think. You have made a failure there—an absolute failure. They want to get rid of you. Already you have been transferred twice because you did not make good. Almost any other company would have fired you the first time. This is the third call. You know the old saying: 'Three times and out.' You've managed to get in bad wherever you've been. I am the only one who is frank enough to tell you so. You're going to have one more chance, simply because I believe you have the stuff in you and can make good if you once get your eyes open and see things as they are. You're in wrong now; but there will be two of us in wrong if you fall down again."

This time the transfer medicine worked and the failure was converted into a success.

"It would have been too bad to have fired that man, because he really did have the right stuff in him, and also because he was remarkably well posted on manufacturing points," said this sales manager.

When this great institution finally decides that a man must go the firing iron is applied under the influence of an anæsthetic of humane consideration that makes the branding far less painful than it otherwise would be. It should be remembered, however, that this is not done save as a last resort, after patient efforts have failed to find a place in the organization where he will fit. Then the man receives verbal information to this effect:

"You have not been making satisfactory headway and we feel that you should look for another connection. You have thirty days in your position in which to find a new one. If you like you may use all that time in relocating yourself. You are not fired or discharged; but at the end of the month we shall expect you to leave our employ."

This is generally appreciated by the men who are let out. They face the hunt for a new place with a little of the courage of a man who still has a job at his back. It gives the dismissed man a bit of moral capital—not to mention a month's wages or salary—on which to finance his change. In applying for a new place he is able to save his face and say: "No; I haven't left yet—*I'm* still with them; but I've decided to make a change before long."

In one way the difference is merely that of being bowed politely into an elevator and lowered gently to the sidewalk instead of being thrown down the stairway; but the man who is told that he has another month in his position in which to place himself elsewhere seldom fails to consider this difference a very important one. He is in a mood to magnify the considerate form of his dismissal into something approaching a voluntary resignation. He has been let down gently instead of being thrown out bodily; and consequently his self-respect is not so badly bruised. Many other large firms and corporations follow this considerate practice.

Though the officials of this corporation, and of those that follow a similar firing policy, pointedly disclaim anything approaching philanthropic intentions in their systematic efforts to avoid firing an employee, and insist that this is merely an intelligent effort to avoid the sacrifice of the investment already made in the man, the fact remains that a strong human—not to say humanitarian—motive does enter into the transaction. The persistent attempt, by repeated transfers, to find the right place in the organization for every man who has been allowed to enter it by the pay-roll door may be—and undoubtedly is—justified on a sound business basis; but the average employer dreads to handle the decapitating ax and will not do it unless his hand is forced.

A vice president of one of the big steel companies, who has made a reputation for the successful handling of help, has this to say:

"It is impossible to talk intelligently about firing men without harking back to the problem of hiring and developing them. Any success that I may have had in dealing with labor I attribute to my natural attitude toward all classes of workers, which is briefly this: Show every employee, at all times, a proper respect for his ability and his individuality. The employer should never fail to recognize that he has a man to deal with—a man of like clay as himself, having similar aspirations, ambitions and feelings.

"No matter whether he happens to be dealing with a common laborer, a skilled mechanic or a high-grade office man, he should never allow himself to consider that man as a mere cog in a wheel. And he should never conceal this attitude from his men, but, on the contrary, should let them understand it clearly. This, I believe, is the biggest secret in handling men so that firing for cause will be reduced to a minimum. This sounds very much like a glittering generality, but, as a matter of fact, it is a very definite and vital principle.

"In the corporations with which I have been connected the whole proposition of hiring, handling and firing may be reviewed through this simple code: Never hire a man who does not look like a permanent asset worth keeping as long as the wheels continue to turn; handle every man with a view to bringing out the best that is in him, so that the company can never afford to fire him; never fire a man until he has had every chance to find himself, to become located in that particular niche of the organization that will suit him best and do most to develop his abilities. Always the consideration is to retain employees and to reduce the volume of dismissals.

"The discharge of a man is not left to the discretion of a foreman, and not entirely to that of a department superintendent, as each prospective discharge is carefully inquired into by our Department of Labor; and if it is found that a man has not been treated fairly or intelligently, or that he might prove valuable in some other form of employment, then he is given another chance. In other

(Continued on Page 44)

THE STRANGE BOARDER

III

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS oppressively warm in the jail. Gardner could not conscientiously have recommended the county as a host. The cells would have afforded scant room for two men, and each of them contained three or four. Just now the prisoners were theoretically taking exercise by lounging round a big, hot room. There were a great many of them, leaning against the walls or standing about in groups, mostly apathetic. They were not an attractive-looking lot, but Gardner felt only pity for them. He supposed most of them were merely well-meaning poor men who had been unlucky, like himself. From time to time his round gray eyes surveyed them with grave sympathy as he talked to Kittie Hinch.

Mr. Hinch was bearing confinement badly. He had submitted to arrest quietly, and even in the patrol wagon had advised Gardner to plead guilty, as he intended doing; but from the moment he was locked up he developed an excessive nervousness.

"Forget all that, Kittie. It will do you no good," Gardner urged earnestly.

"Oh, yes! I'll forget it! Sure! I'll forget it!" Kittie replied, his wide mouth expanding a little in the beginning of his characteristic grin. Gardner had often noticed his companion's peculiar eyes, without light or depth, as though the irises were painted on cream-colored marbles; but just now it seemed to him that something was waveringly alive in Kittie's eyes.

"You don't even know that Jake Bloom did it," Gardner argued gravely.

Kittie gave a contemptuous Huh! and spat.

"I tell you he was sore when I married her. He'd had his eye on her all right when she was cashier there at the Buckingham. I was on to him all right—'cause why? 'Cause I saw him in there chinnin' to her. So I cut in right off the bat and married her. She's that kind—understand?—a perfect lady. Jake's a hog. He can't stand it to see anybody have anything. See? I was on to him all right. That's why I took a flat right round the corner from my joint—so I could duck home any time. See? Oh, I was on to Jake!

"Well, he thought he had something framed on me—understand? He thought he had something framed on me; but I was on to him all right! So I ducks home about eight o'clock, and there's Jake, big as life. Sure! All right and proper, you know; just makin' a social call—with his big automobile outside. Nothing wrong in the world! All right and proper, understand. She's a perfect lady. But I stands behind her chair and gives him the horse-laugh. See? So he blows down to the police and tells 'em to raid my place and stick me in jail a while. See? He wants to show her who's who—wants to show her he can stand me on my head and stick me in jail any time he feels like it. Sure! That's why I pleaded guilty. I knew Jake had it all framed to stick me in jail; so I might as well take the medicine."

Kittie's speech was more or less disjointed and elliptical; but in varying phraseology, and with more or less elaboration of detail, he had repeated to Gardner several times before the subject-matter of this accusation.

The Fire-Escape Was Absolutely Empty

"Oh, you don't know that he did it at all," Gardner urged, very soberly and sympathetically. "It's altogether likely the police raided you on their own motion."

"Rats!" Kittie retorted with disgust. "And him in and in with 'em? Him handlin' all the gamblin' concessions in Chicago for 'em? Why, he set me up in business there. He had his half right along. And the police pull one of his joints without his tellin' 'em to? Not in a million years! Jake done it, understand, because he was the only man in Chicago that could 'a' done it. Anybody else on earth that'd told 'em to pull that joint would 'a' got the horse-laugh. Or else, if it come too strong, I'd 'a' got a tip to get ready for a raid, and then I'd 'a' had four or five chaps in there playin' pinocle when the police broke in."

All Gardner's solicitous persuasion could not budge Mr. Hinch's mind from this view of his situation or keep him from recurring to it. Sometimes, too, his mind ran on firearms.

"Listen here a minute, Sam," he said confidentially one day. "I can fix up a thirty-eight-caliber gun so's I can go over to the other side o' this room and shoot it off, and if there's any noise around you won't hardly notice the sound at all."

Mr. Hinch's painted eyes, without light or depth, looked into Gardner's and his mouth expanded in the wide, mirthless grin that reminded his companion unpleasantly of a bigheaded, sarcastic snake. As opportunity offered, Gardner pleaded with him very earnestly.

"Forget all that, Kittie. Get it out of your mind! It can't do you any good. A man never helped himself any by piling up hate inside him. Probably you're all wrong about Jake Bloom anyway; but suppose he did have the police raid you—you've still got your life to live, you know. You can make a success of it. You've got ability. Go out and laugh at him and succeed. Your wife's waiting for you. You've got her to think of, you know."

Kittie swallowed and replied, with downcast eyes:

"I ain't heard nothin' from her."

On Gardner's last day in jail, before they parted, Kittie suggested jerkily—swallowing twice between sentences:

"You know where the flat is—just round the corner. You might drop in—see?—just drop in for a little call. She's got plenty of money; but you might drop in. See? Just sort of see how things are."

"Oh, yes—surely; I'll be glad to," said Gardner; and they shook hands. His jail term was up then. It had been a long ten days.

To Jane Ingraham, also, it had been a long ten days. On the afternoon that Gardner's note came she left the bank half an hour earlier than usual, and with a divided mind—which of all states was the least tolerable to her. It certainly looked as though Billy's father were in some sort a habitué of a gambling house. On the other hand, the sense of a kind of boyish-minded incompetence in him and of his overflowing friendliness clung to her; and in any event she had some responsibility on account of Billy. She walked past the corner where she should have turned to the Elevated and stopped at Monroe Street, waiting for a trolley car. While waiting she said to herself dubiously and with unwonted humility: "I suppose I'm a fool to do this." Nevertheless she took the car, leaving it as it emerged from the tunnel on the other side of the river. She then turned back to Illinois Street and walked east on that dismal thoroughfare past the amazingly ugly façade of the Criminal Court Building, which seemed to have been constructed of frozen mud after designs intended to

express the absence of all ideas. Turning that corner she approached a still uglier building, over the granite doorway of which appeared the word JAIL in large iron letters.

Her heart beat faster as she stepped up to the doorway and confronted a broad wooden screen. Passing round the screen, she was quite disconcerted. She found herself in a room some twenty feet square, with worn and soiled wooden benches along the north and south walls. Four forlorn women sat on the benches, apart from one another and evidently outsiders like herself. For the rest there was nothing but bare floor and ceiling, and four steps leading up to a metal-sheathed door, formidably studded with bolts. Beside this door was a sign reading:

VISITORS ADMITTED
9:30 to 11:30
AND
1:30 TO 3:30
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

It was nearly five o'clock, and the blank and stony reception, with nobody in sight even to ask a question of, quite disconcerted her. She turned hastily and fled; and as she hurried by the Criminal Court Building, with a flushed face, she was saying to herself in self-contemptuous surprise: "Why, what a nasty little coward I was to run away!"

At home she gravely informed Miss McChesney that Mr. Gardner had been called out of town on business, to be gone ten days. He had sent her a message at the bank, she said; and the division in her mind occupied her so much that she did not even apologize to herself for the fib.

With a divided mind she found herself speculating deeply in an unexpected direction. Already Billy—who could beat Miss McChesney at loquacity when he was so minded—had given her a vast amount of incoherent information about his past. Through his inconsequential prattle she had caught glimpses of a ranch; horses and cattle; a long, low building, with mountains somewhere in the distance; of Wanna, who cooked the victuals, and of Carlo, a dog. But of one thing she had had no glimpse. She laid her arm over the boy's small shoulders as he leaned against her knee and asked gently:

"Billy, do you remember your mamma?"

The question seemed to puzzle him. He regarded her with grave uncertainty a moment and replied:

"Have you ever saw my mamma?"

"Oh, no, dear; I never saw her," she answered.

"Well, wait a minute; I'll show her to you," he said, and ran out.

She heard him patter across the hall and drag a chair in his father's room; then jump down from it. He came back carrying in both chubby hands a large double-photograph frame; silver-mounted, which he thrust into her hands with the instruction: "You open it this way."

She opened the frame and saw two photographs of the same face, evidently taken at the same time, because both showed the same dainty white dress, with lace at the breast, and the same white hat, with a flowing white feather. It was a very pretty face—sweet and brave, with a short, straight little nose, and a small mouth like Billy's.

"That's my mamma," said Billy, leaning against her knee and staring at the photographs.

The soft, round neck rose smoothly from the dainty lace, and in the fullface view the lips were bent a little in a faint smile. Looking down, Jane was penetrated by a concept of lovely, triumphant youth.

"Why, she's only a girl, Billy!" she breathed, and her heart expanded with a vague pity.

The statement conveyed no particular impression to Billy. Gravely regarding the photographs he repeated:

"That's my mamma. She died when I was borned." Evidently the photographs puzzled him. He had been taught the facts, but his small mind could not comprehend them. "I expect," he added gravely, putting a chubby hand thoughtfully up to a round cheek, "she wouldn't know me if she was to see me now—would she?"

"No, dear," Jane replied briefly, and swiftly kissed his forehead.

There was a lump at the base of her throat; but it was a soft and not unhappy pain. Directly she wondered whether she should not go to the jail the next day, which was Friday and a visiting day; but presently she decided to send Gardner a note instead, saying that Billy was quite well. Having been committed on a Friday for ten days, she supposed he would be released on Sunday.

Against that probability she kept Billy at home nearly all day. They went for a little walk after the half-past-six Sunday supper and when they returned Gardner was there; but there was no opportunity to talk alone until Billy was put to bed.

"It's quite a long story," he explained, in his sober, matter-of-fact way, as they strolled slowly down the avenue toward Lincoln Park. "You see, I have a little ranch in Arizona. It's a poor sort of place; but a couple of years ago I got awfully interested in irrigation. I looked the thing up, and saw what it would mean to me and the other people round there if we could get water on the land. Probably I got sort of infatuated with the idea. Anyway I worked pretty hard at it, putting in most of my time and some little money to get the people interested and start the thing off. The irrigation project finally went through. But, you see, it left my ranch out. Some fellows over west of me got the ditch swung round their way."

"The idea!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Of course it was as much to their interest to get it that way as it was mine to get it my way," he reminded her judicially. "I don't blame them; but it was a big disappointment to me. It sort of discouraged me with the

"Two or Three of Them Did Thump Me and Kick Me Quite a Bit"

whole proposition out there—made me eager to get away. Then Billy was growing up and there was no good place to send him to school. That made me want to change too. When I was in that state of mind, you see, I got acquainted with a man from Chicago—a man named Westmark."

Briefly and modestly he related his experience with Noisy Joe.

"Was that you?" she cried incredulously; for the story had circulated through the bank. "Why, they say at the bank that you never really lost the money; that it was only some kind of game on the bank, and you and your pal got frightened out before concluding it."

"I don't see how they can say that," he replied in mild surprise. "I told Mr. Farson just how it happened."

"But so far as they know," she insisted, "you've never taken any steps to recover your money or have the man arrested. So they say you never lost the money."

"Well, I thought that over," he explained soberly. "You see there wouldn't be one chance in a million of getting my money back."

"You might have had the thief sent to prison," she reminded him. He smiled amiably and replied:

"Well, I've just been to prison myself. It isn't amusing. What satisfaction would it be to me to know that Noisy Joe Westmark was shut up in a dismal place like that?"

"But isn't there the law? Isn't it your duty to help catch a dangerous criminal? Don't you owe anything to society?" she insisted.

"Well—as to the law," he replied apologetically—"you see, I looked round me quite a bit down there in the jail. Two or three hundred men are shut up there, and almost all of them are just poor men who have been accused of something or other and can't get bail. They haven't been tried at all, you know. When they are tried many of them will be found innocent; but they are too poor and friendless to give bail, so the law sticks them there in jail for two or three months while their families starve, if they have any families. Probably I'm bad enough, but I hope I'm a good deal better than the law. You wouldn't lock a man down cellar for six weeks, while his wife and children went hungry, just because he was poor, would you?"

She did not immediately find an answer to that and he took up his story soberly:

"Losing my money left me sort of stranded here. I'd sold off my stock and mortgaged my ranch in order to raise that money, so there didn't seem much for me to go back to. I thought I could get work that would support Billy and me."

Briefly he recounted his experiences in that line, including the collapsible umbrella.

"The idea!" she exclaimed.

"The money was getting low and there was Billy to think of; so one night I went down to a gambling house run by a man named Bloom, where Westmark had taken me on my first day in Chicago. I've gambled more or less—a good deal at times. I don't know why it is, but I've always been lucky at cards. You see, it used to be pretty lonesome out on the ranch. There was a time—five or six years ago—when gambling got a pretty strong hold of me; but as Billy got older I broke it off."

She looked around into his face, remembering that six years ago was the time Billy's mother died.

"Well, I was lucky as usual, and went down there again. Of course that's why I took to staying out nights. I didn't have much of any plan about anything at first; but, as luck would have it, I got a letter from a friend of mine in Arizona, saying a sort of collateral irrigation project was afoot and pretty sure to go through, and it would take in my ranch. Well, naturally that made me want to redeem the ranch. I thought if I could get three or four thousand dollars together I would stand a very good show of redeeming it, and with that I began to play faro for blood, as you might say. My luck held very well, too, and I'd got my balance at the savings bank up above two thousand dollars when Jake Bloom notified me that I couldn't play any more."

"But why?" she demanded in surprise.

"Why, you see, I was too lucky. I won too much money. They very often do that, you know—shut a man out if he's too lucky. Of course you can't blame 'em," he added judicially; "they want people to play who will lose money—not win it."

"Of all the mean, cowardly things!" she exclaimed wrathfully. "He'd let you play as long as he thought he would win your money; but as soon as he saw you were going to win his, he stopped you!"

"They usually do that," he replied mildly.

"But why didn't you go somewhere else?" she asked, forgetting all moral aspects of the case in her indignation.

"They have an odd kind of arrangement here in Chicago," he explained. "Jake Bloom, you see, is a sort of overlord of gambling. He stands in with the police and sees that they get their rake-off. It seems that in some outlying districts a man may run poker tables without paying tribute to Jake; but nobody can run any gambling establishment downtown, or any faro table anywhere, unless he's the overlord's liegeman. So when Jake shut me out of faro there was no other place to go."

She had often read of the relations between the police and gambling, which prompted her to ask:

"Why don't you go to the newspapers and expose him?"

"Why, I'm told the newspapers are always exposing him," he replied; "but he goes right on just the same. You see, this was a week ago last Thursday evening—I mean when Jake Bloom told me I couldn't play faro any more. It was quite a disappointment to me, because I had been counting on getting enough money to go back to Arizona. It left me sort of unsettled and at loose ends; so I drifted up north to Wycliffe Street, where Kittie Hinch was running a gambling house."

"Meaning to play?" she asked.

"Oh, no; I couldn't play faro there, because that's Jake Bloom's place too. He's overlord of it, you see. I just felt sort of restless and empty-handed, so I thought I'd drop in there and see Kittie Hinch a little while. That's really how I happened to be there when the police raided the place."

"You weren't playing or taking any part in running the place?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Then how did you get convicted and sentenced? They didn't convict the other people who were in there, did they?"

"No—only Kittie and me. You see," he added, "I—I suppose I sort of made myself obnoxious to the police; so they singled me out."

"But how?" she insisted.

In evident confusion he took off his hat and ran his stubby hand through his mop of sandy hair.

"Why—it was very foolish of me, of course—you see, it looked as though the police had instructions to be rough with Kittie. It really looked as though they were trying to provoke him, so they would have an excuse for handling him roughly. He made no resistance at all; but one of them choked him. I caught the fellow's arm, you know, and said: 'You mustn't do that!' And with that he turned and was going to hit me over the head with his club; so I tripped him. I used to wrestle quite a bit. I tripped him and he bumped his head on a chair as he fell."

They had crossed over to the edge of the park by that time, and she asked excitedly:

"What then?"

"Well, that was the reason they had me convicted as a habitué of a gambling house. They could have sent me up for assaulting a policeman; but they chose the other charge, and it was all one to me."

In the light of a tall arc lamp she had been studying his face quite intently the last half minute, and she now burst forth:

"Sam! That wasn't true at all what you told at the house—about being in a cab that was struck by an automobile! The police beat you!"

She had, indeed, puzzled over that incident at the time he related it to Miss McChesney and Mrs. Wharton; but in proof of it there had been the strong circumstantial evidence that he walked with a limp, while there was a large cross of court plaster on one cheek and a slight contusion still showed at the corner of an eye.

"Well, two or three of them did thump me and kick me quite a bit," he confessed in much embarrassment.

"Brutes!" she cried hotly, and winked a sudden moisture out of both eyes.

"No doubt it was very foolish of me to interfere," he observed impartially; "but I didn't see why they should abuse Kittie."

She was silent a moment as they strolled slowly on; then asked:

"But why should they want to punish him? Hadn't he paid them their graft? Wasn't he under Bloom's protection?"

"Well, he thought he was," Gardner replied soberly; "but it seems he and Bloom had had a falling out."

"And he didn't know it?" she asked inconveniently.

"Well, he only sort of suspected it. You see, it was something outside of business."

She gave an amused little laugh and suggested:

"Over that putty-and-frosting woman you introduced me to?"

"I'm afraid Kittie is rather jealous of her," Gardner replied gravely. "Maybe he suspects Jake Bloom has an eye to her."

"So that's why they quarreled?"

"I don't know that they have quarreled," he answered; "but I'm afraid Kittie suspects that's why Bloom had the police raid his place."

She considered that a moment, tipped back her head and laughed, exclaiming:

"I see! The small gambler thought the boss gambler coveted his wife and so the boss gambler had the police raid his establishment and put him in jail! Was ever anything more absurd? Sam, why do you have anything to do with such ridiculous people?"

It was the second time she had called him Sam. The first time had been unpremeditated, but all along Billy had called her Aunt Jane; and latterly, in so familylike a party, formal titles had seemed out of place.

"Why, they're no more ridiculous than anybody else, Jane," he answered soberly. "They're simply rather different. Kittie Hinch, you know, thinks I'm the most ridiculous man in the world because I don't want to do something to Jake Bloom to get even for his having shut me out of faro and being a cause of my getting into jail. You yourself," he added, with an amiable smile, "think I'm ridiculous because I don't want to put Noisy Joe Westmark in prison. I think I'm more or less ridiculous myself. But, you see, I can't fight. I get all wrong when I try it. I don't want to hurt anybody. I haven't been a specially lucky sort of man. I know what hurting is like. I don't want to hurt anybody."

"I don't think you're ridiculous. I think you are a strange man," she said, looking at him with wide eyes. "But these other people—you said yourself once that man Hinch was half monkey."

"That's why I am anxious," he replied. "You can't tell what the monkey in him may do."

"You don't mean ——" The rest of the question was expressed only in her startled face.

"I don't know. Who does know?" he said gravely. "As I say, that's why I'm anxious."

After a troubled moment she observed impatiently:

"I don't see why it should concern you."

"Why, it's bound to concern me," he replied—"because he's my friend, you see."

"Of course, if he's your friend," she mocked, and he thought she was displeased.

"Anybody Else on Earth That'd Told 'Em to Pull That Joint Would 'a' Got the Horse-Laugh"

They had gone a block through the park and were strolling homeward then. He gave a little laugh.

"Well, we were in jail together—on the same charge, you know. That ought to make us friendly. Probably there was a lot more reason for putting me in jail than for putting nine-tenths of the other prisoners there. I don't see that I have any call to be stuck up, Jane."

"Well, you're certainly not," she replied. "Was it pretty bad in there?"

"I certainly couldn't call it pleasant," he replied candidly. "There are twice as many men as the jail was built to accommodate, and they weren't any too generous with accommodations to begin with. Of course the first two days I wasn't feeling very well anyway."

His limp and scars pricked her mind.

"I went round there to see you—the first day—when I got your note," she confessed impetuously. "Then the sign said visiting hours were over and it looked awfully dismal; and I was a coward and came away. I don't stand by my friends!" The self-condemnatory burst had come quite unexpectedly, even to her.

"It was very good of you to come at all," he replied gratefully. "Of course there was nothing you could have done."

Presently she asked, with a rather incidental air:

"Will you play faro again if Bloom lets you?"

Once before—more directly—a woman had asked him not to gamble, that woman being his wife.

"No; I'm not going to play again," he replied soberly; and he remembered the day he had made the other pledge.

When they turned into Carlisle Terrace both of them realized they had traveled a long way in the sixty minutes since they passed over that ground.

Naturally Gardner thought of that next morning; but it did not keep his mind from the affair of Mr. and Mrs. Hinch. He supposed it would be proper to wait until afternoon before calling; and, in fact, it was after four o'clock when he set out. Passing down Wycliffe Street he noticed that the cigar store which had served as a blind for Kittie Hinch's gambling establishment wore its usual aspect; and he surmised that if the gambling rooms were not already in full operation under a new liegeman of Jake Bloom's they soon would be.

Turning into Eastleaf Avenue he went immediately to the brand-new three-story brick flat building that bore the number Kittie had given him. The card in the vestibule letterbox showed that Mr. Hinch's apartment was the top one on the righthand side, and he pressed that button. There was no response. After trying it twice more he gave up.

Punctually at eight that evening he stepped into the vestibule again and rang thrice, but with no better luck than in the afternoon; and from the street he could see no light in the flat. Evidently Mrs. Hinch was not immuring herself and her grief at home.

At three the next afternoon he tried it again. He had rung twice and was considering how long he should wait when a shock-headed janitor appeared at the basement door. Gardner ventured to inquire if he knew whether there was anybody at home in Mr. Hinch's flat.

"I seen the women goin' away in their car about half an hour ago. They ain't hardly ever in, I guess," the janitor replied, and went upstairs.

Gardner retired with a heavy and foreboding heart. Kittie Hinch, he knew, had no car nor had he mentioned that his wife had a female companion; in fact, Gardner's state of mind was so low and dubious that he omitted to call that evening. At five the next afternoon, however, he dutifully entered the vestibule again and pressed the button. At the second attempt a female voice sounded in the tube testily:

"Well?"

"This is Mr. Gardner," he explained apologetically to the speaking tube—"a friend of Mr. Hinch. I called to see Mrs. Hinch—if she is in. Mr. Hinch asked me to call."

"Well, Mrs. Hinch ain't in," the cross voice answered, evidently taking much satisfaction in the fact.

"Could you tell me when I might be apt to find her?" he petitioned humbly.

"No, I couldn't. Maybe she'll be in to-morrow afternoon," the voice replied.

"Thank you," said Gardner, with a strong suspicion that the owner of the voice had already left the tube.

His heart foreboded more than ever; but at five the next afternoon he trudged faithfully down Wycliffe Street, with an unhappy feeling that he was about to be snubbed, and had almost reached the corner when he suddenly pulled his hat low over his brows for shame—because a large cherry-red touring car, with black stripes, was rolling slowly down Eastleaf Avenue, as though it were just getting under way; and in the tonneau sat Mrs. Hinch and a young lady dressed much like her. Both of them were laughing in the gayest humor.

After that he waited two days, then returned to Hinch's flat in very low spirits indeed. He had already rung thrice and was sorrowfully turning away when the shock-headed janitor opened the basement door and looked up at him, inquiring:

"Hinch?"

"Yes," said Gardner.

"Moved out," the janitor announced—"vacated yesterday."

"Moved the furniture?" Gardner ventured to inquire.

"Everything," the janitor replied.

With his hand on the outer door, Gardner turned and said, with a last hope:

"Did they leave a new address?"

"Nope," said the janitor.

Gardner went slowly away, with a leaden and constricted heart. He had gone downtown that day for the particular purpose of inquiring about Jake Bloom's automobile. From a man named Arthur, an innocent old hanger-on of gambling establishments, he learned that it was a large cherry-red touring car, with black stripes.

And he accused himself bitterly, for he had let a whole week go by without ever seeing Kittie Hinch; and there would not be another visiting day until Tuesday, which was only twenty-four hours before Kittie would be released. He felt that he had managed the affair very badly indeed.

Promptly at half-past nine on Tuesday morning he presented himself at the jail along with half a score of other early visitors, all the others being women. There was some difficulty about admitting him at first. The redfaced man at the wicket in the steel door that had balked Jane remembered him and doubted whether he was an eligible visitor; but his friendly, deferential insistence that he had something very important to communicate won the day. He was put into an elevator with two guards and half a dozen forlorn-looking women and taken to the top floor, where they were shown into a long, narrow cage, one side of which was formed by a closely woven double lattice of iron rods.

On the other side of this lattice Kittie Hinch presently appeared; and it struck Gardner at once that he seemed quite composed. It was not a very good place in which to talk. The double mesh of closely woven iron rods obscured one's view of one's vis-à-vis.

At Gardner's right a frail, ill-dressed, middle-aged woman, who looked worn to the bone from toil, pressed against the rods, up and down which her thin fingers wandered as she spoke in a foreign tongue to a swarthy man with grizzled beard and bare neck on the other side. At his left a stout, blond young woman, with a baby on her fat hip, murmured through to her husband. It was a very unpleasant place in which to talk.

"I haven't been able to see your wife yet, Kittie," Gardner began in an especially cheerful manner, as though the news must be highly encouraging to the prisoner. "I'm awfully sorry; but, you see, I've about made up my mind to go back to Arizona and have been busy. I did call a couple of times; but she wasn't in."

Mr. Hinch gave a tight little nod and replied composedly:

"I've figured it all out, Sam."

The light was poor in the cage and the thick double lattice obscured one's view; but the fancy struck Gardner

that in Kittie's flat, expressionless eyes something was dimly and waveringly alight. At any rate, the prisoner's composure disconcerted him.

"Remember what I said, Kittie," he pleaded earnestly. "Don't get foolish thoughts in your mind. Things will come out all right. They're bound to!"

Kittie's thin lips expanded a little in the beginning of his serpentine grin:

"I've figured it all out, Sam," he repeated as composedly as before. "I've got word about my wife," he added, and laughed boisterously—a metallic laugh, with no humor in it, that began and ended abruptly, like an explosion.

"I want to see you—where we can talk!" said Gardner hastily. "I want to have a talk with you. You get out at six tomorrow?" Kittie nodded. "I'll come for you. I want to see you," Gardner repeated in the same hasty manner—for, in fact, he was terribly afraid.

"Sure! All right," Kittie replied easily; and by an unusually gentle afterthought he added: "Much obliged to you, Sam. You're a brick!"

There was little enough consolation in that; but it was all Gardner took away with him when he left the jail, his leaden heart dully throbbing with fear. He realized that it was a very delicate situation; and he had a depressed, panicky feeling that he had mismanaged it so far and might bungle it to the end.

He was very uncommunicative the rest of the day. Even Billy gave him up. In the afternoon he paced the large, airy front bedroom at Miss McChesney's, considering. The situation was difficult. He knew nothing whatever that anybody else was bound to believe—nothing that he was really bound to believe himself; yet an invisible presence that chilled his blood was in the room with him. The more he considered, the less his considerations seemed to come to.

About all he could do finally was to stare blankly down at his own blocky, brown, boardhard hands and absently pinch the pads of muscle on his arms. If a horseshoe were somewhat worn he could twist it in two rather easily. If a man were of only average strength and agility he could sit on him and take a revolver out of his pocket if necessary. That was about as much as his considerations came to.

The next morning he observed to Jane soberly that he would not be home to dinner and might not get in until quite late—so would she please look after Billy.

"No faro now!" she warned with a shake of her head.

"Oh, no; not at all," he replied.

"Still looking up your friend's putty-and-frosting wife?" she mocked.

"Well, not exactly," he answered. "You see, Kittie gets out of jail to-day, and I want to see whether I can't fix things up between him and Jake Bloom."

"Fix them with an ax, Sam!" she suggested, laughing; and he was sorry she could not be a little more comprehending and sympathetic toward a poor creature like Kittie Hinch.

He slipped into the bare and stony anteroom of the jail at ten minutes of six and sat down in a far corner on the end of one of the hard wooden benches, his round gray eyes on the metal-sheathed door. He himself had been released promptly at six o'clock; but there was the little business of claiming one's valuables in the jail office, which might take more or less time.

He waited patiently until half past six—a quarter of seven—seven. He did not know there was any invariable rule, and presumably to the officers in charge an hour more or less of a prisoner's time made no difference. At a quarter past seven he was thinking of going and making inquiry; yet waited on, minute after minute.

At half past seven he did go to the wicket and claimed the redfaced attendant's attention. There was a little delay while an inquiry was made. Then he learned that James alias Kittie Hinch had been permitted to depart, at his own particular request, through the Criminal Court Building an hour and a half before.

Obviously Kittie had taken pains to avoid him, and his lumpish heart quailed as he hurried out.

IV

THE day had been sultry. Hurrying from the jail, Gardner mechanically noted that a thunderstorm was coming on. A black edge of clouds showed above the roofs to the west, blanketing the sunset and making it darker by half an hour than it should have been by the clock. There was a kind of couchant hush in the hot air.

He went over to State Street and turned south, ready to take a car if one should overhaul him; otherwise to make the mile afoot. The black shield in the west pushed higher and higher, and by the time he reached Van Buren Street it was quite dark. He knew only one possible address McBane's Hotel, over on Clark Street; but the clerk there told him Mr. Hinch had given up his room a month before and had not been about since.

As Gardner turned east again it began to blow in spasmodic capfuls and was so dark that the street lamps should have been lighted—only they went mostly by the calendar. As usual he took to the alley that skirted the shabby three-story brick building which housed Jake Bloom's gambling establishment, having first gone there by the alley, that being the most convenient route for one who came from the north on the elevated. The second and third stories of this building had formerly been used as a cheap hotel. He knew very well from the gossip of Arthur and others that Jake Bloom had fitted up gorgeous living quarters for himself in the third story. Arthur had assured him that the emperor of China would feel quite at home there—there was a silver water bottle as big as a pumpkin.

A fire-escape zigzagged down the side of the building over the alley, extending from one of the windows of Jake's parlor to a point some seven or eight feet above the ground, a dozen or more feet back from the mouth of the alley. That fire-escape had been much in his mind of late. He stopped beneath it in the dim alley, looking up.

Certainly if a man could gain the lower end there would be no trouble in reaching Bloom's window; but it was already so dark that the upper part of the ironwork was only a vague outline, and when he turned the corner of the building at the mouth of the alley he had to clutch his hat and shut his eyes, for a powerful gust was driving dust and litter down the street. He ran upstairs and entered the gambling rooms.

It was still early—not much after eight—and the rooms were scantily occupied. In the farther one five men were playing poker at one table. Pat Maloney and three or four others lounged in the front room; but the proprietor was not there. Gardner loitered a few minutes, nervously watching a chance to speak apart to Mr. Maloney.

"Could you tell me where I would be likely to find Mr. Bloom now?" he inquired when the chance came.

"No," said Mr. Maloney with a cold stare that expressed his surprise at the impudence of the question. That anybody as inconsequential as this inhibited faro player should even suggest that he might see Jacob Bloom privately was a kind of insult.

"I'd like to see him as soon as possible," Gardner ventured to persist. "I've something to say to him that's quite important."

"Why, he'll be around here after a while. You can see him here if you wait long enough—and he ain't got anything else to do," Mr. Maloney replied impatiently, still feeling himself insulted by the implied derogation of his great chief.

"Perhaps he's upstairs," Gardner persisted.

"No; he ain't," said Mr. Maloney shortly, turning away.

Gardner uneasily shifted his weight to his other foot.

"It's quite important," he iterated lamely. "You're sure he's not upstairs?"

"He wouldn't see you there if he was," the offended liegeman retorted, squarely turning his broad back.

Coloring slightly under this well-merited insult, Gardner murmured confusedly:

"I'll wait here."

A crash of thunder sounded. Waiting there was very trying business for his strained nerves. He had a pressing sense of the passing of time, and along with it that heavy-hearted, self-accusatory feeling that he was not managing the affair well at all.

After some insufferable minutes he slipped downstairs. It was inky black overhead and a big drop of rain struck his upturned face. That fire-escape fascinated him. He turned into the alley, walking north in it, his eyes straining upward; but it was poor business. Even the vague outline of the upper part of the rusty ironwork was gone now. He could hardly make out the cornice of the building itself.

With his head tipped back, he strained his eyes—and suddenly his heart stood still! It seemed as if the dense pall lightened just a little, as from a thinner spot in the cloud-curtain. It seemed that he could make out the upper landing of the fire-escape and a moving figure on it. His straining eyes winked and all above his head was impenetrably black again. He asked himself whether he had actually seen something on the fire-escape—or whether it had been a trick of tired eyes. He could not be sure; yet he felt that he had seen something.

With that feeling making his blood leap, he went back near the mouth of the alley and stretched his hand toward the lower landing of the fire-escape. Certainly it was more than eight feet above the ground. So far as he could see in the lower dimness there was nothing by which one could climb up. Big drops of rain had begun to pelt more steadily now.

Just beyond the end of the fire-escape, however, there was a lower-story window with an open iron shutter. Grasping the shutter he sprang up to the windowsill; then turning and clutching the top of the shutter he reached out and caught the rung of the fire-escape. He was drawing himself up when the whole alley leaped into vivid light. As plainly as one can see the hollow of one's hand at noonday, he saw that the fire-escape was absolutely empty. He dropped to the ground as the thundercrash came. With it came more rain.

(Continued on Page 53)

The Blank and Stony Reception Disconcerted Her. She Turned and Fled

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1915

What the People Want

IN VETOING the Immigration Bill President Wilson said: "If the people of this country have made up their minds to limit the number of immigrants by arbitrary tests, and so reverse the policy of all generations of Americans that have gone before them, it is their right to do so; but I do not believe they have. I respectfully submit that no one can quote their mandate to that effect."

Three Congresses—which are presumed by political license to represent the will of the nation—have enacted laws to restrict immigration by a literacy test. Three presidents—also presumed by political license to represent the will of the nation—have vetoed those laws on the ground that the people did not want them; and whether a majority of the electorate does or does not favor restricting immigration by a literacy test is as debatable as ever.

The President observes that no party has gone to the country on this issue; but even if restricting immigration by a literacy test were put in a party's platform and that party won at the polls it would by no means follow that a majority of the electorate favored restricting immigration, because other issues would probably overshadow the immigration question.

Unless sentiment became so pronounced that Congress overrode a presidential veto, Congresses might go on adopting literacy tests and presidents go on vetoing them to the end of time, each claiming to express the will of the people. So with a hundred and one questions that are important, but not of paramount importance; yet it would not be difficult to obtain a direct expression of opinion on many of these questions.

It may be recalled that Government ownership of merchant vessels constitutes a much more abrupt departure from traditional policy than restricting immigration does. Certainly no party has gone to the country on that issue and the electorate has never expressed any opinion concerning it.

President Wilson asserted very confidently, however, that the people want Government ships. If legislation were confined to what the people have expressly required, Congress could spend most of its time fishing.

The Case of Cotton

IT SEEMED in September that a staggering calamity had befallen the South. It was known then that the cotton crop would amount to at least fifteen million bales—close to a record yield; and it was certain that the war would greatly curtail foreign demand, which normally takes nearly two-thirds of the South's production. The big cotton markets closed. For a time the staple was fairly unsalable at any price. Later sales were made near six cents a pound, about half of the price that prevailed before war was declared, and below the cost of production.

Representatives of the cotton states demanded that the Federal Government valorize the crop to save producers from ruin. Then banks all over the country formed a huge pool, subscribing a hundred and thirty-five million dollars to be loaned on cotton, so that the surplus might be carried over to another year.

It turned out that the crop was even larger than supposed in September, exceeding sixteen million bales and breaking the record. Under ordinary conditions this would have depressed the price, for the sixteen-million-bale crop of 1911 went at an average of less than ten cents a pound. This year war has much curtailed the foreign demand; yet, soon after the big markets opened, the price began to advance, working above eight cents a pound.

The secretary of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange calculates that the advance since the beginning of November means a gain to growers of a hundred and twenty million dollars. Meantime only a few thousand dollars were actually loaned from the big hundred-and-thirty-five-million-dollar pool.

Cotton, of course, is still too cheap for profit to growers; but Southern business reports show a decidedly more cheerful tone. Left to itself, and with free markets, the cotton industry will find a more satisfactory solution for a trying situation than politics could have found for it.

Bricks Without Straw

WE CAN understand the capitalistic scheme of production, because we see it operating all round us, and we can understand the socialistic scheme of production when it is expounded to us with due care; but we cannot understand the man who wants to work the capitalistic scheme on socialistic principles. There are a number of such, however. They want the motive of business to be the greatest good for the greatest number, instead of profits.

Confronted with an order for a bill of goods or an application to lend a thousand dollars, the manufacturer or banker considers whether that will be finally profitable to his concern. On that basis he gives a decision and the machine grinds. If he were obliged to consider whether the proposed business would conduce to the greatest good for the greatest number, we can imagine him painfully cogitating the subject for a fortnight and then ordering a taxicab to take him to the nearest lunatic asylum.

The corner butcher sells beefsteak because it is profitable to him. Imagine him saying to a customer: "No, ma'am; I can't sell you beefsteak, because there is more nourishment for less money in chicken." In the capitalistic scheme the guide is whether the thing is or is not profitable on the longest, broadest view. On that principle the scheme works, with such good and evil as we know; but to throw that guide away and still try to operate the scheme would be like putting a sugar refinery's machinery into an ocean liner and expecting to get somewhere with the boat.

Looking at Home

RECENTLY a band of sociological explorers discovered an odd little district that needed attention. Its population of some sixty-five hundred souls was mostly foreign-born. Newly landed immigrants floated into it and were considerably exploited by alleged guides and other dubious aids to the inexperienced. Most of the working inhabitants were employed as porters, longshoremen, scrubwomen, and in like unskilled, poorly paid trades. A single block yielded sixty-five cases of tuberculosis in a year. This sociological find is on the lower end of Manhattan Island, walled in by the skyscrapers of the financial district, from which the fountainheads of much organized philanthropy might have tossed a biscuit into it if it had occurred to them to look that way. About nine times out of ten proper objects for charitable intervention are right round the corner from you—whether you live on Manhattan or in Emporia, Kansas.

The Subsidy Substitute

BY A PRACTICALLY unanimous vote the New York Chamber of Commerce, which comprises a great deal of expert knowledge on the subject, takes the position that it is permanently more costly to operate ships under American registry than under foreign. True, by the amended law any foreign-built vessel may be put under the American flag, so American shipping suffers no disadvantage as to the cost of the ship; and the President is empowered to suspend some other disadvantages, such as remeasurement and certain requirements regarding the crew.

Yet the difference in labor cost, as shown by the experience of owners who have transferred from foreign to American registry, is said to be about forty per cent; so that these owners find their total operating expenses under our flag increased from five to ten per cent for freighters, while for passenger boats the difference is even greater.

When disadvantages that were waived as a war measure are restored, the difference, in the Chamber's opinion, will be considerably more. It believes the public wishes a merchant marine "on which American standards of living can be maintained as regards wages, hours of labor, quality of food, and provisions for safety"—involving a permanently higher operating cost. Hence it would have a Shipping Board to ascertain the greater cost of operating vessels under American registry, and a subsidy or subvention from the Government to equalize this difference.

This, of course, is simply the Protectionist doctrine applied to shipping. We do not believe the country is in a humor for it. We do not know of any recent time when launching an infant industry that must be supported indefinitely out of the Public Treasury was less consonant with national needs.

The proposition is, in effect, that we should invest several hundred million dollars in a business which cannot earn fair returns on the investment, and then draw on the Treasury for dividends the business has failed to earn. In view of Europe's probable demands on us we ought to conserve our capital and not put it to profitless uses.

One Way to Get the Money

SOMETIME—and probably within a year—half a dozen European governments will face the necessity of raising several billion dollars on top of the several billions they have already raised, and when their resources and credit have been further impaired by war. It will be a difficult task; but the late J. P. Morgan could have shown them how to do it with neatness and dispatch. They lost the billions and sprained their credit by trying to destroy one another, a good deal as the tin-plate makers brought themselves to the verge of bankruptcy by unlimited competition, or as, later on, the steel makers threatened to do. Mr. Morgan, with that facility in forging bonds of durable amity for which he was justly famous, would simply put them into a combine and make the new loan a joint obligation of all the belligerents.

This notion, of course, is suggested by current reports that the Allies are thinking of issuing a joint loan. No doubt a bond issue that was the joint obligation of Great Britain, France and Russia would rather overtop anything the world has yet seen in the way of a government security—not so much because of the assets behind it as because such a bond would be the strongest possible guaranty of permanent accord among the three Powers; but a big bond issue that was the joint obligation of those three Powers and of Germany and Austria would be still more unimpeachable.

It is an interesting fact, indeed, that a nation may fail to keep faith in some rather important respects without suffering any material loss of prestige; but the moment it fails to keep faith with creditors it sinks to a disreputable position. If a German chancellor should speak of a German government bond as a "scrap of paper," in the way that country's pledge to respect Belgian neutrality was spoken of—that is, as something which the nation could regard or disregard according to its convenience—Germany's prestige would suffer much more than if she lost her whole navy.

The treaty of peace that follows the war will be one of those governmental scraps of paper which nobody, in the light of recent history, need feel bound to take very seriously; but a joint bond issue would be in a different category. When the scrap of paper has dollar marks on it, it assumes a character so sacred and so vitally related to national prestige that no stronger pledge of peace could be devised. A Five-Power bond issue of large dimensions would be sure to succeed with investors, because no other device could go farther to eliminate the only peril to national solvency—that is, war.

Two Beauties in One Family

TO THE best of our information and belief Southern California is admired and envied everywhere except in Northern California, while the opinion that Northern California is a splendid country obtains everywhere except in Southern California. To a non-Californian world this is excessively painful. Here are two beauteous sisters, for a full but modest description of whose surpassing charms you may consult any railroad folder—not to mention a great quantity of more pretentious literature. Their pearly feet laved by the twinkling waters of the Pacific and the remainder of their graceful persons bathed in a matchless article of golden sunshine, they face the East with smiles of ravishing yet entirely decorous invitation; but, alas! ever and anon they look at each other.

Then two lovely pairs of azure eyes are disfigured by a squint. The rosy oval of two cheeks is marred by a tongue thrust into each. To the tips of two Grecian noses two delicate but derisive thumbs are applied. That this quite spoils the picture goes without saying.

We should never have dreamed that Miss Southern Golden was not all the fondest imagination could desire, both in form and character, if her sister had not told us that the one was mostly cotton batting and the other mere pretense; nor that Miss Northern Golden was less than a modern Juno, if we had not had it from the other member of the family that she wore a wig and her temper was atrocious.

A separation of this enchanting pair would strike us as simply unthinkable if it were not that they continually talk about it between themselves. We do not know why each of the sisters cannot love the other, as everybody else does; but perhaps two beauties in one family seldom get along well together.

Speeding Up the Man On the Road

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Andy is Going Straight to Watertown To-Night! I Want That Fifty Dollars in Gold This Month"

PERPLEXED sales managers have repeatedly asked me: "Is there any prescription that will put new spirit into my salesforce, develop its dormant possibilities to the last ounce, and produce business that has remained untouched under ordinary pressure?"

This has brought out the confession that, in my own business, I have evolved a system of stimulating salesmen which increased business forty-three per cent in the first year without an increase in the salesforce, the territory, or the favorableness of general business conditions. It is not offered here as a ready-mixed cure-all that can be taken indiscriminately and guaranteed to give instant relief. The extent of its practical value to others will depend largely on their discernment and resourcefulness in fitting it to the individualities of their own business and salesforce.

My boys, for example, are just plain hustlers, and when I talk or write to them I use the language of hustle. They understand it and like it. We are short on dignity and formality, and long on comradeship. Even our correspondence is permeated with informality to a degree that would shock many sales-managers who are either carrying a heavier stock of dignity or who have a more highly specialized class of men to handle.

On a certain January second I had secluded myself in my private office for a solitary session over the detailed statements of sales for the year that had just closed. I saw that something must be done to speed up the salesforce.

From Gold Stars to Lemons

GRADUALLY it came to me that this might be accomplished if I could keep a definite and special reward right before the salesmen and stimulate them to compete with each other for it. A horse will travel far and fast and not feel his load if he can smell oats, see them just ahead, and feel that another horse is likely to beat him to them.

In less than an hour I had written the following letter:

PRIZE LETTER

January 3, 19 .

Dear Boys: Here is a New Year's surprise for you. We are going to make it worth your while to sleep every Sunday night in the town you are scheduled to work the following Monday morning. The offers that follow in this letter will keep you hustling until the lights go out each Saturday night. Instead of knocking off Friday night or Saturday noon, to spend your Sunday in the nearest city, you will be content to work Saturday, turn in right where you are, get a good rest, and take a Sunday trip to the next town, where your Monday's work will begin.

If our prize offer does not make you prod yourselves and reject the lure of the bright lights and the big hotel fifty or one hundred miles away, with its extra outlay of about twenty dollars, then I am greatly mistaken.

The prizes to be given are as follows:

GOLD STAR SILVER STAR RED STAR LEMON

The man who sends to this office—by mail—the most business for the week will receive a gold star.

The man who comes second will get a silver star; and the man who sends in any business at all will receive a red star.

A lemon will go to the man who does not get any business!

This is the schedule for every week in the year. Though the stars sent to you will be of paper, they will spell real coin, because:

At the end of each quarter the man who has received the most gold stars will get fifty dollars in gold;

The man who has been awarded the second largest number of gold stars will receive twenty-five dollars in gold;

The man who has been given the greatest number of silver stars will get twenty-five dollars in silver;

The man who has received the largest number of stars—whether gold, silver or red—will receive fifty one-dollar bills.

This is to make every one of you work every week.

The man who gets a lemon must remit to this office five dollars in real money—an order on the firm will not be honored for this purpose.

If two contestants are tied the prize money shall be divided.

All orders must be received by mail before the close of business Saturday night in order to get into the contest for that week's business.

Sickness will not be accepted as an excuse. You are all well now; so it is an even break for all of you. If you sleep with your window up, take a cold bath in the morning, and do not eat or drink too much, your chances of remaining in fighting condition are excellent.

No results of the star contest will be announced until the close of the quarter and no information will be given out by any person in the office relative to the positions of the contestants.

Each week, however, each salesman will receive the star to which he is entitled by his sales. Three or even two gold stars may possibly win a gold-star prize.

A good gold watch, engraved with a star and the word Salesman, and set with an excellent diamond, will be given to the man who receives the most gold stars in the course of the entire year.

A silver watch, engraved in the same manner, will be given to the man who receives the most silver stars during the year.

The salesman receiving the most lemons must stand up at our next annual gathering and eat an entire lemon without sugar.

Yours to make you hustle,

I was not personally responsible for the lemon feature of this letter. Before the formal notification of the prize went out one of the salesmen—who chanced to be in the office on the Saturday the letter was written—remarked to me:

"Well, if a man doesn't get at least a red star and draw blood every week, you ought to send him a lemon."

The lemon crop for the first quarter was a complete failure, because the prize contest swept the boys completely off their feet. It was not until the contest ceased to be a novelty that some of the men relaxed their efforts sufficiently to be squeezed down into the lemon class.

At the outset it was evident that my stimulation plan was going to accomplish the correction of the particular faults I intended it to eliminate. It kept the boys sleeping on Saturday nights in the towns where they worked that day, and it put them to bed Sunday nights in the towns they were to work the day following. The importance of this can hardly be exaggerated. Almost literally it created more territory for us—and territory, you know, is a big asset in the sales manager's business. When you can inspire a salesforce to work its territory more thoroughly you are creating additional territory, just as substantially as though you were adding something to the earth's surface and stocking it with additional population. A common fault of business firms is that of letting their salesmen cover too wide a range of territory. This is expensive, both for the firm and for the salesmen, because it involves the unnecessary expenditure of more time and more money. Lost time and useless expense are the busy microbes that eat holes in the profits of every business. The most important thing a sales manager can do is to stimulate his salesmen to cover their territories with thoroughness.

When the Race Was Fairly On

THE spirit of the gold-star contest was caught not only by the boys on the road but by every employee in the office. I soon found that every man and boy in the stockroom and the office had his particular friend on the road; and that, on his own initiative, he was sending to this man words of cheer and inspiration. I even caught the stock-boys making dollar bets on their favorites for the weekly gold-star award. No thoroughbred Kentuckian was ever more interested in the annual Derby than were the men, boys and girls of our office in the final results of the quarterly contest.

Of course the progress of the leaders each week was kept secret, in order to keep the salesmen guessing and consequently working. Occasionally, however, I would drop a hint, in a general letter, which would spur them to still greater efforts without really revealing anything of their relative positions in the contest.

From my position as sales manager I could see plainly that the plan of the weekly contest focusing into a final show-down at the end of the quarter was working out just as I had hoped it would. The weekly struggle held every man tight to his job and tight to his territory. It prevented him from wabbling or relaxing, with the idea that there was plenty of time to even things up before the end of the quarter.

Unquestionably the fear of the disgraceful lemon kept many a man pushing hard and steadily when otherwise he would have let up on the strain a little.

Each week I wrote to every salesman something in regard to the competition, giving him as much news as possible with regard to sales—news of a sort calculated to stimulate every man to increased efforts. I was always especially free with news in regard to the lemon prize.

Here, for example, is one of the letters I sent out. As you read it, ask yourself whether it would not have spurred you on had you been one of the salesmen to receive it:

Dear Boys: One of the liveliest gold-star races on record was run last week. On Monday morning the results were:

Lawson	Nothing	Carnegie	Nothing
Weston	$205.00	Burke	$130.00

On Tuesday:

Lawson	Nothing	Carnegie	Nothing
Weston	$845.20	Burke	$1000.40

On Wednesday:

Lawson	Nothing	Weston	$1213.40
Carnegie showed up with	$562.00	Burke, still	1000.40

On Thursday night it stood:

Carnegie	$718.00	Weston	$1213.40	Burke	$1195.40

And a telegram from Lawson said he had put over two big ones.

On Friday night:

Carnegie led with	$1643.40	Weston, third	$1213.40
Burke, second	1016.60	Lawson, still	Nothing

On Saturday morning in came an envelope from Lawson containing orders for $848. Burke got in with $130, which placed him in the lead, with $1746.60. Carnegie ran second, with $1643.40. Saturday morning Weston took second place from Carnegie; and it was not until Saturday evening that the contest was settled by another order from Weston in the amount of $130, which gave him the gold star on a total of $1842.60. Burke received the silver star on sales of $1746.60, and Carnegie ran third on $1643.40.

Note this, boys: Enough came into the post office late Saturday night, after the close of business, to put Lawson well up to the top; but it did not reach our office until Monday morning. If you want this sort of Honorable Mention, send in the orders.

Faithfully yours,

No sales manager who has failed to try it out consistently can form any idea of the instantly stimulating effect of a plan like this, especially of a personal letter put into the salesman's hands, out on the road, before the week's struggle is over—an intimate, encouraging letter, which will keep him guessing and working. Certainly it is a vital mistake for a sales manager not to send prompt appreciation by letter to the salesman who has done a notably good piece of work.

Record Races Won on the Road

I MYSELF have spent a quarter of a century on the road and I know its lures and pitfalls. Many a time have I gone for a day without an order when the right sort of letter from the head of the house would have made it possible for me to have secured at least some business.

I traveled once through the West with another salesman. We were both top men in our houses. In Spokane we both broke the records in sales. It was a week of wonderful business, in which each of us sold as much in our respective lines as any other man in either of our houses often sold in a season.

At the end of the week we sent forward all our orders in one mail. When we reached Seattle there was a telegram from my house congratulating me on the big business of the week; but not a word came to my friend from his house, either by wire or by letter. It cut him to the quick when, the following week, at Portland, he received only a cold, formal, routine acknowledgment of the business he had sent in. He never recovered from this experience, which was characteristic of the policy the house had pursued with him for years.

What was the result? My friend soon transferred his connection to another line, and to a house that he felt had a little of the red blood of appreciation in its veins. I remained with my firm until I retired to go into business for myself.

The firm that sent the appreciative telegram to me, and consistently followed this practice with all its salesmen, is to-day the largest house in its line in the country. The house with which my friend was connected at the time, and which consistently followed a policy just the reverse of this, has shriveled away.

Make no mistake about this—the salesman out on the road must have encouragement and appreciation from his house. The better the salesman, the more he needs and demands appreciation. If he does not get it he will leave and connect himself with another firm, from which he believes he will get it.

The successful salesman has no fear of his firm. This is a fact that too many sales managers overlook. The man who can sell one thing feels that he can sell another; and, though his judgment tells him it is good policy to stick with one house, he is not afraid to make a change when once he becomes convinced that his house or his sales manager is not human enough to come across with a little applause for a piece of business which merits special recognition.

It is a mistake in policy for any sales manager to assume that there is anything undignified or harmful in a policy of liberal appreciation. The danger of swelling a salesman's head by an approving letter or telegram is far less than the danger of freezing his loyalty and enthusiasm by withholding that appreciation. Only the salesman of small caliber will permit his head to be turned by a little discriminating praise; but the big salesman is most easily chilled by the cold-storage policy.

The whole prize plan was, in a way, merely a systematic device for bestowing appreciation on salesmen for good work. They were not indifferent to the many prizes awarded at the end of each quarter; but it was clearly apparent that the compelling motive which spurred each man on to do his best was the honor and appreciation involved. That is why, as the year moved on, interest became keener in the question as to which salesman would win the gold watch.

The race for the year's honors continued so close that, even so late as November seventh, there was a difference in sales of only ninety-two dollars between the two men who were leading; and others were pressing so closely that the leaders knew they must keep the pace hot to hold their advantage.

The man who really won the Gold-Star Watch, by doing the biggest amount of business during the largest number of weeks in the year, was not the man who won the highest place in the first quarter. The winner had led in sales the year before, was overconfident, and started late; but, stung by defeat in the first quarter, he went after the gold stars in earnest.

As a sales manager I did nothing that compared in importance with my directing of this contest and using every development of it as a means of getting more speed out of each member of the force. Here is an example of the kind of letter written to put additional pressure on an individual salesman and draw a final spurt of speed from him:

Dear Lawson: We have four new men, all doing well. Your total, so far, for this quarter is $7192.50, which is a great piece of work; but do you know one of the boys—and you can't guess which one it is—has $8960 so far? The bunch never did such speeding before. Fox is working like a beaver; Sax struck his pace in fine fettle last week; Grayson is keeping up his gait, and Farmer is in good working trim. Burke writes that he has been a little off his feed. You can't guess where the gold stars are! Neither can the rest of the boys—because they all think you have a bunch.

I studied every angle of the contest, every day, to find the particular development that was calculated to make a special appeal to several individual salesmen; and then I wrote the letters designed to make the most of that development. Merely offering the prizes was the least part of the plan. No scheme for stimulating sales that will run itself has ever been invented. But to return to Lawson and show how I kept after him. The next week he received this letter:

"*Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,*
I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

You have the silver star; the gold was won away from you by $1069 against your $972 late Saturday night; and if you only knew who took it you would be happier if you had cinched it yourself. Now you have just about won the silver-star money for the quarter. Go in for the gold! I'll give you this much information: Four men are dividing seven stars; this is an average of only one and three-quarters for each man! Now guess—and go to it hard!

He did—and won the Gold-watch Championship.

Before turning to a collateral plan that, in the second year, helped to throw the salesforce into higher speed, let me put a word of emphasis on this vital point: A stimulative sales plan that gets the best results must have weekly, quarterly—or perhaps monthly—and yearly prizes. Make the scheme cumulative. The short-time reckoning involved in the Saturday night show-down gets quick action; it keeps the contest close to the men. Dividing the larger and more substantial awards into quarterly periods puts hope into the hearts of the men who fall short of the high mark in the first race. The men taking second and third money figure that they have still three chances to win something worth while; and then the grand honor prize at the end of the year serves to give them all the final stimulus. The combination is irresistible—at least, I have found it so.

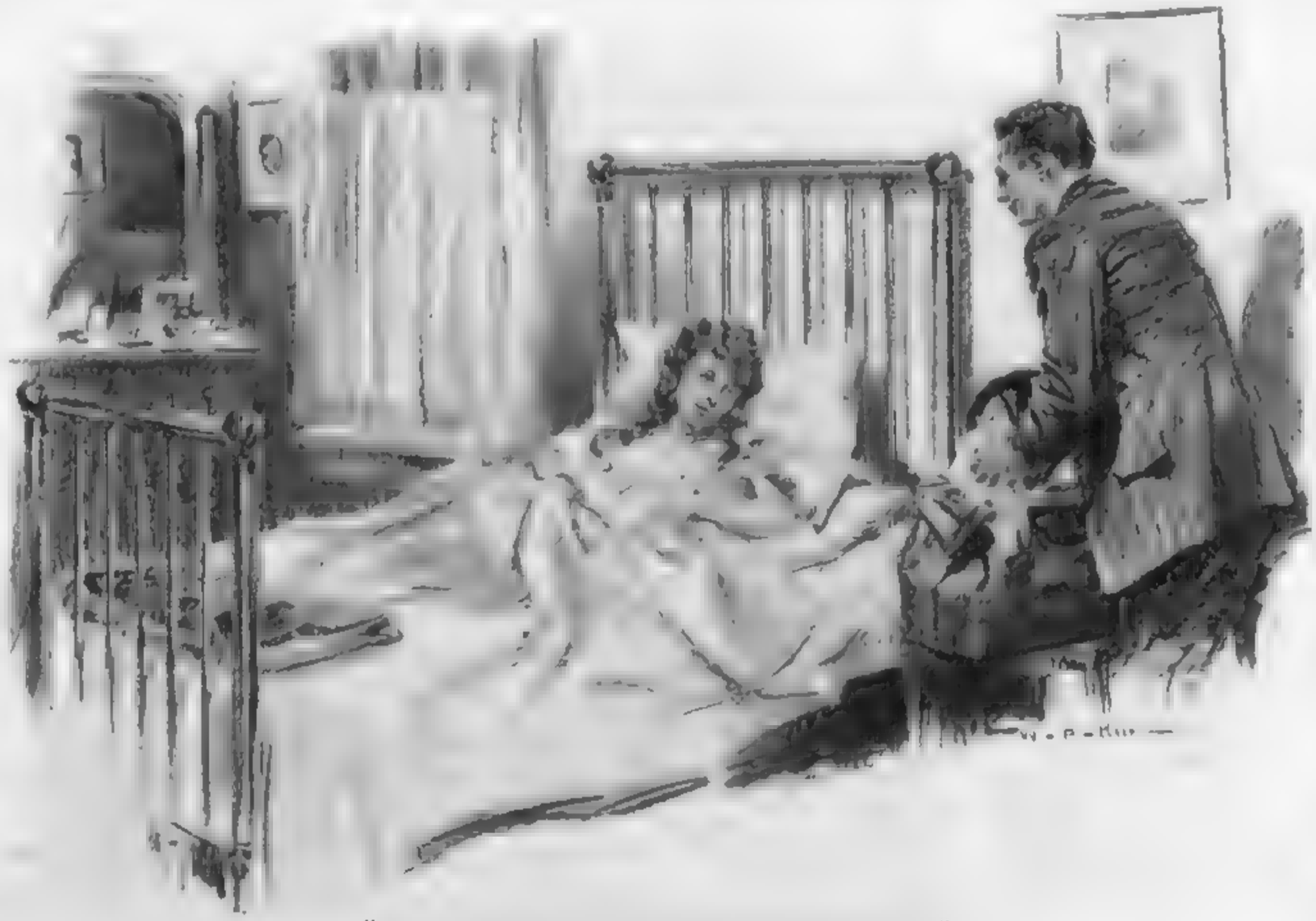
When Wives Join Forces With Employers

WHEN, in the second year, I began to detect a tendency on the part of the salesmen to slacken their speed I knew the time had come for me to introduce some novelty element. Just then two salesmen came into the office when they should have stayed out on the road. With friendly questions I drew from them the confession that the reason they had come home was that both of them had been receiving blue letters from their wives.

Here was my cue, and I grasped it instantly. A little more investigation showed me that I had twelve reasons why my salesmen were slackening their speed. Twelve of my fourteen salesmen were married! The situation was clear. Two men had come in from their territories because of blue letters from their wives; another wrote in that he had lost the biggest part of the week because Mrs. Jimmy had been ailing.

I knew that a baby was due to arrive in the home of another salesman, and his work showed the pressure of his expectations, for his orders had dropped from the star to the lemon class. The young wife of another was traveling with him and his orders were below normal. Still another man wrote in that he was down in the dumps because he had been away from home so long he was homesick; and so it went to the end of the married list. The only boys on the force who were up to standard were the two bachelors.

As I reviewed this situation I wondered that I had been so long blind to the home angle of my salesmen's lives.



"Yes; We Can't Let Any of Them Get Past Us After This"

Clearly the only course open to me was to find a prescription that would, of itself, give the wives something of the same stimulant the gold-star prize had afforded the salesmen.

In the process of working out this home stimulant I reached a new realization of the powerful effect of home letters and the home attitude on the salesman and his work.

Salesmanship is temperamental. When a salesman does not feel like doing business he cannot sell goods nearly so successfully as when he is right up on his mettle.

Men of no other class in the world are more generously gifted with sentiment than traveling salesmen. The man on the road does not want to be away from home. The shady front porch, with his family and friends about him, on a summer evening—or the blazing backlog of his own fireside in winter—is more alluring to the salesman who is exiled from them most of the time than to the man who is at home every day.

I know how that fireside picture looks to the absent salesman as he is buttoning his ulster for a fourteen-mile drive to the next town on a winter night; and I know, too, what it is to stare sleeplessly at the bare walls of a stifling country hotel on a sultry summer night, and think of the wife and the children sitting in the cool of the screened porch at home.

Nothing but the thought that he is exiling himself from these allurements, in order to provide comforts, luxuries and a protected future for his family, can hold the married man to the road and give him the grit to put up with the discomforts and actual hardships he is obliged to face.

When you add to the pulling power of these home pictures the effect of a disquieting or an indiscriminative letter from home, you have given the traveling salesman almost more than he can stand. Perhaps the letter is not complaining in tone and contains no bad news, but is simply full of wifely protest against the separation imposed by the life of the road; that is enough to upset any salesman and put a damper on the day's business. What he needs is a good dose of home cheer and inspiration for his work.

In a word I saw that if the wives of my salesmen could be moved to give their husbands the same brand of coöperation and stimulation that went out with every letter from the house a new force would be injected into the selling situation.

Prizes for the Petticoats

"If the wife of every salesman in my employ," I said to myself, "can be wakened to a live, coöperative interest in her husband's work—especially in keeping him out on the road, with the feeling that all is well at home, and that his wife would rather have him stick on his territory than come chasing back, at a sacrifice of business—then I shall double and perhaps treble the stimulus to steady, consistent and effective work in the mind of every salesman."

Here is the letter that was sent out to all our married salesmen and their wives:

"WIVES' CONSOLATION PRIZES

"The wife of the man who lands in this office—by mail—three thousand dollars' worth of business in any one month will receive twenty dollars in gold.

"The wife of any husband from whom four thousand dollars' worth of business is received in this office—by mail in any one month will get thirty dollars in gold.

"It is easily possible for every man on our force to send in five thousand dollars' worth of business each month, provided both he and his wife do their level best to land that amount of business. To the wife of any man who does this in any one month will be given fifty dollars in gold.

"Remember, these prizes will be given only on business received in the office by mail; and also remember that $2999 will not win a twenty-dollar gold piece for the wife. It will take $3000 in business to do that."

While this letter was being typewritten the wife of one of our best salesmen came into the office and said that, as her husband had worked hard and needed a little outing, they were going up to Lake Minnetonka to take a week's rest.

"A very sensible thing to do," I replied—"provided he is worn out, and provided you think you can afford it after you have read this announcement."

Then I showed her the typewritten letter the stenographer had just handed me.

"Andy is going straight to Watertown to-night!" she exclaimed when she'd read it. "I want that fifty dollars in gold this month not next; and I am going to get it too."

Her husband was not easily managed, and I knew he would not give up his week of pleasure without a struggle—not if he knew it; but the fact is, he gave it up without knowing it.

His wife bought their tickets to Watertown herself and kept them in her own possession until she delivered them to the conductor. The first thing she did, after getting on the train, was to post the train conductor, the Pullman conductor and the porter, and ask them to help her out with the little joke she was playing on her husband by returning evasive answers as to the time when they would reach Minnetonka, and by maintaining a discreet silence as to their destination.

Cutting Out the Wet Blankets

Before they approached Minnetonka she induced her husband to take a nap. He did not discover their destination until about five minutes before their arrival in Watertown. Then she told him her secret, inspired him with real enthusiasm, and kept at her task of inspiration until the end of the month, when she received a fifty-dollar gold piece, packed in bright carmine cotton and inclosed in a pill box.

The effect of this offer was an almost instantaneous jump in business all along the line of the married salesmen. The day after the announcements were mailed one of the wives, who lived in the city, came into the office and showed me a rubber stamp reading: "Stay out and work!"

"I'm going to stamp those words at the head of every letter I write to Tom," she exclaimed; "and I'm going to write him much more frequently than before. I've been figuring out what I could do with six hundred dollars in addition to Tom's regular earnings this year. From this time forward it is my job to help Tom get that extra fifty for me. I'm going to work at that job every day; and I have come to you for a few hints as to how the wife of a salesman can best help him to get business every day, and to get all the business there is to be had."

Instantly I wrote out an order on a millinery shop, directing the manager to charge to my account any hat selected by the bearer, Mrs. Thomas Lawson. Then I said to her:

"Go as far as you like on the hat. That rubber stamp is a great idea. I shall have eleven more of them made, and then I shall ask you to take them and mail them to the wives of our other salesmen, with a good, friendly letter right along the line of what you have just said to me. Get them to come to me and find out how they can stimulate their husbands to stick out on the road and make more sales by writing them the kind of letters calculated to make them want to hustle for orders."

At the start the only drawback I could see to the successful operation of this plan was the possibility that some of the wives might hesitate to place themselves in the position of driving their husbands to harder and more constant work. This was why I wanted to get the wives to come to the office and talk the matter over with me. I found, however, that this problem took care of itself. Not one of the boys ever kicked because his wife urged him to "Stay out and work!"

The net result of the entire plan may be stated in a few words: It put a fresh voltage of enthusiasm and stick-to-it-iveness into our salesforce. In order not to leave our two unmarried salesmen out of this stimulating influence I allowed the one who lived with his mother to designate her as the recipient of any pill-box prizes—as the salesmen called them—he might win; and the other salesman was permitted to have his prize money sent to the young woman to whom he was engaged.

Our volume of business was immensely increased through the influence of this plan. By the same token the expenses of the salesmen were correspondingly diminished. They stayed out on their territories instead of racing home at frequent intervals. As our salesmen pay their own expenses, this really added materially to their winnings. Then, because their sales were largely increased, their commissions were also increased. Incidentally many of the boys have confessed to me that this plan has worked a wonderful revolution in the

A real builder

"Some folks build for wealth or fame,
And some for lofty station.
But one wise rule, for all the same,
Is: *Build a sure foundation.*"

That's what you do when you build up health and strength by good food and sensible eating. And that is why you ought to get the regular benefit of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is not merely a tempting dinner-course or a dainty feature for the formal luncheon. No. It is a wholesome and nourishing food in itself. It is good for anybody at any time. And it fits exactly into all sorts of every-day occasions.

The regular mid-day meal—no matter what you call it; the children's luncheon; the family supper—they all become more appetizing and more nutritious by the addition of this delightful Campbell "kind."

That's the kind of foundation to build on every day. Why not begin *today?*

21 kinds **10c a can**

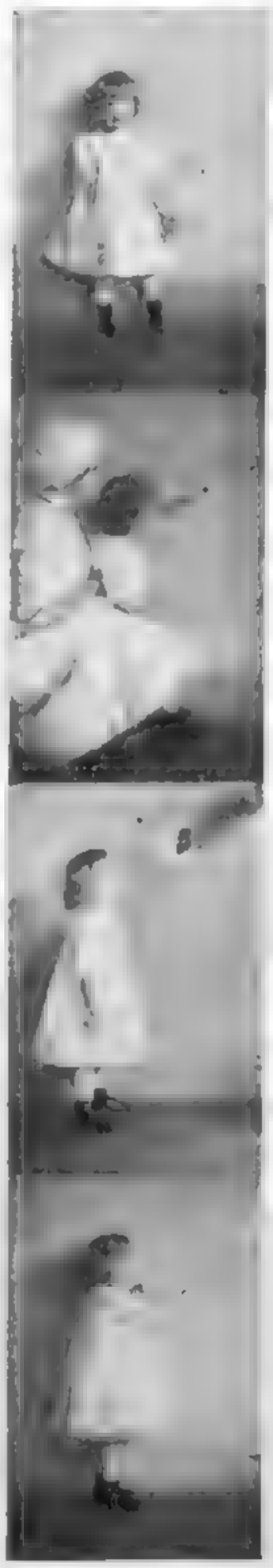
Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	[illegible]
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Finger prints wash off without hurting the most delicate tints —if your walls are painted with

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Flat-Tone



No spots or finger marks on Flat-Tone walls! Soap and water take them off without the slightest marring of the dainty tints. Nowadays people prefer to paint their walls. They choose Flat-Tone because it is a sanitary decoration —germs cannot hide behind Flat-Tone.

Flat-Tone is not a cold, shiny kalsomine but a scientifically prepared oil paint which gives your rooms a beautiful, dull warmth that invites and rests the eyes—creates a background of simplicity and soft relief that enhances any plan of decoration.

Flat-Tone may be laid on any surface with the widest sized brush and leaves a perfectly smooth coat without brush or lap marks. Economical because it comes ready to apply, has great covering power, and can be made like new with soap and water when soiled.

Flat-Tone is made in twenty-four beautiful shades. See the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town and have him show you the beautiful effects to be secured with this modern and sanitary wall finish.

Sherwin-Williams
House Paint SWP

A pure lead, zinc and linseed oil paint of wonderful weather-resisting and great covering power. Accurately proportioned and thoroughly ground and mixed. 48 shades. In pint, quart and gallon cans, ready to apply.

Sherwin-Williams
Varnishes

MAR-NOT A wear and water resisting varnish for floors.

SCAR-NOT A fine varnish for furniture and woodwork that takes a beautiful polish and is unaffected by water or heat.

REXPAR The king of Spar Varnishes for out-of-door work.

Sherwin-Williams
Old Dutch Enamel

A pure white enamel, containing no gums to crack and cause trouble, that flows out evenly and produces a spotless, even, white gloss of unusual richness.

Sherwin-Williams
FLOORLAC

A combination stain and varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture. Puts on the color and varnish with one operation. Very durable and color fast.

Portfolio of Painting Suggestions

A practical painting and decorating guide including 20 color illustrations of rooms and exteriors. A great help for anyone who has decorating of any kind to do. Sent free on request.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32nd St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices & Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere. Address all inquiries for Portfolio to 613 Canal Rd., N. W. Cleveland, O.

tone of the letters received from their wives. As one of them put it:

"The output of wet blankets from home has been reduced to a minimum. Instead, I get an unlimited coinage of sunshine."

Another curious development of this plan is that it has stopped overdrafts. Why? The answer is simple. The boys work harder and spend less money going to and from their territories and running in to spend Sunday in the nearest large town.

Through the influence of the Wives' Consolation Prize Offer one man actually doubled his business and held the job he otherwise would have lost. In another case the coöperation growing out of the effort to win some of the prize money brought together a husband and wife who were apparently drifting apart.

When a new baby came to the home of one of our salesmen, it had scarcely taken its first night's sleep when the little mother gently suggested to her husband:

"You know, dear, we shall need those gold pieces all the more now."

"Yes," was the smiling admission; "we can't let any of them get past us after this." And he promptly began to pack his grip.

The stimulating effect of the monthly consolation prizes to wives of the salesmen did not die out. It kept up the enthusiasm throughout the whole year. Its staying qualities were beyond my expectations. In midsummer one of our Southern salesmen wrote to me, saying:

"It's so hot here now that if I went out on the street at midnight I should have to walk backward to keep from stepping on my tongue; but that Stay-out-and-work! slogan is going to hold me right here if the mercury climbs out the top of the tube. My wife has made up her mind that we must have a bungalow built out of pill-box money; and she is going to get it, too, for we need it, she deserves it, and I have found out that it is possible to stay out and work, no matter how alluring a trip to the North would be."

Going After the Golden Pills

The pull of the Wives' Consolation Prize cannot be dismissed without reference to its influence on the man who won the Grand Championship Watch that year. Before this offer enlisted his wife as a direct partner in his road work, this man would occasionally fall off the water wagon in spite of all the watchfulness and encouragement I could exert. He was high-strung, sensitive, and a wonderful salesman; but when his wife became inspired by the consolation-prize offer this man sat tight on the wagon, without a single fall in the whole year. Every month a gold prize was sent to his wife; his winnings in the Gold-Star Contest were also high, and he finally took the gold watch—the greatest honor of all.

What caused the change in the habits of this man? The fact that his wife made him feel she was keenly and sympathetically interested in his work, and also that she was careful to write letters to him which brought out the best there was in him.

Undoubtedly the proudest person who ever received one of the Golden Pill-Box awards was the little crippled daughter of a salesman who came to us late in the year. Her mother was dead and her father had not married again. He was somewhat given to the flowing bowl before he came to us. After I pointed out to him how proud the little girl of eleven would be to have her father's house send her two fifties and a ten in gold pieces, for valiant salesmanship in his new position, that man settled into the harness and pulled like a Percheron. The gold pieces reached her on New Year's Day, and she laughed and cried over them.

No single feature of our general campaign to speed up salesmen has shown the vitality and the lasting qualities of the Wives' Consolation Prizes. Probably it has produced more extra business than any other feature—though this is difficult to determine, from the fact that it has been operated in connection with the gold-star prizes and other stimulative plans that were put on the boards later. To the sales managers who may read this, let me repeat this word of caution and encouragement: Any plan of special rewards you may devise as a result of these suggestions should be made to fit the individualities of your business and your salesforce.

On the other hand, I believe, with profound conviction, that there is hardly a business in the country which is hopelessly unfitted for some modification or development of the speed-up plans that have been literal life-savers to my own business.

This Lent is indeed a good time to Eat

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c—sizes—15c
(Except in Far West)

Wholesome Delicious and Pure

Free from any and all preservatives. Just solid white fish—no bones—no waste. Cooked, ready for instant use in preparing

Codfish Balls *Creamed Fish*
Fish Chowder *Fish Hash*

Fresh caught—hours saved because of the nearness of our sanitary kitchens to the fishing grounds. This means fresher than "fresh" fish to you.

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

come to you in a sanitary parchment-lined container. Every precaution is made to have this

A Perfect Fish Product

During Lent and all other times BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES are most desirable. A tin or two kept on hand will supply a satisfying meal

Convenient and Economical

So easily you can serve Creamed Fish on toast or with baked potatoes.

Compare the cost with steak, chops or chicken. Lower table expenses by using Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes.

Fish Salad *Fish Soufflé*

and 20 other different dishes all good to eat—nourishing and sustaining. All recipes in our booklet, "Good Eating," free for the asking.

Sold by most Grocers. If not at yours, send his name and 2c stamp for generous sample

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
2 Water Street Portland, Me.

THE HOUSE THAT JUNK BUILT

(Continued from Page 14)

fourteen-year-old Italian lad who came after school hours to pick up stone in the wheelbarrow.

I was diverted from the foundation work by the unforeseen necessity of building a private road; but for the sake of continuity I will complete the description of the former operation. It had been represented to me that we could obtain at our site city water from a pipe line not very far away. If a few families would agree to take the water the water company would extend a line to our neighborhood. But there proved to be too few people who wanted the water to satisfy the company. Meanwhile I had immediate need of water for cementing the foundations. There was a tiny brook that had its origin in our back woods and flowed down the slope of the front acre to the highway. I was convinced that it was a constant spring, for it had been running all winter and was still running; but I was told that it dried up in midsummer. I decided that I could at least use the brooklet for foundation work. Across its path at the edge of the woods I dug out a hole about fifteen feet square and two feet deep. Then I nailed some oiled boards against stakes on two sides, cut some birches for inner supports, and banked up with excavated clay a couple of feet above the surface of the ground. At first I worked at this job standing on the soaking-wet ground in my ordinary shoes with April showers pouring down on me, but afterward I learned prudence, bought a rubber coat, and tried to keep my feet dry.

As soon as my work was completed the water backed up beautifully in the dam and began to run over the top. The next day the dam was still there, but most of the water had escaped under the boards. A native pessimist, who visited me from time to time and croaked discouragements upon most of my projects, surveyed my faithless dam and announced that he had not expected that it would hold. "Now if you had only"—and so on. I refused to be disheartened. I knew water was hard to hold, but I was going to hold it. When we had a spell of dryness toward the end of May I extended the dam, dug it about a foot and a half deeper, used more boards and banked it better with clay. At the next rainfall it held and stayed. The pessimist then told me that the summer sun would evaporate the water in the dam before I could use it. Then I'd have to haul water to the site at great expense. This calamity, however, did not occur, and I was almost as delighted to foil ill-natured prophecy as to have plenty of water.

Mixing the Concrete

The distance from the dam to the edge of the foundation was one hundred and five feet. From a local hardware dealer I bought the necessary number of feet of galvanized iron pipe an inch and a quarter in diameter. For this I paid twelve cents a foot, which was quite a little more than it was worth. I found generally that the village dealers asked ten to one hundred per cent above city prices for their wares. At first I was somewhat vexed and inclined to argue with the local monopolists, whose principal excuse was that they carried superior goods. In the end I bought locally only what I needed in a hurry. It is not fair, however, to accuse all country merchants of overcharging, for I know one man who sells workingmen's clothes and shoes about as low as any city store. And in a social way I have found the village merchants both agreeable and entertaining.

It was a day's work for a deft Italian and myself to connect the lengths of water pipe to the dam, to level the stones in the foundations and to square the foundations. We did the leveling by means of a spirit level on a nine-foot scantling, first setting up guide stones at the common level and placing them nine feet apart. I admired the skill and the keen eye of my fellow worker in smoothing the surface of the trenches. I had vainly wrestled in my mind with this problem. I had also worried when the trenches had filled up with rain water and had planned variously how to drain them; but they had simply drained themselves in due course. A series of similar incidents finally persuaded me not to worry too much about anything. At the dam's edge the water pipe had a three-foot upright. The other end was horizontal and could be shifted over the tops of two barrels and a galvanized can, all half sunk in the ground. The water was dipped up from the dam in a pail and poured through a big tin funnel in the upright pipe, and the barrels and can at the foundation edge could be filled in this way in fifteen minutes.

There was no trouble in getting sand and cement delivered at the site once the private road had been built. I wanted a laborer to help me grout the foundation, but he did not arrive and I did almost half of this job alone in a day. I mixed sand, cement and gravel on a rough board platform within the foundation, shoveled the mixture into the steel wheelbarrow, added water and stirred to a soupy mixture. This I forthwith dumped into the stone-filled trench. The proportions of materials were not scientifically correct, but I estimated them as one part of cement to ten parts of sand and gravel. One wheelbarrow load of grout covered about three feet of trench. The grout seemed to fill up solidly and gave a smooth top. Afterward I found there were some crevices between the lower rocks. In view of the hard clay walls and bottom these crevices may be an advantage rather than a defect, since they constitute a blind drain under the foundations. In fact, a contractor who did extensive concrete work told me it would have been sufficient to lay a bed of thick mortar on the foundation stones.

The Foundation Walls

When the grouting was finished I decided to build upon the grouted foundation a concrete wall ten inches high and one foot wide, on which the concrete blocks would be laid. The object of this was to overcome a difference of level in the ground between the northwest and southeast corners of the site, and to obviate the necessity of laying blocks below the ground. A laborer and I put up forms of rough boards, lapping the lengths over and holding them together with nailed cross strips of wood. We placed sizable stones in the forms and poured over them a rich liquid mixture of cement, sand and gravel—about one part cement to six parts sand and gravel. When the forms were removed I was disheartened. It seemed to me there were holes between the stones big enough for me to crawl into.

At this mournful moment the skillful Italian who had leveled the foundation came along to assure me that the wall was all right, except for a little patching with cement. It would hold up a factory, he said. Our mistake was in having the stones too close together and not leaving a space between them and the boards. Generally speaking, the grouting method is not so satisfactory as entire mixed concrete or stones laid into a concrete bed. My foundations, however, are more than equal to their task and considerably superior to many if not most. I heard of a supposed concrete foundation wall which a crowbar pierced as if it had been cheese, and I saw a contractor's house job where the foundation wall was like a slab of molasses pop corn, being a mixture of cinders and cement. It is work like this that necessitates elaborate building laws rigidly enforced. Incidentally, how many house-renters or buyers, who are alert for esthetic details, inquire into the matter of foundations?

The cost of our foundations was about double what I had expected. I found cheer in the words of an old builder from the back country, who said that the main things about a house were the foundations and the roof. What came between was not so important. The following is the cost estimate, outside my own labor:

FOUNDATIONS OF THE HOUSE

Excavation, 72½ hours at $0.20	$14.50
Excavation, putting rock in trenches, 25 hours at $0.20	5.00
Boy picking up rock, 36½ hours at $0.10	3.65
Man and horse hauling rock 11 hours	4.50
For blasting, 6 sticks 40 per cent dynamite at $0.10, 18 feet fuse, 10 caps at $0.01	.90
105 feet 1¼-inch galvanized iron pipe at $0.12 (To bring water from dam; later used for well, and so forth.)	12.60
For oiling forms, 2 gallons crude oil	.80
Boy helping on dam, 5 hours	.50
Man breaking rock, 5 hours	1.00
For blasting, 8 sticks 1½-inch gelatine dynamite (4 pounds at $0.20), 25 feet fuse	1.05

Alba Bowls, in Robert Simpson Store, Toronto, Ontario, display merchandise well and make buying easy.

Good Light Sells Merchandise

Customers like to buy in well-lighted stores. They see what they are getting without taking the merchandise to a window or door. They stay longer, buy better and buy more.

Employees do more and better work in good light. Seeing is easier, selling is easier and health is better—fewer headaches, fewer absences and "days off".

You get more work done, make more sales and more profits.

Alba Lighting Equipment

Alba shows merchandise at its best and makes your store and windows attractive. Selling is easier.

Alba makes customers comfortable. Buying is easy.

Alba softens the light and helps employees to see and work better—no glare; no eye-strain.

Alba costs less (less current).

How to Get Good Light

Send for the facts about good light for your home or *your particular business*. We'll tell you how to get good light and will send you an Individual Portfolio of Suggestions. Which of the Articles below interest you?

1—HOMES: Good light in the home is beautiful, makes seeing easy and comfortable, the evening hours cheerful, and brings out the beauty of the surroundings. It prevents eye-strain.

2—DEPT. STORES: Customers stay longer and buy more where seeing is easy and comfortable. They speak well of the store and visit it often.

3—RESTAURANTS: Good light attracts patrons and makes them more comfortable. It is soft, agreeable, restful, promoting relaxation.

4—STORES: Well lighted stores and windows attract customers, and display merchandise to the best advantage. Customers stay longer and buy more.

5—OFFICES: Good light means more and better work with fewer mistakes, less fatigue, and without eye-strain. Seeing is easy and comfortable.

6—CLUBS: The illumination should be ample, restful, agreeable in color, beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings and entirely without strain.

7—HOTELS: Good light is beautiful, brings out the beauty of the surroundings, makes seeing easy and agreeable. People enjoy themselves more.

8—BANKS: Good light is handsome and [illegible] and prevents errors.

9—THEATRES: Good light is subtle, soft, restful [illegible] with the surroundings, and creates a receptive attitude in the mind of the audience.

10—HOSPITALS: The light should be ample, cheerful, and restful to contribute to the comfort and quick recovery of the patients. Good light is needed in the operating rooms for precision and accuracy.

11—CHURCHES: The light should be subtle, soft and agreeable. Harsh or brilliant spots, which distract the eye and attention, should be avoided.

The attached coupon is for your convenience ⟶

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co
Pittsburgh

Sales and Show-rooms also in New York
Chicago, Philadelphia
St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati
Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco
Macbeth-Evans Glass Co
Ltd Toronto

FOLD, TEAR OFF, FILL IN, MAIL

[illegible]

No

Name

Street

City and State

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

What Springs Are on This Car?

Comfort is a big factor in the choice of a car.

The prospective buyer decides upon about the amount he wants to pay and examines the cars at that price.

He finds they all have mechanical efficiency and convenience of control, starting, lighting, etc.

The car that offers the greatest comfort is the car that wins with the unprejudiced buyer.

When you are looking at cars, ask, "What springs are on this car?" The dealer will answer with pride and confidence if he can say—

DETROIT SPRINGS

He knows that you know about them and he knows that you want the springs that are

Guaranteed for Two Years

Detroit Springs are self-lubricating and never squeak. Look for the lubricating cups at the end of each leaf.

Always ask, "*What Springs Are on This Car?*"

Write for booklet, "From the Ore to the Motor Car."

RESILIENT Detroit Springs SILENT SELF LUBRICATING

Detroit Steel Products Company

2200 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Fittings to pipe dam, elbow and funnel	.93
Square and level foundations, fix pipe to dam,	
[illegible]	3.00
[illegible]	1.25
[illegible]	1.00
Boy helping grout foundation	.40
Man grouting, 9 hours	2.00
Man on foundation wall, 27 hours	6.00
Boy, 7 hours	.70
Pointing up foundation wall, 3 hours	1.00
Cement, 42 bags at $0.37½	15.75
Sand and gravel [illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$85.[illegible]

The foundation wall might be considered part of the general walls rather than true foundation. It required about half the total cement and sand and $8.70 worth of labor—altogether $21.07—which might be deducted from foundation cost. If the item of $12.60 for galvanized iron pipe, practically all used elsewhere later, be also deducted, the net cost of the foundation is only $51.66.

It was a shock to learn that we should have to build a private road before even the foundations of our house could be finished. I had counted on using an old road through the woods, but it proved impassable in the wetness of early spring and would hardly ever stand up under three or four ton loads of sand and concrete blocks. The idea of makeshift corduroy was considered and dismissed. As long as we had to have a road I decided to make a permanent one. The first thing to do was to mark the boundary line between our land and that of our western neighbor, for along it I planned to make the road. There was no fence on this line and the surveyor's stakes were three hundred and ninety feet apart. As the surveyor would have charged $10 to put in extra stakes my neighbor and I decided to do the job ourselves.

We cut two tall posts which we set in the places occupied by the surveyor's stakes. We made the posts perpendicular by means of a mason's level, stretched a stout cord for the distance of three hundred and ninety feet between them, and on the cord rigged a pulley and short string weighted with a fisherman's lead sinker. At every rod or so a stake was driven directly under the sinker. The difficulty was that the least breath of air caused the line to sway from the boundary; and absolute calm was necessary to get the stakes right.

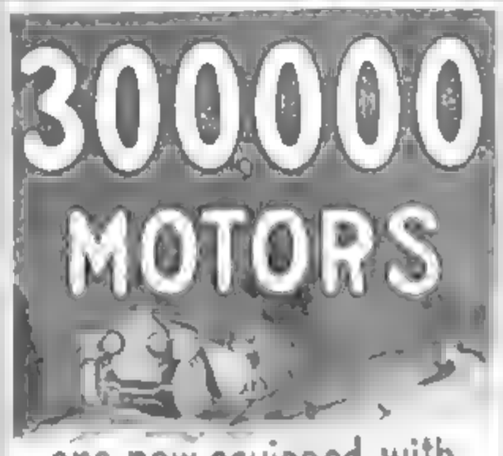
Learning to Handle Dynamite

The Italian lad who worked for me after school hours helped me to lay out the road with birch stakes. We decided to have it two feet from the boundary and eight feet in width. From highway to house site it measured three hundred and seventy-five feet. The route was a gradual incline and a comparative jungle of underbrush, rocks and trees. I cleaned up the brush and smaller rocks and cut down good-sized hickory, maple and cedar trees. Dynamite was needed to remove stumps, to shave a great trap rock that projected into the road, and to demolish a granite bowlder that lay exactly in the center of the route. For a day or two I held a drill pounded by casual Italians, one of whom, a bright and intelligent young fellow, told me he had just got out of jail, where he had been wrongfully held on a murder charge.

The Italians knew how to use the dynamite, which I had obtained at a quarry; but I felt that I ought to learn to use the stuff myself. If I once knew how, I could blow up stumps and do other things without assistance. I had seen plenty of dynamite, yet I had never attempted to handle it. My respect for it was so great that I would rather never have touched it. Only the necessity of getting along with a job that had begun to lag, and of carrying out an enterprise that was worth taking chances on, finally persuaded me to become a dynamiter.

I traded an hour's work in a neighbor's garden for a ten-minute lesson in the use of high explosives, and then I proceeded at once to put my newly acquired knowledge into practice. I cut a piece of fuse with a penknife, slid the fuse into a little copper tube of fulminate of mercury, and crimped the tube on the fuse with my teeth. Most Italians do this instead of using pincers. I did it, albeit with an unhappy thought of the consequences if my teeth did not bite true or jarred the most sensitive and ferocious explosive known to man. There was power enough in that little tube to blow a hole through a steel plate.

Next I bored a hole in half a stick of dynamite with a sharpened bit of wood, inserted the copper tube in the hole, placed



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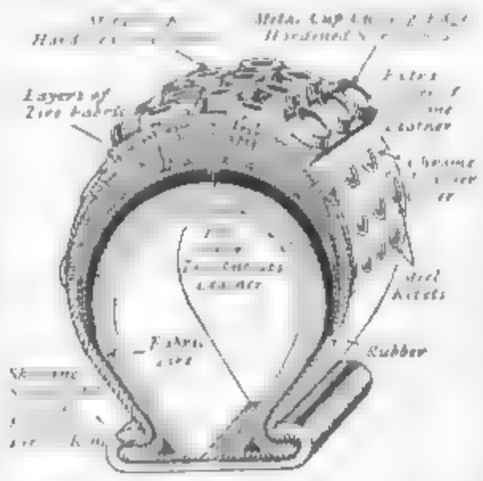

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the charge in a rock crevice and gently covered it with soft clay. I stood up and tried to imitate the Caruso-like roar of an Italian blaster, directed successively at the points of the compass—"F-i-i-i-i-ire!" Next came the match anxiously held to the split end of the fuse, then a splutter and sparkle of flame.

I jumped up and ran. I was astonished at my agility and speed, although I had been told that the splutter-sparkle of a fuse always had an electrical effect on the organs of locomotion.

After this I blasted away quite merrily, sending rocks, stumps and drills hurtling through the air in all directions. Once a good-sized stump came out of the sky to land quite near me, five hundred feet from where it had been torn from the earth. But familiarity bred recklessness, and I soon began to look down on the precautions of experienced blasters. However, the guardian angel of amateurs protected me from harm; and when I had completed all the work for which dynamite was necessary, recklessness and even assurance gradually departed and I resumed my original veneration for high explosives.

An Albanian above sixty years of age was my chief collaborator in blasting rocks for the road. I held the drill clumsily—it is an art to hold and twist it between blows while the old man pounded it unremittingly and unerringly with an eight-pound sledge hammer. He whirled the hammer with a full-arm movement round his head and always made it deliver a slanting blow on top of the drill. There was never chance of a misstroke; I had no fear on that score; and he could keep up the work for hours. Although I had developed considerable muscle, using the sledge soon tired me and I never attempted the artistic swinging blow. The old man made me feel like an incompetent weakling. He knew rocks just as a surgeon knows anatomy. He understood against what seams and crevices to direct sledge hammer and crowbar, and soon shattered bowlders that I had attacked in vain.

The Albanian's principal remark to me was: "Chop him a little," meaning an attack with the hammer; and when success crowned my efforts he would say: "Good, John." I appreciated the fact that he called me "John," a generic term for the dominant race equivalent to the word "boss." He had the erect carriage of a military man, and when I visited his shack and he handed me a bottle of beer and tilted its mate down his throat I wondered whether he was not a prince or a nobleman in his own land.

An Unexpected Interruption

After the blasting was done I engaged men and teams to dig out the roadway. As a result of wet weather the ground was soggy and the roadway was pervaded with serpentine roots of oak and hickory for a distance of one hundred feet, so mattock and ax were in greater demand than pick and shovel. To cut through the side roots of a massive oak at the beginning of the road, while advancing some ten feet through a bank three feet high, was a full day's work for three men and a team. On the upper part of the road we were able to use a plow and then a scraper, which was like an enormous shovel, drawn by two horses. When the roadway had been sufficiently channeled to receive a layer of bottom stone I halted proceedings, while the old Albanian helped me to make a plank bridge over the gutter at the highway entrance to the private road.

It was now the beginning of May. The I. W. W. had announced a general strike of laborers in near-by cities and towns; but I had not imagined that the agitators would dare to invade our remote and peaceful hamlet. One day in the midst of our work the Albanian and I heard a clamor. We looked down the road and saw a procession of strikers approaching; but we paid no attention to them and kept at our task. They came up to where we were and shouted: "Everybody quit work!" One of them picked up an ax and brandished it playfully. I tried to think of something to say that would be appropriate to the rôle of an employer, something about free institutions or law and order. Finally I asked their demands. A neatly dressed, clever-looking Italian with a fountain pen in his breast pocket replied: "Eight hours; two dollars."

I asked whether they would compromise on nine hours and two dollars. The spokesman said that compromise might come

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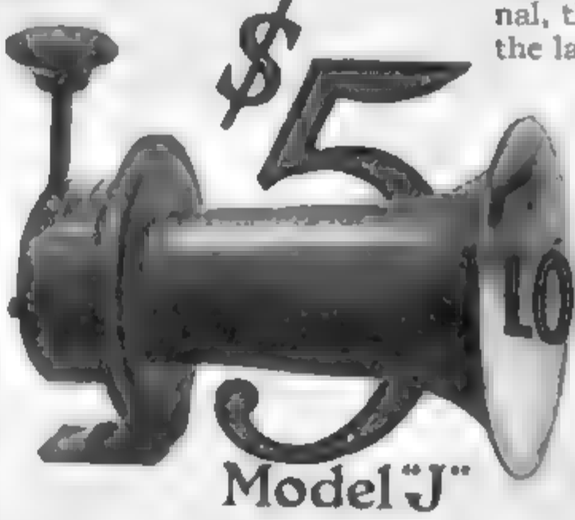

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They are *real Brunswick Regulation Tables*, modified in sizes and designs to fit any house. The life, the speed, the same accurate angles all the [illegible] that have made the name *Brunswick* standard [illegible] excellence around the world.

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"Grand" and "Baby Grand" are made of [illegible] Each has [illegible] cushions, famed for quick action, and genuine Vermont slate beds.

Note also the Brunswick "Convertible" Tables, ingeniously contrived to [illegible] as perfect Library or Dining Tables when not in use for Billiards.

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High Class Playing Outfit given [illegible] Balls, [illegible] tapered cues, rack, markers, cips, table cover, cue clamps, brush, chalk, spirit level, expert book on "How to Play," etc.

This handsome new book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet," shows all Brunswick tables in actual colors, gives full details and low factory prices. *Sent FREE!* Mail the coupon.

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afterward, but now everybody must quit work. I told him the Albanian was old and needed a job. The spokesman revealed that he also needed a job, having a wife and several children. Pocketing the dignity of a regular employer, I asked the strikers to let me finish the bridge before they called out my sole employee. They agreed to this most cheerfully, and furthermore helped to set the last planks in place. Then they marched off with the unwilling old Albanian. He came back to work in a couple of days. "Strike no good, John," he told me solemnly.

I had a mass of conflicting advice to choose from in regard to the best way to finish my road; but I decided that no one but myself knew my resources and my needs. So I used my own judgment and had no cause to regret it. The larger pieces of blasted stone were laid as a foundation in the one-hundred-foot stretch of clay bog toward the highway. Over this foundation, and directly on the hard clay above, we distributed a thick layer of trap rock, varying from the size of a man's fist down to small fragments. About two inches of dry clay was then spread on this rock. A top layer of medium fine rock was placed on the clay, and a heavy iron roller was used to pack the road down.

A contractor estimated that the road would cost $250. Its actual cost was about half that sum. An important element of economy was the use of stone that had been blasted out of a tunnel and was near at hand. It cost fifty per cent less than regular quarry stone.

The First Kitchen Garden

After my first hour of shoveling stone into a wagon every bone and sinew in my body felt dislocated; and I had to lie down on the ground to rest while the wagon dumped its load. After ten hours of such toil I was paralyzed with physical fatigue. At the same time I was full of health, vigor and contentment. I slept hours less than when I had an office job in the city; my weariness was bodily and not mental. The joy of swelling biceps and expanding chest was rediscovered.

I felt as fit as one of Jack London's primitive men or a banker just graduated from a sanitarium.

Here is a brief summary of the road cost:

16 sticks dynamite, 46-foot fuse, 37 caps	$ 3.13
Galvanized iron screen	1.00
5 spruce planks 10 by 2 inches, by 12 feet, at $0.80	4.00
[illegible] cubic yards bottom stone at $0.[illegible]	[illegible]
7½ cubic yards screened stone at $0.50	3.75
[illegible]	[illegible]
team $6 per 9-hour day	86.50
Total	$120.54

At the same time that I was road making and foundation building I cleared a small jungle near the house site, set out fruit trees and started a considerable garden. Most of the acre and a half garden space was in sod, but part of it was a dense tangle of fern roots that had an unfernal vitality and required the use of the hoe at least once a week. Our pessimistic counselor told us that the ferns could not be eradicated for years; but we had them practically conquered by midsummer. The bucolic Jeremiah also told us not to expect much of mere sod and commercial fertilizer, which was the only enrichment I used for the garden soil; but we had one of the best gardens in the neighborhood.

Fall and winter vegetables were planted, and as a result we had vegetables enough to last us through the winter. Finding that three-quarters of an acre was entirely sufficient for a kitchen garden, besides affording space for small fruits, and that a garden of this size was all we could handle ourselves, we let an Italian have the rest of the acre and a half on shares. He came with several compatriots and numerous children at six o'clock one morning, and in a few hours he had planted the allotted area in potatoes, corn and beans. The potatoes were not very successful, yet our half share amounted to nine bushels.

After the ground was plowed and harrowed we cultivated our part of the garden entirely with the hand hoe and the wheel hoe. I was beginning to get discouraged with the simultaneous and multiplied cares of housebuilding and agriculture when my good wife came to the rescue. She valiantly pushed the wheel hoe, slashed down ferns, nursed muskmelons and Hubbard squash, and doctored the young fruit

69

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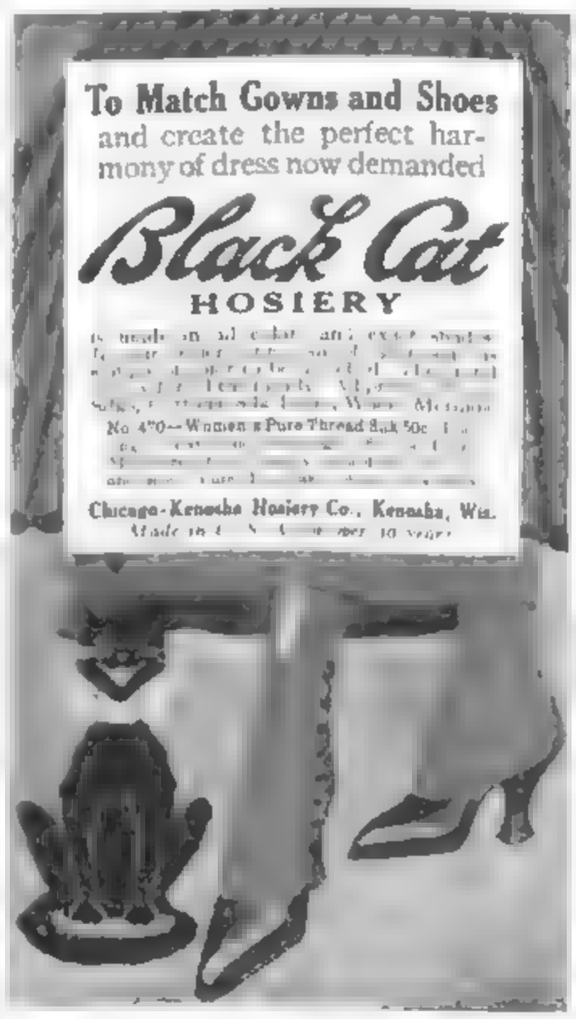

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"Need money, eh?"
"Yes."
"Want to mortgage your house?"
"That's it."
"Title clear?"
"Oh, sure!"
"How sure?"
"It's guaranteed by a title company I know is good."
"Insured against fire?"
"Yes, indeed!"
"What company?"
"Why—er—a—why—By George! I can't remember!"
"Good policy?"
"I suppose so!"
"How do you know?"
"To tell the truth, I don't *know*."
"Would I be justified in lending you money on your house if I had never even seen it, knowing nothing whatever about it?"
"No, I suppose not."
"Then am I any more justified in lending money on property insured by a company you know nothing about?"
"I never thought of that."
"I'll tell you what I think of it. I think you'd better find out whether you have real insurance or just a policy."
"What do you call real insurance?"
"The kind that is furnished by the Hartford Fire Insurance Company—a company that has promptly paid every just claim for 105 years—claims amounting to 176 millions of dollars; a company that has shown its strength against the country's greatest conflagrations for more than a century. That's what I call real insurance."

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Gentlemen:—Send me "Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention," your booklet suggesting ways of preventing fires.

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trees attacked by insects. I started the garden, but she kept it going. Among our vegetables we had string beans, Lima beans, peas, sweet corn, winter and summer squash, cucumbers, muskmelons, watermelons, tomatoes, peppers, egg plant, Brussels sprouts, kale, chard, salsify, beets, parsnips, carrots, cabbage and celery.

Of all the small fruits set out we had comparative failures only with three gooseberry bushes, which never started to grow; and with our red raspberries, which were improperly allowed to yield up their strength in fruit. A neighbor gave me about fifty blackberry plants, which I set out along the moist and shady woods; and they flourished mightily. Our hundred strawberry plants multiplied so fast that we set out another bed half as large as the original. There were enough young plants to cover half an acre. Muskmelons and watermelons, planted on the fern patch, yielded remarkably well. In fact, to our sorrow, much of the early and midsummer crop of vegetables of necessity went to waste; for we were in a boarding house and could not use them. We gave away what we could to workmen, neighbors and city visitors, who marveled at our munificence.

The cost of garden and general improvements was as follows:

Trees and plants, including 6 dwarf apples, 6 dwarf pears, 6 plums, 6 cherries, 6 peaches, 3 [illegible] trees largest size; 10 grapes, 10 currants, 20 red raspberries, 20 asparagus, 15 rhubarb, horse-radish, 3 gooseberries, 100 strawberries, and freight charge 35 cents	$17.51
Plowing and harrowing	8.00
500 pounds fertilizer, freight and cartage	7.30
Boy helping plant trees, one day	1.00
Vegetable seeds	2.75
Plants—tomato, pepper and eggplant	1.00
2½ bushels seed potatoes	1.90
Atomizer and creolin for trees	.60
Boy hoeing garden, 7 hours	.70
Cutting down, peeling and sawing 14 chestnut trees to be used for fence posts	2.50
Cutting down hickory trees for firewood	1.00
Hauling logs near house, team one-half day	2.50
Hellebore, $0.43; bushel basket, $0.25	.68
100 cabbage plants, $0.50; 125 celery plants $0.60	1.10
Man breaking bowlders, one day	2.00
Partnership investment on pig, which died and was a total loss	7.40
Total	$57.94

I began operations on the first of April. It was the twenty-second of May before the road was finished and June seventh when the foundations were completed. Our rustic raven hinted that the summer was going fast; and it began to grate upon me when even artless Mary, the pretty young Albanian girl who often visited us, iterated the inquiry: "When are you going to build your house?" Under the pressure of immediate and arduous tasks I had almost forgotten the ultimate goal. I was laborer, farmer, stonebreaker, anything but a house-builder. I had not anticipated so many and such difficult preliminaries. To my faithful and trusting wife I explained that our task was like a military operation—the period of long and tedious preparation would be followed by swift and dazzling accomplishment. The thoughtless world recked not the toil, while it applauded the victory. But we would show them.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by John R. McMahon. The second will appear next week

Still a Dark Secret

THERE used to be a United States Senator from New England—he is dead now—who spoke at great length and with much force on whatever subject he chose to discuss; but his style of delivery was somewhat involved, not to say intricate. And sometimes, because of this, he spent some time in getting at the meat of his topic.

One night, during a heated presidential campaign, he spoke at Cooper Union, in the city of New York. A business man who had a profound admiration for the statesman was late in arriving. As he hurried up the steps, panting hard, he met an upstate farmer just emerging from the top-floor hall, where the meeting was staged.

"Has Senator So-and-So begun speaking?" asked the new arrival.

"Yep," said the departing one.

"How long has he been speaking?"

"'Bout twenty minutes," said the farmer.

"What is he speaking about?"

"He didn't say!" answered the truthful yokel, and passed on.

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CUSTOMER:—Give me a box—

CLERK:—Won't you try—

CUSTOMER:—No, I won't! I've tried 'em all, up to 25 cents. I KNOW what I want.

I wasted a lot of time on other cigarettes—but for the balance of my years I'm going to enjoy "London Life."

If there's any better cigarette on this earth, *I don't deserve it.*

CLERK:—Yes, sir. And it's "most extraordinary"—so many of our customers say that same thing. Ten cents, right. Thank you, sir.

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10 Cents Here—10 Pence There

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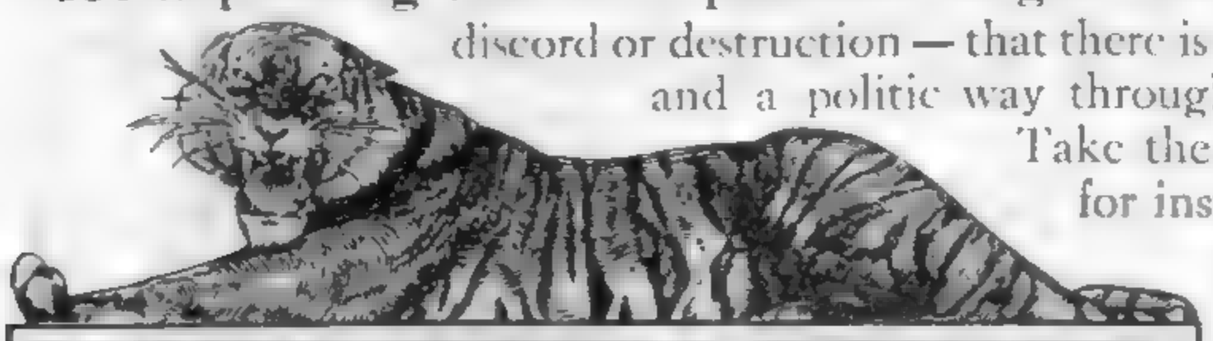
NEXT week—March 6th to 13th Royal dealers' stores—the semi-



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IF YOU could secure wholesale prices direct from a manufacturer of first-class tires and if these tires were sold to you under a 4000-mile adjustment guarantee, you'd certainly do it, wouldn't you? And that's just what you CAN do, as we are now selling our first grade BUCKSKIN TIRES direct to user. Just to illustrate how we can save you money, we will sell you a 34" x 4" plain tire for $17.84, express prepaid. And no matter what size you use, you'll find it in the following list at a greatly reduced price.

What Size Do You Use?—Note the Great Saving

SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID	SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID
28 x 3	$8.01	$8.96	*30 x 3½	$13.81	$21.06
30 x 3	8.36	9.80	32 x 3½	14.16	21.41
*30 x 3½	10.41	15.02	*32 x 3½	24.57	24.89
31 x 3½	11.78	15.56	*33 x 3½	25.52	25.58
*32 x 3½	12.38	15.96	*34 x 3½	25.83	28.94
*30 x 4	13.41	15.98	*35 x 3½	26.78	29.97
30 x 4	14.19	16.25	*35 x 4	30.47	34.11
31 x 4"	15.56	17.73	36 x 4	30.83	34.52
32 x 4"	16.56	18.54	*37 x 4½	32.00	35.82
*32 x 4"	16.85	18.86	37 x 4½"	33.84	37.89
*34 x 4"	17.60	19.71	38 x 4½"	40.61	45.47
*30 x 5"	17.84	20.07	*38 x 5"	41.49	46.45
*35 x 4"	18.63	20.88	39 x 5"	50.99	57.11

* Made in Dunlap or Straight Side

BUCKSKIN TIRES

PLAIN OR NON-SKID—Guaranteed

HAND-WRAPPED TREADS—NOT MOLDED

Quality Guaranteed BY LARGE FACTORY; BUCKSKIN TIRES are made from the finest materials obtainable up to the highest known standards of workmanship. Our the patent Para is cover is reel with the highest grade of Sea Island Cotton Fabric. Handmade heavy, substantial and durable. We sell them almost to you at factory cost plus a small margin of profit. We have no salesmen, no branches, no labor troubles and we sell for cash only. And we positively guarantee every BUCKSKIN TIRE to be first-grade in every respect.

4000-Mile Guarantee and Adjustment All BUCKSKIN TIRES carry a guarantee of 4000 miles of service. When necessary to make adjustment we pay expressage both ways.

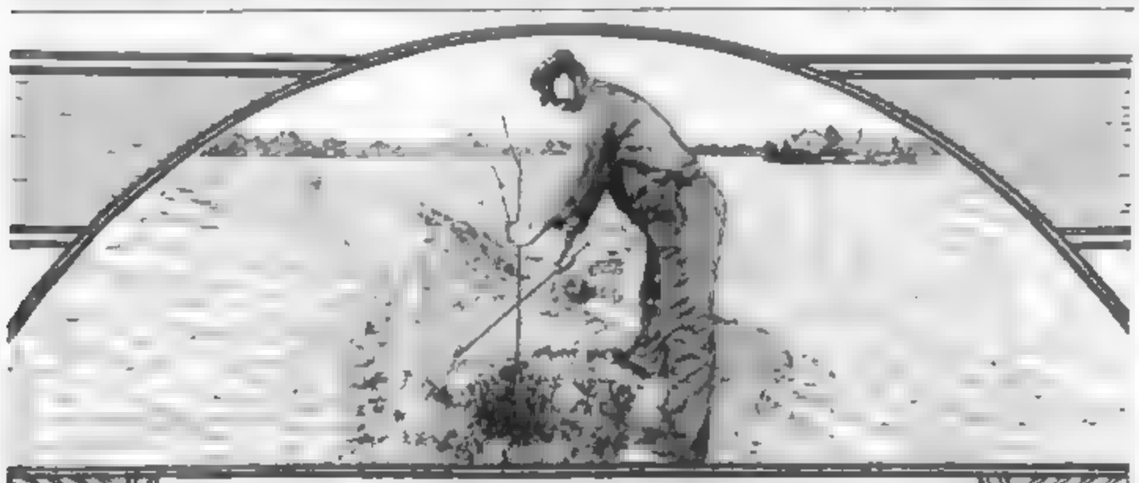
Charges Prepaid Anywhere When check accompanies order, we ship anywhere in United States and Canada express prepaid on receipt of letter. If not your money will be refunded immediately if you are not satisfied after examination. We operate a large factory and have been manufacturing tires for years. We cordially invite you to visit our factory and see how and of BUCKSKIN TIRES are made. We refer you to Dun's or Bradstreet's, The Commercial Trust Company of Carrollton or the First National Bank of Canton.

Our Patented Basket Weave Non Skid Tread

The L. & M. Rubber Company, Dept. "H," Carrollton, Ohio

Manufacturers of Rubber Goods Since 1904

Our Western Distributing Office is 328 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



Trees Grow Faster in Blasted Holes

Trees planted in blasted holes averaged 1207 inches new growth the first year; trees in spade-dug holes grew only 555 inches, the New Jersey Experiment Station found. You get bearing orchards two years sooner and have bigger, thriftier, stronger-rooted trees when you plant them in holes blasted with

Atlas Farm Powder

THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE

The Original Farm Powder

A small charge digs the hole and breaks up the subsoil for several feet in every direction, putting it in condition to promote rapid growth. It costs less than hand-digging, and is easy, and efficient—does its work instantly.

Atlas Farm Powder is made especially for farm purposes and is sold by dealers near you. It is safe, convenient, and most economical for you to use in planting your trees, blasting stumps and clearing land, digging ditches, etc.

Send Coupon for "Better Farming" Book—FREE

Our valuable book, "Better Farming," tells how to regenerate old orchards, how to plant new orchards most successfully, how to increase the fertility of the land, and how to do many kinds of work with Atlas Farm Powder. Get it now—mail the coupon.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY General Offices **WILMINGTON, DEL.**

Sales Offices: Birmingham, Boston, Joplin, Knoxville, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis

Atlas Powder Co., Wilmington, Del. S.E.P.

Send me your book "Better Farming." I may use Atlas Farm Powder for

Name_____

Address

Money-Making Hints

By Roger W. Babson

ABOUT three years ago I wrote a series of articles on investment for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in which I described the different classes and grades of securities and urged readers to study carefully the "times and seasons." It was emphasized that it is much easier to know what to buy than when to buy, and hence the importance of knowing underlying business conditions.

During the past year I have been writing a series directed to the young business man who desires to raise capital rather than to invest. In this latter series the young business man has been taken behind the scenes, so to speak, in order that he might better understand how to buy correctly as well as how to sell, how to borrow wisely as well as how to loan. In this series, also, was emphasized the necessity of acting in accordance with fundamental conditions rather than the advisability of following the crowd.

In both these series I have constantly stated that all legitimate big profits come in one of three ways—namely: 1—By doing something better than the other fellow does it. 2—By doing something before the other fellow does it; and 3—By doing something the other fellow does not like to do.

As there have come many letters from SATURDAY EVENING POST readers asking for simple illustrations and practical suggestions regarding the principles laid down in these two series, I have decided to make a break in the general articles and devote this space for a while to illustrations and suggestions, answering through this column some of the letters that have come to my office from readers.

Moreover, to make these illustrations practical, I shall endeavor to discuss only current cases that have recently attracted my attention.

As above suggested, the way to get on is to render better service, to do something before the other chap does it, or to do something the other chap does not like to do. How this last works out is illustrated by the following incident:

A young man of my acquaintance had been working in a New England bank for some ten or more years. After his ten years of service in the country bank his annual salary amounted to only twelve hundred dollars, while his yearly expenses were at least twelve hundred and fifty dollars. He did not dare to ask for more salary, for he knew the bank could get men as good as he was for less money. Many fellows with a little inherited income are willing to work in a bank at starvation wages; they like being referred to as Mr. Jones, of the local bank.

This fellow, however, reached the point where honors would no longer pay grocery bills, and he determined that a change must be made. If he were getting so little money because so many fellows wanted his job, why would it not be a plucky thing for him to seek a job no one else wanted?

The Banker-Bootblack

After some looking about he found a line of business with which fellows of his training were not connected—namely, the shining of shoes. He remembered that, when he was a boy, many of his chums used to shine shoes on Saturdays for a little pin money; but during recent years he had seen no American boy shining shoes, the work having gone entirely into the hands of foreigners.

Well, this chap made up his mind that he would learn the shining game; and every morning he would go to some public stand and have his shoes shined, noticing carefully just how the bootblacks did the work, questioning them in regard to their income, and learning all he could about the business.

His next step was to buy out a local shining parlor, which he indirectly operated, though still holding his position in the bank. Here he gained much more experience and incidentally made a little money. After continuing this parlor for about six months he resigned his position in the bank and immediately opened three other parlors in adjoining towns, in which he introduced the sale of shoestrings, blacking and other accessories.

To-day this fellow has a chain of about twenty shining parlors, with an average profit of about forty dollars a month from each, or a total income of about ten thousand dollars a year. When any young man comes to him for advice as to a vocation he always says:

"Render some service that your chums don't like to render—or, in other words, do something the other fellow does not like to do. If it is a legitimate business, and you do the work well, the question of your future is solved."

One of the men connected with my organization was once interviewing a very successful merchant as to the best opportunities for young men at that time; and the great merchant replied as follows:

"Observation teaches me that the most successful manufacturers, merchants and other men have reached their positions through specialization."

The Hairspring Specialist

Consequently when the next young man came to my associate asking advice, he repeated this remark—in fact, he sent the inquirer to the big merchant for suggestions. The merchant, however, simply repeated the same story and allowed the chap to think it over. Later this young fellow returned to the merchant and stated that he had decided to become a specialist and to specialize on watches. The merchant then answered him thus:

"Well, young man, perhaps watches will do; but, to my mind, that is not specialization. Instead of wanting to know more about watches than anyone else, you should take some special part of the watch, such as the hairspring or the hands."

This apparently met the approval of the inquirer, and he determined to study hairsprings and to know more about hairsprings than anyone else. That was less than ten years ago; but to-day this man is almost a national authority on the subject of hairsprings. And any one of the big watch manufacturers of the United States would be glad to pay him for his services more than the state of New York pays its governor.

When one considers that a watch is only one of a list of many thousands of definite and distinct commodities, and that each one of those commodities consists of many separate parts, there yet remains an almost infinite number of chances for young men to specialize.

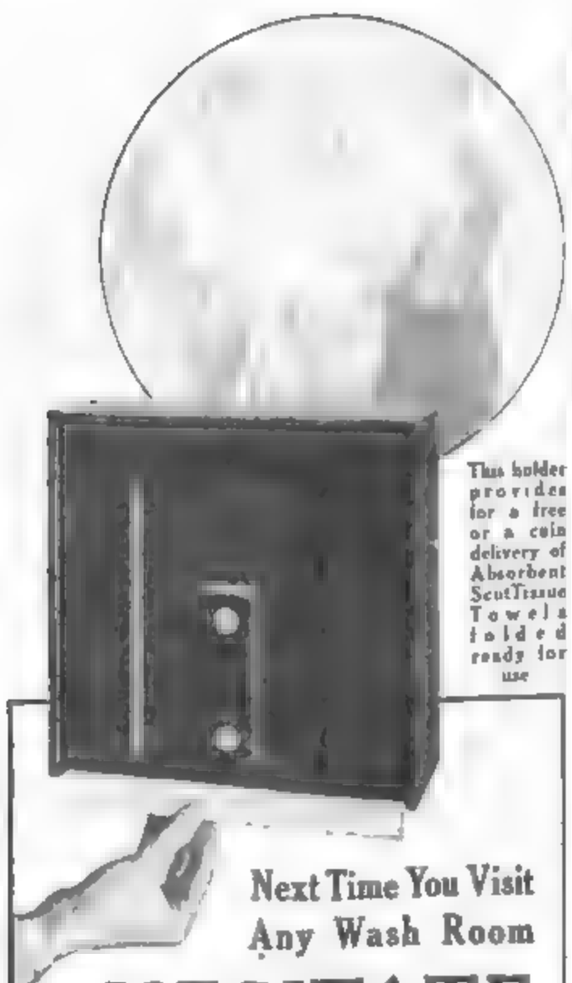
Dealing in real estate has always been an attractive and respectable vocation. This includes the buying, selling and development of land; the erection, sale and renting of houses, together with the handling of business property.

In older communities, and especially in such countries as England, the greatest amount of money in real estate is made through the purchase and sale of long leases. These leases are bought and sold to some extent in such old American cities as Philadelphia. Taking the United States as a whole, however, very little business is done along these lines; in fact, in the newer cities of the great West traffic in leases is almost unknown.

Yet in all sections of the country there are great opportunities for making money by arranging with some estate for a long lease of all its property, or of some one office building at an average sum, based on the net income. The estate feels that, instead of having the bother of renting and rerenting, the making of repairs, and so forth, with always a portion of the property vacant, it would be much better to make a long lease with one individual, who would have all the income and pay all the bills. Moreover, on the theory that a man will work harder for himself than for any one else, such a plan is usually good for both the lessor and the lessee.

In your locality is there not some old office building that you could lease at a small rental, fix up, and rent to others at a handsome profit? If the lease is properly written it is not necessary for you to keep the property during the life of the lease. You may find a tenant who desires a large part if not all of the building and is willing to take a lease of the entire property.

Then, perhaps, for a payment by such a man of a flat sum of, say, ten thousand dollars, you can assign all your interest in



Next Time You Visit Any Wash Room

HESITATE

YOU will find there some kind of a towel. If it is a fabric towel—roller or individual—pause and ask yourself these questions: Is it safe to use? Who used it last? How was their health? Did a mere laundering make the towel contagion-proof? Think hard over these questions.

But if you find any paper towel there, you can feel positively certain that that towel at least has never been used before; you can be sure, therefore, that it is absolutely safe to use. And if those paper towels are

ABSORBENT

ScotTissue Towels

any possible objection you may have ever had against paper towels in general will vanish, provided you use ScotTissue right—

Fold and "Use Like a Blotter"

because ScotTissue has the *absorbent* and fabric qualities essential in a perfect towel. Our new patented holder (see picture above) delivers one Absorbent ScotTissue at a time, already folded and ready for use; either free or coin delivery, as desired. Here is perfect towel service and rigid economy.

Through data collected from numerous Railroads, Steamship Lines, Individual Plants, Offices, Hotels, etc., etc., our Service Department is prepared to offer advice as to the most efficient and economical use of paper towels and toilet paper.

Housewives will find ScotTissue excellent towels, cleaners and polishers in the home—time and labor savers, too.

WHICH BOOKLET INTERESTS YOU?

For [illegible] INSTALL SCOTTISSUE Free on request

For the proprietor [illegible] SHOULD APPRECIATE SCOTTISSUE TOWELS AT WORK Free on request

For housewives "USES OF SCOTTISSUE IN THE HOME" Also free on request

For Home Use

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
723 Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Originators of the Absorbent Paper Towel

the lease for the balance of the period to him. Hence a young man trading in leases not only has the opportunity of making a profit on the renting of the property, but also has the possibility of selling his interest in the lease for a good sum of money.

Of course it is very important to hire only such property as is in a growing section of your city. Good business and poor business slowly but steadily travel in one direction through a city, as waves of prosperity or depression travel across a nation. The same laws govern the sectional growth of cities as govern the business conditions of a nation—and, in fact, the barometric and atmospheric conditions of the world.

However, by a careful study of underlying conditions, a young man may pretty closely anticipate in what direction a city will grow and can often handle such a lease at considerable profit to himself, and at the same time not interfere with his regular business.

Speaking of real estate reminds me of the opportunities that are now gradually coming into the market in the form of irrigated lands. Readers will remember that when my articles on investment were written irrigation lands were booming, and I warned investors against the advertisements that so many magazines contained of irrigation bonds, bolstered up by articles entitled Millions in Irrigation.

The fact is, at that time both irrigation securities and irrigated lands were selling at the highest point they ever reached, either before or afterward. Since those palmy days irrigation securities have fallen thirty to fifty per cent, while land that was then being offered at a hundred dollars an acre can now be bought for twenty-five.

Many of the irrigation companies have gone into bankruptcy; and, though the land—or much of it—was sold, yet investigation has since revealed the fact that it was sold to typists and office boys in the bond houses offering "Gilt-edged six per cent gold irrigation bonds, secured by mortgages on land worth a hundred and twenty-five per cent of their face value."

Since that time the gilt has come off the idol and it is now almost impossible to sell such land at any price; and some of the bonds cannot be given away, for fear the holder may be obliged to pay an assessment.

Bargains for Farmers

After a study of the situation my office has learned that the fundamental difficulty was not with the land or with the bonds; but the people who bought the land did not buy it in order to raise crops, but simply to raise prices. In other words, many of those people who went to Oregon, Washington, California and other states to buy irrigation land never intended to farm, but rather to "land" the property on some other fellow at a great profit.

A few middlemen in any line of business may be necessary; but when every man attempts to be a middleman, and no one is willing to produce, then a collapse is inevitable. Hence to-day, as we turn over the pages of our magazines, we see neither advertisements of irrigation bonds nor beautifully illustrated articles on irrigated lands.

On the other hand, to-day is the time to purchase good irrigation bonds at seventy cents on the dollar, and also the time for any legitimate farmer to buy a fine irrigated farm in the West. It is the old story I have so constantly preached in former series—that the time to sell is when a proposition is popular and the average man desires to buy; while the time to buy is when an industry is in disrepute and the average man desires to sell his interest therein.

Of the many ways of advertising open to the retail merchant of the small city or town, the most direct and usually the most profitable is the handbill. Next to the newspaper it is probably the most common, for every local retailer uses handbills to announce his special sales and bargains. Not every one gets the greatest benefit from such handbills, however, because very few merchants give proper attention to their distribution; in fact, the principal object with most of them is to get their bills "passed" as cheaply as possible. And right there is where they make their mistake.

After you have worked hard to get up a bill that will pull customers, and have paid your good money to have it printed, you want to be sure that it gets into the hands of the people. You cannot afford to have your bills thrown away; neither can you

"That's more than a GOOD Shingle—It's THE Good Shingle"

NEPONSET SHINGLES

PATENTED

Says the Old Carpenter:

"It's more than half your life you spend under a roof, and it's worth a little study to be sure you get a good one. That's a shingle that won't curl up in hot weather nor crack under frost. Nor blow away. I've known a single thickness of that material—**PAROID ROOFING**—to last for sixteen years. When I get that shingle laid there'll be seven thicknesses between the sheathing and the weather."

Neponset Shingles are "built-up," so that the butt end is of treble thickness. Their color, of soft gray, may be painted red or green if desired.

Think over these other qualities that you want in your roofing:

Fire Protection—Sparks and embers die out on Neponset Shingles.

Economy—Neponset Shingles cost, all laid, about the same as good wooden shingles, all laid. But they are double width and so almost halve the cost of laying. This means more of your investment on your roof—less for labor. They make the most economical shingle.

Repairing or Building?

If so, you will wish to study other waterproof products than shingles. For instance, Neponset Wall Board, Paroid Roofing, Neponset Proslate, Neponset Building Papers, Sound Deadening Felts, and Floor Covering.

"Repairing and Building" is the book you want. A request brings a copy without expense to you—free.

Neponset Shingles are sold by thousands of dealers. If you don't know one, write us and we will either tell you where you can see Neponset Shingles near by or we will send you full information, prices and reproductions of photographs of shingles actually in use on houses. Write today. If you will give the name of your building supply dealer, the favor will be appreciated.

BIRD & SON

Established 1795

NEPONSET

102 Neponset Street
East Walpole, Mass.

New York Chicago Washington San Francisco

Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

Clip Coupon Today

BIRD & SON, 102 Neponset Street
East Walpole, Mass.

Please send "Repairing and Building."

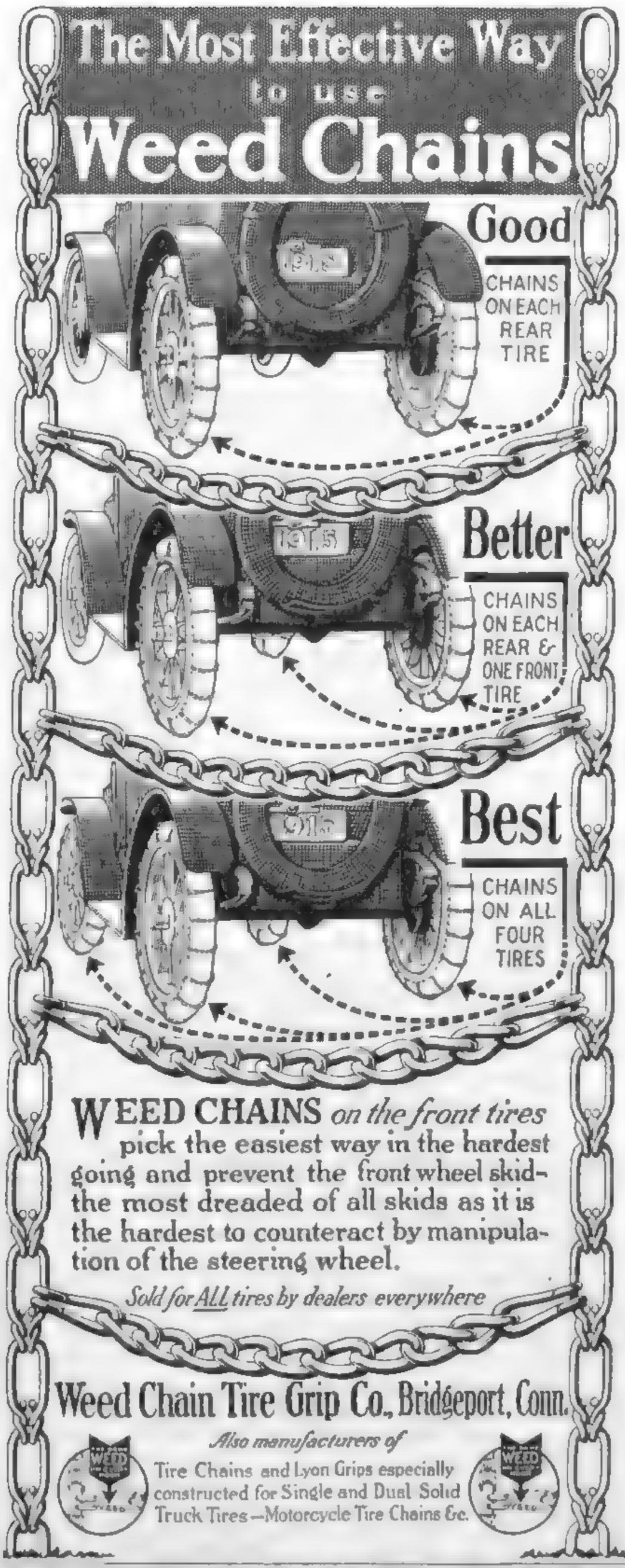
I am building a

I am repairing a

Name

Street

Town State


The Most Effective Way
to use
Weed Chains
Good
CHAINS ON EACH REAR TIRE
Better
CHAINS ON EACH REAR & ONE FRONT TIRE
Best
CHAINS ON ALL FOUR TIRES
WEED CHAINS on the front tires pick the easiest way in the hardest going and prevent the front wheel skid—the most dreaded of all skids as it is the hardest to counteract by manipulation of the steering wheel.
Sold for ALL tires by dealers everywhere
Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
Also manufacturers of
Tire Chains and Lyon Grips especially constructed for Single and Dual Solid Truck Tires—Motorcycle Tire Chains &c.

Like to Draw ?

Turn Your Talent into Money

Make $25.00 to $75.00 a Week Commercial Artists get big prices for drawings. One artist, trained by [illegible] your talent [illegible] in spare time [illegible]

This FREE BOOK Describes Splendid Opportunities [illegible]

Federal School of Commercial Designing, Inc. 15 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minn.

expect to get good, conscientious boys for a few cents an hour. It is poor economy to hire cheap boys.

When I was a youngster the best job I had was passing bills. I had a number of regular customers—one I remember in particular. He ran a dry-goods store and was as particular about the boys who passed his bills as he was about the clerks in his store. In the first place he selected only honest boys that he knew would be strictly conscientious in their work.

Most of us boys worked several years for him. He paid us good money, but he got his money's worth. We knew like a book the three towns we covered—every side street, every short cut—and just how to do a thorough job in the shortest time. We were instructed always to tuck the bills into the letter boxes or under the doors. We were careful not to walk on the lady's soft lawn or step on her flower bed; and whatever the circumstances, we were as courteous as though we had been behind the counter selling dry goods.

These little things may not seem important, but they are. Many of the prospective customers you solicit have never seen you or your store; and if the boy who gives them your advertisements is saucy and impudent they will never want to.

I know a shoe dealer and a clothing dealer who always pass their handbills together. A boy takes but very little more time to put in two bills than to put in one; so the cost of distribution is reduced almost half. Of course, in a small town it is hardly desirable for two stores to run their sales at the same time; but in a larger place it makes very little difference.

The best arrangement is for two boys to work together, each taking one side of a street. Some dealers use a team to carry the boys to different parts of the town; but unless the circulars are very bulky or heavy the team is simply an unnecessary expense. If the boys really know their ground they can arrange their routes themselves, so as to take advantage of every short cut and make every step count.

Regular Handbill Service

If a dealer is accustomed to put out only a limited number of circulars it will pay him to look over the town carefully and to pick out the parts where he is most likely to get business. The wealthier people seldom appreciate his bills. Mrs. Flannigan, at the end of the lane, is far more apt to be interested in a bargain than is the lady in the big house at the corner; but nine boys out of ten will put a bill in the big house and let the little one go.

The best way is probably to have enough bills for everybody; but if you can't, see that your bills go to people who will read them. The people who are continually bothered with flyers of all sorts, and are annoyed by the boys who bring them, are hardly the ones to go to first; but those on the outskirts of the town and on the country roads, who seldom see any bills, will read every word of them and will be glad to know of your bargains. Moreover, they will appreciate your sending handbills out to them. An extra boy on a bicycle can easily cover this territory.

Here is a real suggestion for young readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who have executive ability: Get together two or three boys and organize; make contracts with local merchants and merchants in adjoining towns for passing handbills.

The boys should not on the same trip pass the advertisements of two stores in the same line of business; but on one trip bills of concerns in different lines of business could be delivered at a great saving to the merchants and at much greater profit to the boys.

In selecting boys the following four rules will be found helpful:

1—Get good, wide-awake boys whom you know you can trust—even though you have to pay a little more.

2—Be sure their appearance and manners are such as will give a favorable impression of your store.

3—Lay out systematically the territory to be covered, and see that your boys understand clearly the way you want the work done and the class of prospective customers you are most anxious to reach.

4—Experiment with your handbills the same as you do with your stock of goods, and find out the kind of bill that pulls the most sales.

"Glasses *can* be made becoming—

It's simply a matter of the right selection. With our complete stock of high grade American Optical Company lenses and mountings I'll make glasses a great deal more becoming to you than tired, strained eyes."

Ask *your* oculist, optometrist or optician—he knows.

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge, Mass.

PATENTS
MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE
Established 1861 – 602 F Street, Washington, D. C., New York City and Chicago. Manufacturers buy good patented ideas. BOOKLET FREE.

BARRETT—At Your Service

Capacity
9,999,999,999.99

Price
$250

Model No. 12 Weight 22 lbs.

The Long-Sought Perfection in the Adding Machine Has Arrived

Mr. Glenn Barrett, by finally and completely solving what was probably the most baffling problem in adding and computing machines, has won a triumph that should mark him as the greatest genius of mechanical calculation. He made the Barrett Adding and Computing Machine—the only *portable,* high-capacity, high-efficiency machine of its kind. Now he has evolved it into a *Portable* Adding, Listing and Computing Machine weighing only 22 pounds and with a multiplying device that makes the Barrett unique as *THE* machine of real practical value where rapid multiplication and division are essential.

The grandfather clock is a fine, large, handsome piece of furniture; but the thin, trim, beautifully accurate watch is the timepiece that men carry with them and get the greatest service from.

The new Barrett is the "thin model" watch of the adding-machine industry. It can be carried from desk to desk, increasing the efficiency of every worker and multiplying the work turned out of every office.

Study this List of Efficiency and Economy Values that are Exclusively Barrett:

Portability. The largest model of the Barrett, capacity 9 billion, weighs only 22 pounds.

Size. The base measures 9½ inches by 12 inches. It occupies only ⅔ of the desk room of any machine of like capacity.

Right-Hand Control. The right hand easily controls handle pull, total, subtotal, repeat, non-adding key, multiplying shift, leaving the left free to follow the work.

Handle Pull. The Barrett has the shortest and lightest handle pull of any machine made. This alone increases its speed from 10% to 15%.

Handle Lock. Work can be put into the Barrett and left undisturbable by simply removing the handle.

Multiplying Shift. This wonderful device shifts the multiplying dials. This means that the multiplicand is put into the machine only *ONCE.* It makes multiplication and division on a machine a practical reality instead of a complicated trick.

Price. The Barrett is moderately priced at $250, including *all* attachments and features, such as non-add, non-print, repeat, total, subtotal and error keys, and multiplying shift.

To complement these features the

Barrett Portable Adding—Listing—Computing Machine

eliminates every objectionable adding machine feature and incorporates every known adding machine advantage, including visibility of dials and *instant visibility of items as they are printed.*

The Barrett Has Proved Its Merit

The adding machine is a recognized business asset. The new Barrett is the latest development of this labor, time and error saving device. It sells on demonstration to those who have used other kinds. *It is sold on a guarantee of perfect service.*

Many of the biggest concerns of their kind who buy dozens of machines through lynx-eyed buying committees have bought the new Barrett. Be guided by their judgment and save time and money.

The first Barrett Adding, Listing and Computing Machine was sold *on demonstration* to the Franklin National Bank of Philadelphia. Among other corporations who purchased as soon as they saw it are the Otis Elevator Co., New York; E. W. Bliss Co., Brooklyn; First National Bank, Philadelphia; United Cigar Stores; Federal Reserve Bank; Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.; Western Electric Co.; New York Sun; Standard Oil Co.; United Gas Improvement Co., Philadelphia; Bell Telephone Co., and many more

Not all concerns need a listing machine. For those who need an adding machine only we have models of the Barrett Portable Adding Machine—at $110.00 and up—that will exactly fit their needs

Orders for the Barrett Adding, Listing and Computing Machine will be filled in the order in which they are received. Fill in the coupon and mail it today and arrange for an early demonstration. We are at this time one hundred orders ahead of our deliveries, and this is our first advertisement.

BARRETT ADDING MACHINE CO., General Offices, Bulletin Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

The New Barrett Selling Plan

The marketing of the new Barrett has received as much thought as the making. To introduce this machine through trials by prospects means the tying up of a great number of machines. This would probably amount to hundreds of thousands of invested dollars. Naturally, the interest of this tied-up money would have to be included in the selling price. We have cut out this item of tied-up capital to further reduce the selling price of the Barrett. The new Barrett Adding, Listing and Computing Machine will be delivered only on direct orders for $250, less 2% in ten days.

BARRETT ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

We would like to make an appointment to have you show us how the new Barrett Adding, Listing and Computing Machine will fit into our business. Please address or ask for

Mr.__

Firm Name

Address

The Evolution *of* Dentifrices

It is a fine art to make a perfect dentifrice—one which will clean and polish without scratching—which will fulfill in a thorough and harmless manner the meaning of the word Dentifrice—"dental-friction."

Precipitated Chalk made a great change

It was not so long ago that dentifrices generally contained infusorial earth, cuttle-bone, pumice and other bases, all far too harsh for the delicate enamel of the teeth, which, once injured, cannot be restored by nature. In time these materials were largely discarded and the less harsh precipitated chalk became the accepted base of the better dentifrices.

But all precipitated chalks are not alike

Colgate & Company, not satisfied with the best chalk to be bought on the open market, experimented in their laboratories until they had perfected a chalk free from sharp, angular particles; a chalk that will cleanse and polish without scratching. We make only enough of this for use in our own dentifrices—and so far as we know, we are the only manufacturers who make their own base. This is an evidence of the care used in *making* Ribbon Dental Cream.

Colgate's base is safe

And the advertising is truthful

In advertising—as in manufacturing—we choose scrupulously. What we *say* about Ribbon Dental Cream is as conscientiously examined as what we put into it. Efficiency with safety characterizes the making—efficiency with truth characterize the advertising. Every advertisement is written with the hope that after reading you will test its truth of the statement. As you do so, you have our word that it *is* true.

Ribbon Dental Cream does six things

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does six things—and does them well.
1—Checks the growth of decay-germs.
2—Corrects an acid condition of the mouth.
3—Delights by its delicious flavor.
4—Cleans thoroughly without injurious chemicals.
5—Polishes the teeth to natural whiteness without harmful grit.
6—Leaves the mouth wholesome and the breath pure.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

is a complete dentifrice—you too should use it.

Sold everywhere—or a generous trial tube sent on receipt of 4c in stamps.

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Established 1806
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

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By slight pressure.

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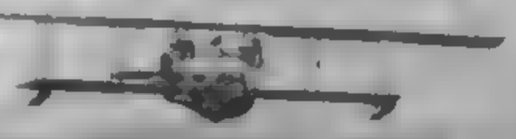

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WAR'S BACK FIRE

(Continued from Page 8)

have been an epic—what may some day become an epic for poets to write about and school-children to learn about—was only an incident.

In an earlier article of this series I wrote a little something about her—the seventeen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do citizen of the little Belgian town of Dolhaim—who, when the Germans set up their guns in the village to fire them at Liège, stayed in her father's empty house after the rest of the family had fled, risking the loss of her life by the fire of her own people and at the hands of her people's enemy, if they caught her, in order that she might hourly telephone to the commandant of Fort Loncin in Liège as to how he should train his cannon in order to destroy the greatest number of the intrenched besiegers.

The Germans had somehow neglected to tear down that private telephone line and she used it for two days and nights—so I was told.

Then they did catch her. They tried her by court-martial for giving aid and comfort to the Belgians, and found her guilty; and the next morning that seventeen-year-old girl, with her hands tied behind her back and blindfolded, died against a brick wall.

I never even learned her name; it is possible I never shall learn her name, but it seems to me, if history does her justice, she will be remembered in the hearts of future generations of men with Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday.

I remember another instance that helps to explain how faulty and imperfect is the news on the edges of the War Belt. I was told, first by an American consular official in Aix-la-Chapelle and subsequently by a German military surgeon, of another most lamentable tragedy, for which this same town of Dolhaim furnished the setting.

Mrs. Bonar's Testimony

I have previously mentioned this case also. It had to do with an elderly and invalided Scotchman, one of a party of British visitors fleeing from Germany in the first days after the invasion of Belgium, who, having lost their carriages, took refuge temporarily in the house of a Belgian customs officer named Blaise.

According to the story, as I first heard it, somebody in that house fired on a passing squad of German soldiers, so the soldiers set fire to the house. They spared the women and children who came forth, but they shot and killed every male adult under that roof; and last of all they shot the aged and crippled Scotchman, McKenzie, as he crossed the threshold.

It was months later, and I was back home in America, before I heard the other side of that grim story. A letter came to me, in care of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, from a Mr. George Bonar, of Dundee, Scotland. His wife and two children, and the nurse of one of the children who had been ill, were included in the party that slept in the house of the customs officer, Blaise, on that fatal night.

Mrs. Bonar's account, as narrated by her husband in his letter, put a new and different face on the thing. She declared that no shot was ever fired at the Germans from Blaise's house. If any shot was fired, she said, it came from the house next door, and she added that she explained in German the innocence of McKenzie to the officer who commanded the Germans, and begged him—literally on her knees—to spare the poor old Scotchman's life.

I am prepared to believe that the direct evidence of Mrs. Bonar is true and honest evidence. I am equally certain that my earlier informants gave me what, at the time, they believed to be a correct recital of the killing.

In debatable territory, or in conquered territory held by the enemy, the people learn to do without newspapers of any sort. In cities more remote from the sound of gunfire the people, with equal facility, learn to accept newspapers strangely transformed. I have seen a Cologne paper of which the entire back page, formerly devoted to tradesmen's advertisements, was entirely filled with black-elugged cards in memory of officers of regiments belonging to Cologne, who—so the language of the card always ran—had "died for King and Fatherland."

And I have seen a Paris paper containing column after column of small four or

BEACON FALLS
Top Notch Rubber Footwear

Boots that are toughest and strongest for every use in all kinds of weather. Arctics that are warm, sturdy and serviceable. Rubbers that fit perfectly, look well and last long.

Whether you buy the boots, arctics or rubbers, you are sure of splendid service when you see the Top Notch Cross on the sole. That mark guarantees quality and satisfaction in rubber footwear

All styles and sizes for men, women and children. Ask for Top Notch Footwear the next time you buy. Write for names of Beacon Falls dealers in your town and free copy of Booklet "S"

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
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Fifty mountain lakes, hundreds of foaming, dashing trout creeks—miles of winding auto roads—all the attractions of the evergreen summer playground of America join in seconding the invitation

Your trip to the California expositions is planned that you may also see the

Write for Travel Book [illegible]
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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

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—you know there is something wrong with your preventive measures.

Absolute sanitary cleanliness is the only safeguard. Soap and water cleanliness is not enough.

Use the disinfectant that is used every day by every hospital

Antiseptic Lysol Disinfectant Germicide

Lysol is ideal for all household and personal uses. Physicians and nurses have relied on it for twenty years.

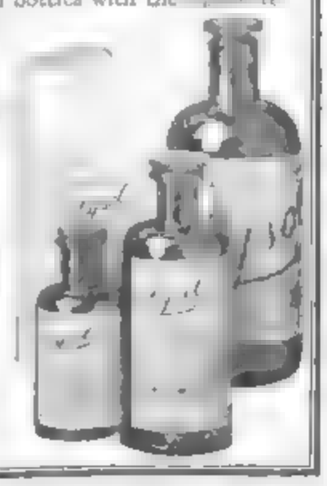
The proof is that practically all of them choose it for maternity cases, when they *must* have the safest, most dependable

Lysol is five times more efficient and safer than carbolic acid; better in every way than bichloride of mercury

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00
Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Important—Be sure you get Lysol itself. It is put up in round bottles with the name of Lehn & Fink on the label.

Lysol is sold with full directions and many recipes for various uses. Write for booklet and medical booklet sent free.



Helpful Booklet "Home Hygiene" Mailed FREE

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Manufacturing Chemists
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REMARKABLE LYON & HEALY PIANO STYLE "K" $350

This instrument is the latest product of the great Lyon & Healy piano factories at Healy Station, Chicago. These factories are universally acknowledged to be the finest in America.

This Style "K" LYON & HEALY PIANO is absolutely the last word in piano building.

You owe it to yourself to examine it.

This piano is on sale in the warerooms of 373 leading piano dealers.

Write for the name of the nearest dealer. We will send you a beautiful catalog.

Lyon & Healy

31-49 East Adams Street **Chicago**

five line notices, in every one of which somebody advertised for tidings of the whereabouts of a missing kinsman or kinswoman: a sister or a brother—even a child or a wife.

In the last days of the German drive through Belgium to the sea, after the fall of Antwerp, I observed, as I skirted Holland on my way back to England, how the refugees, having no papers at all and no way of spreading the word, were writing on the sides of all the buildings along the Dutch frontier their own names, and with these the names of their own people from whom they were separated, in the poor hope that the lost ones, coming that way, might read the message and follow on.

Indeed, almost the last memory I now preserve of the Belgian refugees has for its background a little cowshed in a little Dutch town, a mile or two over the border from Belgium.

It is almost dark and it is drizzling rain. An old, old man—he must be nearly eighty—stands in the drip from the eaves. The shoulders of his Sunday-best coat are slick and luminous with wetness, and all his earthly possessions lie at his feet—a black umbrella, and a bundle tied up in a red tablecloth.

In his right hand he holds a piece of chalk and in his left he holds matches. With one hand he scratches a match and with the chalk in the other he writes over and over again on the side of that little cowshed his name and the name of his old wife, from whom he is separated, probably forever.

Our train pulls out and we leave him there, striking another sputtering match into a tiny spurk and writing his wife's name again on the cowshed wall.

I do not think I shall ever forget him, though he was but one of the smallest and least considerable by-products of this miserable industry called civilized warfare.

What Women Hear

A WOMAN absorbs more sound than a man. Everybody has noticed how the presence of people in a bare auditorium or even a small room kills off the persistent echoes that follow any sound in the room when it is nearly empty. It has now been discovered that women are more absorbent of sound under these conditions than are men, which is possibly due to softer bodies. Perhaps this new contribution of science will be mostly useful to newspaper paragraphers; but the investigations that turned up this fact have most practical promise.

It is now feasible for an architect to design a theater or meeting hall so that the acoustics will be good, and to know in advance that he has succeeded in his design. Professor Sabine, of Harvard, Dean of the Graduate School of Applied Science, has developed a method by means of models that will give the architect his opportunity.

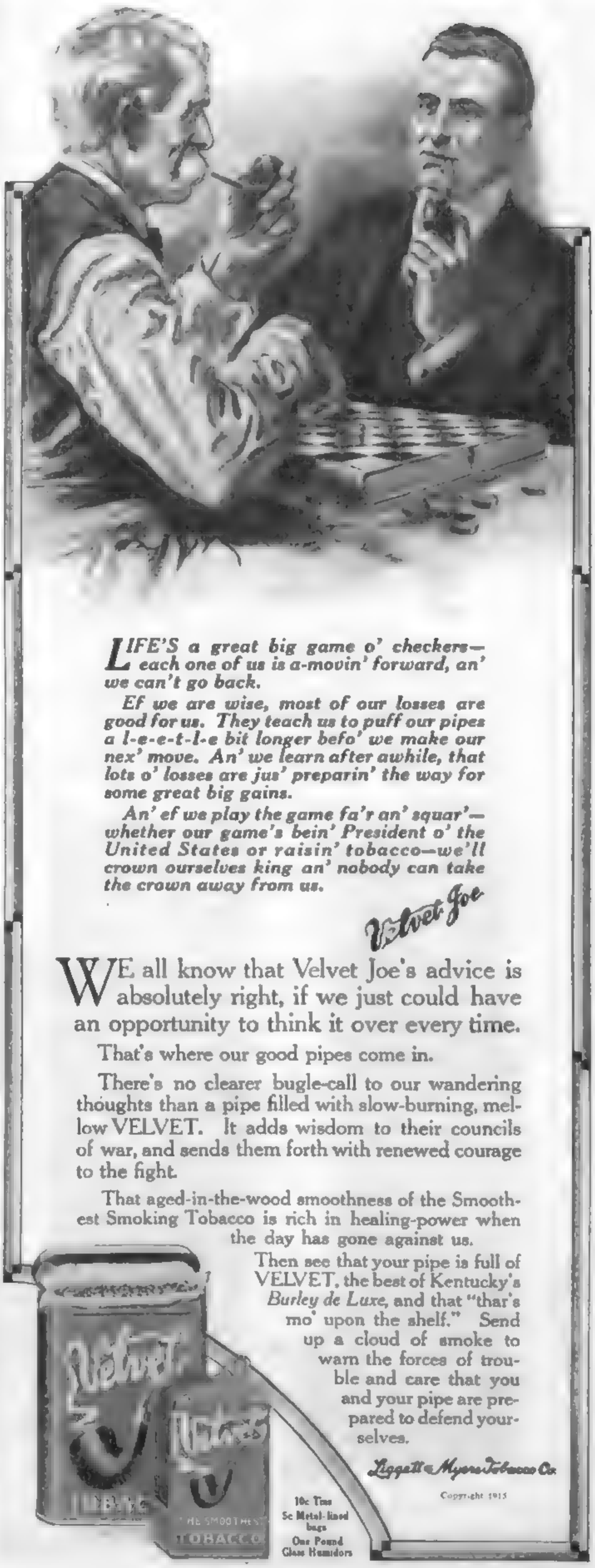
A model of the theater is made in cardboard, exactly in the right proportions, based on the architect's drawings for the proposed auditorium. A sound is then sent into the theater model from a point that represents the center of the stage. Photographs of the inside of the model are then taken in quick succession, from the top or back or front. By an apparatus which is fairly well known in laboratories the sound waves are made visible on the photographic plate, and photographs of the sound waves are taken.

The series of photographs shows one main sound wave as it goes to the rear of the auditorium, and the various breaks and echoes, or rebounds from walls, columns or seats, just as they take place. With this information, and with the exact knowledge of sound absorption that Professor Sabine has developed, the architect can alter the arrangement so as to obtain the most desirable acoustics.

Professor Sabine has sets of such photographs for many auditoriums—among them the New Theater, of New York.

Just how sound is absorbed he has determined by a great many tests. An open window may be said to absorb all the sound that reaches it, or one hundred per cent. Hair felt will absorb nearly four-fifths of it; while brick and plaster, and various other bare building materials, absorb less than four per cent. Men and women absorb a great deal—equal to two or three times as much as seat cushions, for instance.

Professor Sabine has succeeded in discovering exactly what percentage of absorption may be expected from all common building materials and room contents.



LIFE'S a great big game o' checkers—each one of us is a-movin' forward, an' we can't go back.

Ef we are wise, most of our losses are good for us. They teach us to puff our pipes a l-e-e-t-l-e bit longer befo' we make our nex' move. An' we learn after awhile, that lots o' losses are jus' preparin' the way for some great big gains.

An' ef we play the game fa'r an' squar'—whether our game's bein' President o' the United States or raisin' tobacco—we'll crown ourselves king an' nobody can take the crown away from us.

Velvet Joe

WE all know that Velvet Joe's advice is absolutely right, if we just could have an opportunity to think it over every time.

That's where our good pipes come in.

There's no clearer bugle-call to our wandering thoughts than a pipe filled with slow-burning, mellow VELVET. It adds wisdom to their councils of war, and sends them forth with renewed courage to the fight.

That aged-in-the-wood smoothness of the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco is rich in healing-power when the day has gone against us.

Then see that your pipe is full of VELVET, the best of Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, and that "thar's mo' upon the shelf." Send up a cloud of smoke to warn the forces of trouble and care that you and your pipe are prepared to defend yourselves.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1915

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Remington UMC

Steel Lined Shot Shells

IT was at a big trap event in Ohio, about a month after the "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" *Steel Lined* Shells first came out, that a happy sportsman nicknamed them the "Speed Shells."

The name stuck, and spread from coast to coast.

Arrow and Nitro Club are the "Speed Shells" everywhere. With the alert sportsmen. With the arms and ammunition dealer who prides himself on keeping step with the big forward tendencies.

The Remington-UMC Steel Lining is one of those simple but fundamental discoveries that comes along now and again, and revolutionizes standards all along the line.

Here is a *Speed Shell*, enlarged by photography. On the left, an X-ray photograph through a loaded shell—showing the steel lining around the powder. On the right, a section through an empty shell, with the steel lining bedded in the head of the shell, making a reinforced chamber for the powder. And at the bottom, the Steel Lining by itself, before being assembled into the shell.

Practically every sportsman has seen the Remington-UMC "Speed Shells" at work—in his own gun or in that of his shooting partner or his rival, in the field or at the traps.

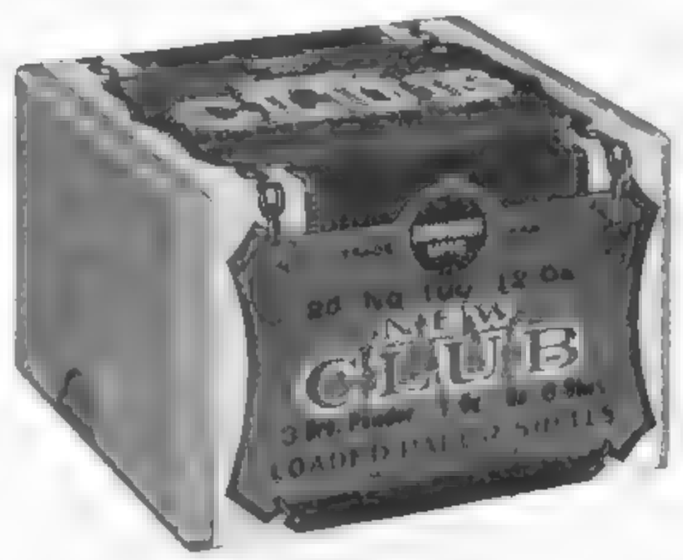
Why the steel lining acts as it does is partly inherent in the very nature of smokeless powder and its peculiar method of exploding; and partly due to the basic Laws of Motion.

Arrow Steel Lined Shot Shells
(Smokeless)

Made in 8, 10, 12, 16, and 20 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular smokeless powders.

Nitro Club Steel Lined Shot Shells
(Smokeless)

Made in 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular smokeless powders.



New Club Shot Shells
(Black Powder)

Made in 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 24, and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular black powders.

You know how it works out in practice, at traps or in the field—the shot thrown faster, getting quicker to the mark; a shorter lead on your bird; an easier feeling about angles—less guess-work on the quartering bird or the "on-comer."

Whatever make of gun a man shoots, whether a Remington-UMC or some other standard arm, he is more than likely to shoot one or the other of these Remington-UMC Shells—the "Arrow" or the "Nitro Club" (or in the *black powder*, the old reliable "New Club").

Many a dealer sells nothing else in Shot Shells—has no demand for anything else. If you know these Remington-UMC Shells, you will understand why the public demand is concentrating on Remington-UMC.

If not—go to the dealer who features the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC*. Look over his stock. Talk with him. Observe the character and standing of his customers. Note how he is taking the lead—how the store with the Red Ball Mark is Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

When at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, come visit with us at the Remington-UMC Exhibit—*Headquarters* for *Sportsmen* from all over the world.

Remington Arms—Union Metallic Cartridge Company

London, England — 299 Broadway, New York — Windsor, Ontario

'Ever-Ready'

12 Bladed Dollar Outfit

TRADE MARK FACE

Extra Blades
6 for 30c—10 for 50c

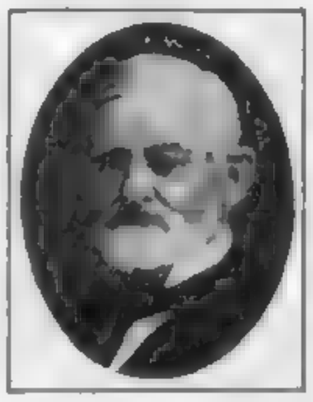
If the EVER-READY were ten times its price—we couldn't improve the shave.

Demand all that you could expect of the best safety razor, irrespective of price, and this EVER-READY Outfit will satisfy you completely—or you will please accept your dollar back.

This new safety frame—guaranteed for 10 years' service—12 (twelve—count them) Radio Blades—and all in a finely made case—complete for $1.00. Extra blades—every blade guaranteed—6 for 30c—10 for 50c. Sold everywhere by Druggists, Hardware Stores and General Stores.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Makers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meeting An Emergency



When failing health made it necessary for him to leave his indoor position for outdoor air and exercise while still supporting himself and his family Mr. A. B. Arment of Ohio met the emergency by securing an appointment as a subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He says:

"I made good money in my regular line of employment, but in proportion to the time invested Curtis work beats any other method of money-making that I have tried."

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

FIRING

(Continued from Page 20)

words, the function of firing is systematically beset by checks and handicaps, to the end that no employee shall be fired because he has happened to inspire a personal prejudice on the part of any of his superiors. In this connection every workman is encouraged to go to his superior officer or to the executive of the plant with any complaint or grievance, whether real or fancied, with the assurance that he will receive fair treatment. The mere fact that he has gone over the head of his immediate superior will not be permitted to prejudice his standing.

"So far as is possible in an organization that includes several thousand employees of all grades—from the roughest laborer, who cannot speak the English language, to the college man with a choice assortment of honorary letters attached to his name—we aim to make every last man of them feel that the attitude of the corporation toward him is an interested and friendly one; that the institution and its officers wish him to make good; and that every possible precaution has been taken to see that he receives justice, in a fair man-to-man fashion, from start to finish.

"I do not intend to infer that the corporation with which I happen to be connected is unique in holding this viewpoint. Instead, I am happy to say, I take this to be the typical modern viewpoint of employers who are fully awake to the importance of this problem, and who feel that a high percentage of dismissals is a distinct reflection on their ability to handle efficiently that most valuable of all materials—human labor.

"With us every effort is made to build up a family spirit of cooperation and good fellowship, and to inspire in each employee a desire and determination, not only to retain his position but to secure promotion."

Taking the Clubhouse Cure

"It is impressed on each employee that his advancement depends entirely on his own ability and efforts, and not on influence. In lax periods, when a reduction of the working force is necessary, we naturally aim to retain those workers who have been with us longest and who appear to be most efficient. When it comes to rehiring we are also guided by these considerations. When a department has to lay off men on account of lack of work those men, as far as possible, are given preference over new men in other departments that are able to take on additional help. No theories are practiced and no black lists are maintained. The only list kept is that of the employees laid off on account of slack times, and these men are given preference when positions are again open.

"Let me summarize our whole attitude by saying that, in the first place, definite and painstaking care is taken to learn whether the applicant is worthy to join our organization, and, if so, what position is best suited to his physical and mental abilities. Then everything is done that we know how to do to make him and his family feel glad he is a part of the organization, and to inspire him to remain and try to become a more important factor in it. We try to instill into our men so strong a feeling of good-fellowship, of membership in a great family, that it will carry itself into the homes and families of the men.

"Establishing this kind of human relationship between the management and the employees is the most effective means we have thus far been able to find of decreasing the percentage of those fired for cause. As an example of how this policy works out in actual practice, let me tell an experience that I had when I was called to the management of a large steel mill—not in this district—years ago, when the policy of handling labor as I have outlined was not so popular as it is now.

"One of the first serious problems that confronted me in my new position was the fact that our employees, of all kinds, were losing much time and efficiency on account of intemperance. The saloons there had obtained a tremendous hold on our force and it was plain that drastic measures were required. After doing all I could to curtail the rapaciousness of those saloons it occurred to me that there was also work to be done with the men in an individual way.

"Immediately I put up a sightly little structure that had every appearance of being a cozy and comfortable clubhouse.

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Whenever You Need a Hole

There are lots of ways to make a hole: with a gimlet that cramps the hand and splits the wood; with a hot poker; with a wire nail. The right, easy, pleasant and non-profanic way is with Mr. Punch.

Mr. Punch is an automatic drill. You push down and a spiral twist drives the drill. The tool steel bites through hardest oak as easily as through soft pine. There are in the handle eight tool-steel drill-points of different sizes, seen through numbered holes. Drills are released through a hole in top plate.

Mr. Punch

You Push—He Twists

Goodell-Pratt Co. make 1500 good tools. Their goodness is proved because good mechanics use them everywhere. These tools are guaranteed. Among them are

Hack-saws	Micrometers
Saw Sets	Gauges
Grinders	Lathes
Punches	Bit Braces
Levels	Squares
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Screwdrivers

Pay $1.50 for Mr. Punch at hardware stores or send price to us for direct shipment. Send for Book on Home Tools that any man would like to own.

GOODELL-PRATT CO.

Greenfield, Mass.

Actual Size of Holes

Play Billiards at Home

$1.00 DOWN
Prices, $15 Up

No special room necessary. Set on dining room table or any kitchen table. Balls, cues, etc., free. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard).

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE. On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it and we will refund your money. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 820 Center St., Portland, Me.

We Will Send You Postpaid This Book and a Can of
JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

For 10 cents we will send you Postpaid the famous Book of Proper Finishes, containing full directions for finishing floors, woodwork, furniture, pianos, etc., and a sample can of Johnson's Prepared Wax—enough for finishing a small piece of furniture.

JOHNSON'S WOOD DYE

For 10 cents we will send you Postpaid the famous Book of Proper Finishes, containing full directions for staining floors, woodwork, furniture, pianos, etc., and a sample can of Johnson's Wood Dye—enough for staining a small piece of furniture.

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The SUN is shining in California

And Santa Clara County is one vast garden of fruit blossoms and wild flowers and roses. If you are thinking of California if you want to live here send for our free fully illustrated, book of facts about

Santa Clara County
the Sunny Garden of California

Just send a postcard or use the coupon. The book tells about our farms, our orchards, our crops, our towns and roads and trolleys, the beautiful foothill villas, our fine schools. Then when you come to the Exposition visit us. See for yourself. And don't fail to study our exhibit at the San Francisco fair

Publicity Manager
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That's one place where Vitalic Tires have proved their worth. Vitalic Tires are built upon Vitalic Tires to give you more miles—more trouble—than you've ever had before.

Notice how long the first air pumped into Vitalic Tires lasts. That's because the inner tube is of extra thick pure rubber; the air can't seep out. Two plies of motorcycle fabric made of triply twisted thread and a Vitalic rubber tread make them as strong as any tire made.

Continental Rubber Works
804 Liberty St., Erie, Pa.

PLAYS Large Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept 20, Chicago

Not one of my subordinates knew the purpose it was to serve; and it was a mystery to everyone connected with the work until one morning, after it had been completed and fully equipped, I called in three of the men who were the most notable offenders in the way of intemperance and said to them:

"'Boys, you are all good workers when you let drink alone, and I should hate to lose you from the organization; but that is just what is going to happen unless you stop drinking. Now, because I have realized that this is much easier said than done, and that the habit gets a powerful hold on a man who has indulged in it for a good many years, I have built this little clubhouse you have been wondering about, and have installed in it a physician who is an expert in administering the most successful treatment for alcoholism of which I can learn. It is a pleasant, comfortable place, and you can go there and take the treatment without any expense, and your pay will go right on the same as though you were working, or you can quit right now. As man to man, I think you will see that this is a fair proposition. The choice is up to you. And the same choice is going to be put up to all the employees. I am now having printed a notice to this effect and copies of it will immediately be posted throughout the works.'

"Every man in the little group agreed that the proposition was a fair one, and they immediately placed themselves under the treatment of the specialist I had provided. We put a good many of the men through the little clubhouse, as they called it, and it practically wiped out our troubles on the score of intemperance; but the whole point of this experience is that it demonstrated the effectiveness of what I call the man-to-man method: of that attitude on the part of an employer which recognizes every man in his employ as a human being, made of the same stuff as himself and responsive to the personal appeal which carries with it the conviction of just consideration and fair play for the individual.

"This policy cannot be carried out with distinct success, however, unless particular care is taken to respect the individuality of every man, and to impress each employee with the fact that there is no disposition on the part of the management to meddle with his home or private affairs."

Men Steered From the Scrapheap

"For example, though this company maintains a corps of visiting nurses for the benefit of employees and their families, without any expense to them, no nurse will be sent into any home without a request from either the workman or his wife. Then, too, we are careful, even when employing a man or considering him for employment, not to ask questions which he might feel were intended to pry into his personal affairs or relationships. We confine our questions strictly to those matters relating directly to his ability to perform the work before him in an efficient manner. This attitude is carefully maintained from start to finish; we want every man who comes with us to feel that we respect his rights as an individual and are prepared to mind our own business.

"This seems to put us on the right footing to exert a personal influence with any employee when he seems to be headed toward dismissal. In broad terms, we put up every barrier we can think of that will tend to prevent a man from firing himself. We do this for two reasons: first, because we regard every man who is fired as a black mark against the efficiency of the management, for we have failed in the development of a certain unit of material and have had to throw it on the scrapheap; second, because it is the decent thing to do."

Occasionally a man who has been court-martialed and sentenced contrives to escape in the very face of the firing squad. In illustration of this point a prominent sales manager tells this experience:

"One of the most brilliant salesmen on my force had allowed certain faults to grow on him until they were impairing his usefulness at an increasing rate and were constantly bringing him under discipline. Finally, after long and patient labors with this man, I reached the conclusion that he must go, and consequently I sent him a peremptory telegram calling him to headquarters. Just before his arrival, however, I was called out into the field on an important matter.

ALADDIN

$997 For this KNOTLESS Aladdin Complete

Here's What You Get

With This House and all Other Aladdin Houses

- Sills cut-to-fit
- Joists cut-to-fit
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- Rafters cut-to-fit
- Ceiling Joists cut-to-fit
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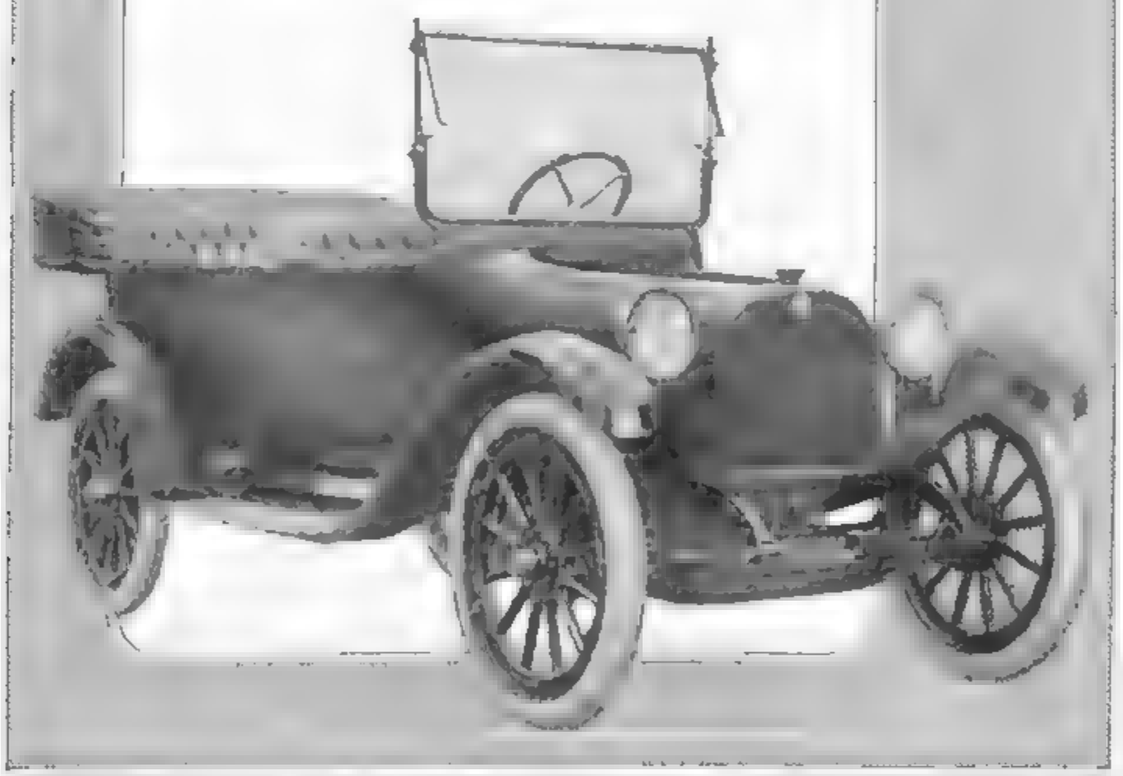

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"I turned the matter of this man's discharge over to the general manager, and told him in detail the reasons which had forced me to decide that the man must go. Incidentally I told the general manager that this salesman had a passion for side lines, and that just now he was selling a device for physical exercise which was evidently sapping the interest and enthusiasm that ought to be going into the placing of our goods, which constituted his main line. It is our policy to explain to every man who is slated for dismissal the reasons in detail why we have decided on such action. When I returned home I learned that the general manager, in pursuance of this policy, had started in to tell the salesman all the reasons for letting him go.

"He made the mistake, however, of beginning with the side line. The instant this was mentioned the salesman whipped the device out of his pocket, attached it to the closed door of the office and interrupted the general manager with a whirlwind demonstration and sales argument that swept his superior off his feet, and stopped the reading of the indictment right at that point. When the salesman left the office he carried with him eight dollars from the pocket of the general manager in payment for one of the exercisers, and also a few words of solemn reproof and admonition. And all the satisfaction I could get was the statement:

"'We can't afford to lose a salesman like that. He swept me right off my feet and almost made me forget that I had started to discharge him. We've simply got to find some way to straighten that boy out and keep him.'"

Doctoring the Commercially Sick

"The only thing that wins an instantaneous and summary dismissal for a man in my department is unquestionable proof that he has done something radically unfair to the firm—something that has put the house in wrong with its customers. On the general problem of firing, however, my feeling is that a salesman who is not making good is a man who is commercially sick, so to speak, and that it is up to me to play the doctor and furnish the remedy. My first effort is to protect him from criticism, either on the part of outsiders or of men in other departments. Then I have a friendly talk with him and try to analyze his mental attitude, with a view to seeing whether he is falling below par in his performance because of some fault of the house, on account of something that has been said or written to him. If this is the case, and it sometimes is, then the cure is comparatively easy.

"Sometimes a sympathetic talk reveals the fact that the man's home life contains a troublesome element. This problem is not so simple, but I could relate many instances where it has been solved. If a man fails to respond to what I should call the sympathetic treatment then I resort to heroic measures. This will often wake up a sleeper when nothing else will. I believe it is poor policy to continue a man in active service after he knows definitely that he must leave the house in the near future; instead, I prefer to pay a man for a fortnight or a month in advance and have him devote that time entirely to looking for a new position. The man who knows his time is up has little enthusiasm left. This is a sufficient reason, though others might be brought forward."

A man who has been in a position of peculiar advantage for watching the careers of stenographers makes this shrewd observation:

"I have seen scores of cases where good and capable stenographers have literally tied the can round their own necks through an unwarranted fear that they are to be fired. Perhaps this is especially true of women; but I have found that it applies to men far more generally than is commonly supposed. The more highly organized a man is the greater is his liability to this kind of self-firing.

"I recall one young man, for example, who took a position with a large corporation. He was a fast operator, alert and intelligent, and was not handicapped by any bad habits; but he was sensitive and inclined to be pessimistic. In all this he was typical of a large class of stenographers. He had not been long on the job before a man from whom he took dictation happened to be particularly irritable and criticized him sharply. He brooded over this and subsequent reproofs from a man who was irascible and indiscriminating, with the result that he soon found himself saying:

"'By Jove! I'm falling down on this job; it's a slow day when I'm not called down for something. If this thing goes on a while longer they will tie a can to me.'

"He needed his salary; so he did not wish to quit. On the other hand, he was extremely proud and high-strung, and this intensified his dread of being discharged. The haunting fear of being fired made him nervous and prone to mistakes. In short, he rapidly degenerated into what the dog fancier calls a cringer.

"Finally he was fired. Knowing this young man's ability and understanding his temperament, I investigated his record thoroughly and found that my diagnosis had been correct. At the time he first began to feel he was falling down and was in danger of being discharged that peril was thoroughly imaginary. He was really giving satisfaction, and might have remained in his position indefinitely if he had not taken too seriously a little rough-and-ready criticism from a man who did not mean half he said. Later this young man was rightly placed, where he recovered his nerve and made a success.

"This incident could be multiplied many times. The company of these self-firing cringers in the line of stenographic work is far larger than most persons suppose, and the pity is that these include the most sensitive, conscientious and responsive workers. Of course an adept in the handling of help would have taken this material and made it into a highly finished and valuable product at the start. Perhaps it is a platitude to say that efficiency in the handling of help is the highest order of efficiency obtainable; but this truth seems to be so generally overlooked that its emphasis and repetition are justified.

"It is a fortunate and hopeful thing that many large employers are becoming roused to the fact that the ill-considered firing of help is a common source of leakage and loss, which can be eliminated by intelligent methods. Some of the big corporations are doing splendid pioneer work in this field. Their ability to maintain a Department of Labor, giving specialized attention to this matter, and to shift a misplaced employee until he finds the work and environment calculated to bring out his abilities, makes them the natural leaders in this modern line, which is as humanitarian as it is businesslike."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Forrest Crissey. The third will appear in an early issue.

A New Pain Killer

X RAYS are giving promise of becoming a great help for suffering humanity in allaying pain directly. To a limited extent the marvelous rays are now applied to some kinds of cancer, and they are universally used to discover the secrets of inner ailments of the body, from broken bones to digestive disorders. The new prospect is that in a great many kinds of severe pain they will take the place of morphine and other means of relieving suffering.

Reports have been frequent of instances where the rays have seemed to give relief from pain when they were applied for an entirely different object, and consequently numbers of the advance guard of investigators have been studying this possibility. Some of the preliminary reports have now been made public and tend to increase the hope that X rays are practical for stopping severe pain.

A noted German surgeon has reported seventy cases in which pain has been stopped. He suspected that the apparent effect of the rays might be due to suggestion, to the mental effect on the patient; so he devised methods which would avoid that error. His cases covered all sorts of pain, from stomach ache to rheumatism; and in all he had much success. His theory is that the X rays deaden the sensory nerves, a few seconds of treatment being sufficient to depress them. Consequently the rays do not help to cure the cause of the pain, and, in fact, may not be advisable in many kinds of ailments; but they promise to be a new weapon for the doctor who is called on to give relief from intense suffering.

At the same time, in a considerable number of diseases, X rays seem to be helpful for actual curing. Their effect on the lymphatic system of the body has been well established. One of the odd results is that in experimental cases the rays have induced broken bones to knit faster and more surely.

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4 x 34	19.40	20.35	4.00
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5 x 37	32.30	33.90	6.25

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Both classes of cars may now profit from our varied line with its exceptional mileage results and all-around satisfaction in use.

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$400
Combination Mower and Roller 38-inch Cut

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Ideal Power Lawn Mowers are designed to insure the finest possible appearance of the lawn, while, at the same time, saving the labor, expense and unsatisfactory results experienced with the old-fashioned mowing devices.

The larger machine at $400 is a combination mower and roller; 5 horse power, S. A. E. rating; high tension National magneto; 6 adjustable cutter blades; 38-inch cut; climbs 35% grades, cuts 2 to 8 acres a day; speed one to 4½ miles per hour; operating cost 30 cents a day. Automatic sharpening device furnished.

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If you have a lawn problem on your hands, write for catalog describing Ideal Power Lawn Mowers. Ask your dealer.

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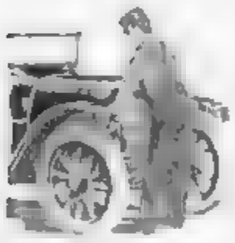

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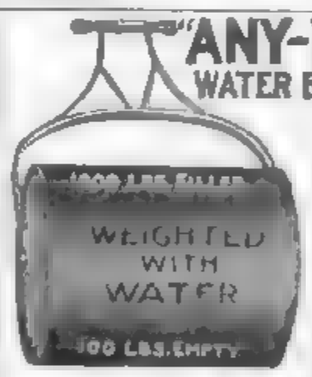

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Fills and empties quickly—no upending. Has rust-proofed, acetylene-welded shell—roller bearings—adjustable counterpoise weights if ordered.

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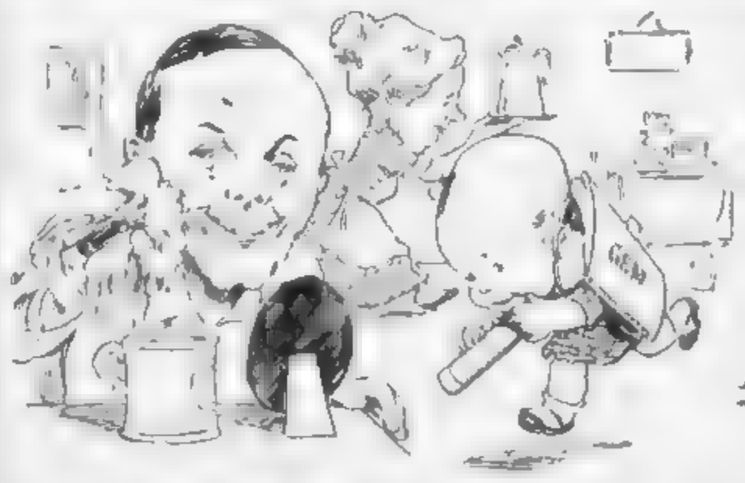

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GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES, 7 FOR 35c.—mean shaving pleasure—a smooth, keen-cutting edge that guarantees a clean, velvety shave—no irritated or broken skin—many more shaves with each blade than you would believe possible.

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Gem Cutlery Co. Inc. New York 591 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal Canadian Branch

TO MACEDONIA AND RETURN

(Concluded from Page 11)

"I have a premonition," said Nervy, "that something is about to happen to us. The situation seems to demand a burnt offering and these Oakmount yaps are already lighting matches. I don't like the looks of things."

"Brace up," said I.

"Wish I could!" said he. "This sporting life is grand—if you don't weaken. I've weakened!"

"Arm gone?"

"Dead! . . . They think I'm trying to throw this game. . . . It's all I can do to throw a baseball!"

"Hadn't you better quit?"

"And be mobbed? No; it's safer out here in the middle of the diamond."

He set his teeth and I walked back to the plate with my heart tickling my tonsils. There was no getting away from it; we were in a tight box. The Oakmount people were crowding in close to the base line and there was a mighty threatening note in their chorus.

"Now throw the game if you dare!"

"Get 'em over if you know what's good for you!"

Nervy didn't even look at them; if he hadn't anything left of his pitching arm he was still game.

The third batter was the Templetown catcher. He waited in spite of all I could say to him. A ball . . . a strike . . . two balls . . . three balls . . . two strikes . . . and, praises be, the next one came wabbling over! He tried to whack it out of the lot, got too anxious and put up a foul. I knocked down seven spectators but I arrived in time to make the catch and that grand-stand play gave us a breathing space.

"You'd *better* try to win this!" yelled the Oakmount rooters.

The next man was the Templetown pitcher. He took a terrific smash at the first ball and hit it to the outfield, high and far away. My heart stopped beating for a few seconds; but the center fielder pulled it down after a hard run. The base runners moved along after the catch; but that circus stunt in deep center was like a reprieve to a condemned man—it gave us a chance.

A runner on second; another on third; two out; score one to nothing in our favor, and the batter was the same big Rube who had opened the game so pleasantly. He was still full of conversation on the same subject.

"I said you wasn't goin' to get away with anything," he remarked, thumping the plate with his bat, "and you ain't. You're in a nice fix, both of you. If you win, our folks will tar-and-feather you. If you lose, Oakmount will do it."

I couldn't think of anything to say to him. I had one eye on the crowd and the other on poor old Nervy, out there in the box, swinging his dead arm and praying for luck.

One strike . . . one ball . . . and then up came a cripple, looking about the size of a toy balloon. The big Rube stepped in with his swing, the base runners started—and I yelled, right in the Rube's ear. It startled him so that he misjudged the ball, and the bat barely ticked it on the under side. It popped out over the diamond, thirty or forty feet in the air, between the plate and the pitcher's box.

It was the simplest catch in the world—any grammar-school kid would have made it with his eyes shut—but as Nervy stepped forward to take the ball his toe caught on the edge of the hole he'd dug with his spikes, and he fell sprawling. The ball struck the ground ten feet in front of him. The runner scored from third and the one from second was on his way, scratching gravel as though his life depended on it. I yelled, and it was then that Nervy went crazy.

Instead of jumping up and grabbing the ball, he scrambled to it on his hands and knees; and he was still on his knees when he chucked it to me—four feet over my head. Just as I reached for it, the other runner slid under me, safe a mile. The big Rube was well on his way to second and there was only one thing to do under the circumstances—and I did it; but my peg went sailing out into center field.

Take it all round, I suppose it was the rawest-looking play ever pulled on a diamond—Nervy falling down when by catching that little pop-up he could have ended the game, and my throwing the ball away afterward—but I don't recall that I stopped to consider that angle of it. At least, not just then, for the entire population of Oakmount closed in with a whoop and a yell.

"Tar-and-feather 'em! Tar-and-feather 'em!"

Never let it be said that a man can be so tired that there isn't a sprint left in his system. Nervy came up from his hands and knees—came up running, thanks to the old crouching start—and he was headed straight over the plate for the trotting track and the high board fence beyond.

Some of the Rubes tried to stop us—and got a football straight-arm jolt, with a fist on the end of it. The low railings on each side of the trotting track were what saved our lives. We hurdled 'em, neck and neck, and the Rubes had to stop to climb. The board fence must have been all of ten feet high; we went over it the same as though it had been a garden gate—we had to do it.

Some farmer had left his horse and buggy by the side of the road, and when the first Oakmount man landed outside the fence there was nothing for him to see but a dense cloud of dust moving rapidly in a southerly direction. I don't know what the record is for the three-mile run; but if that old crowbait didn't lower it, it wasn't our fault. We certainly gave him plenty of encouragement.

"When we came to this town," said Nervy, the old buggy fairly jolting the words out of him a syllable at a time, "we were amateurs, pure as the driven snow. That was only five hours ago; and now we are professionals—and horsethieves. Life is a vapor, full of woe ——"

"Oh, shut up!" said I. "If you had only let some blacksmith win that two dollars . . . Are they coming?"

"By leaps and bounds!" said Nervy, looking back. "The road is black with 'em. . . . Joe, isn't that a railroad track ahead of us? And, as I live, a freight train approaches! Gimme that whip!"

"But you don't know where that freight train is going!" said I.

"And I'll tell you something else—I don't care. It's going away from here; that's the main thing."

"We'll have to jump her on the fly."

"Well"—and Nervy grinned for the first time in an hour—"what do you suppose Steve Brodie would have done in a case like this?"

We arrived at home some time on Monday night, walking the last twelve miles in spiked shoes. The first thing Nervy did, after getting a bath and something to eat, was to send a telegram to Lefkowitz, collect, demanding ninety-nine dollars and our suit cases and clothes. This is the answer he got by letter:

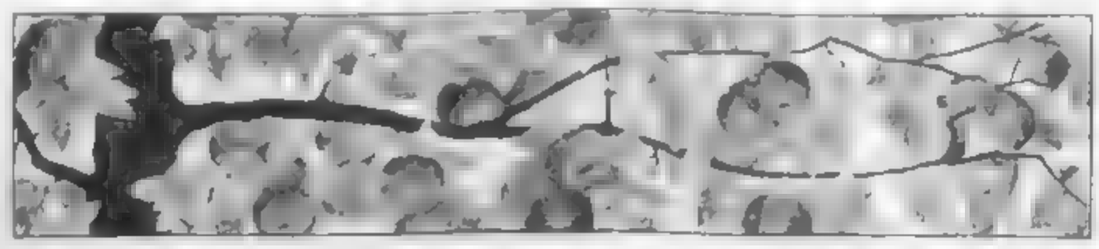
"I like your nerve! You go and double-cross me, and make me lose every dollar, account of the umpire forfeiting the game to Templetown because we can't play the last half of the ninth, and then you ask me for money! If I hear from you any more I will give your names to the sheriff. The horse died the next day and warrants are out for your arrest. When you send back my baseball uniforms I will return your clothes, and so on. Yours truly,

"ABE LEFKOWITZ."

It took him ten minutes or so, but finally Nervy managed to laugh.

"What's so funny about it?" I asked.

"I was just thinking," said he, "that we still have our pure-amateur standings. We didn't bring anything back from Macedonia, did we?"



REDCROSSIE

(Continued from Page 17)

John, who had gone to sleep on a pallet by the stove, woke up and showed me an orange. He had got it Christmas, but wasn't goin' to eat it till the day after tomorrow.

"He had been so s'prised to find it and some nuts and candy, in his stockin'," Martha said. She told me the old man who trusted her with vests to sew had given her a whole week's work, and now they had good times.

"I do hope Robber Henry 'membered to hang up his stocking!" she said. "I ain't 'fraid but somebody would put an orange in it." She said Joe was goin' to get better soon and gossiped about Colyrado. "We're all scattered apart now," said Martha; "but we ain't 'fraid. Some day we'll gather again somewheres."

She was more thin and scraggly lookin' than ever, but nothin' fretted her. She didn't say a word about me not givin' them my money. I wished she would call me Redcrossie, but she didn't.

"I brought you down this week's pocket money," I said, and laid it on the table.

Martha dropped her face down on her arms and then raised it up covered with teardrops.

"I'm so glad, Redcrossie!" she said, and kissed me on the mouth. Then she took the money and put it back in my bag. "We don't need it at all," she said.

And when I asked, "Then why are you glad?" Martha only smiled and shook her head; and her eyes just shined as she looked at me.

"You're laughin' too," she said; and I was, and felt so glad to be there that I said I was goin' to make this my holiday visit.

We gossiped 'bout ever'thin' till late at night, even after we'd gone to bed in the littler room.

I visited three days and, of course, I wouldn't let Martha stand treat for so long, and spent my own money in marketing. We were just like the fairy poor, and talked and sang and housekept. I washed and ironed for all of us while Martha sewed; and we made b'lieve John was wounded, and tied up his head in bandiges. I never had such fun, and I forgot 'bout ever'thing else, and Martha didn't speak of Joe in the hospittle or Robber Henry away on the ocean; so I knew she had forgot 'bout them and was having a good time too.

One afternoon I thought all at once that I wanted to go uptown—to the semminerry, and my home, and the fine avenues; so I had to say good-by and I told Martha I'd never enjoyed anything so much as bein' poor.

Two of my friends were at the seminerry and I gave them a party at my house; Mamma's caterer said it would be all right to send up the things and a man to serve. The girls thought it was wonderful to have a big house all to myself to entertain my friends in, and they congrat'lated me; and the party was in the middle when a dreadful thing happened. Martha called on me, with John.

I'd mentioned that I lived on Madison Avenue, but I never dreamed she would call. I couldn't interdure her to my friends in such a hat and cloak, and it was all so distressin'; but she heard my guests laughin' and talkin' in the dinin' room, and only made a formal call of a few minutes.

I went to the door with her; and, as she carried John down the steps, Papa came up.

"Hello, Martha!" he said. "I didn't know you visited here."

"Have you seen Joe?" she asked him.

"I saw him and splained that you were not to blame for Robbie's goin' away on the Red Cross ship. You can visit him now and he won't scold—because he understands that you couldn't do anything else."

"I'm going now," said Martha, with a little sigh. "I only stopped a minute to see Redcrossie."

She walked on and Papa stared at me for a moment:

"So you're the Red Crosser she told me 'bout?" he said. "I'll have to take back some of the things I thought of 'em. Shake! Shake!" And we shook hands.

"How did you know Martha?" I asked. And he splained that her father used to own a ranch near his in Colyrado.

"Hearin' Mr. Connor was dead I thought I'd look up his little chaps and see that they were gettin' along all right," he said. "Martha writes out to her aunt, who told me where to find 'em."

We were in the drawin' room and he walked up and down before me, with his hands in a clasp behind his back.

"Florrie, of course you know about the little boy, Robert—how Martha let him be a stowaway on that relief ship—somebody had told 'em it was loaded with food for poor folks. Why, she must have been in a dreadful fix! Martha's a brave little girl and never would have let the little fellow go unless they were all starvin', and 'bout to be turned into the street."

He looked away off, whistlin' softly to himself.

"And Joe!" he said, of a sudden. "Why, he was heartbroken when he heard it! Martha had never dared to tell him. Oh, it was a worse wound to Joe than the one you give first aid to! I can't bear to think of it all; I ain't used to it! We don't have such misery on the ranches!"

Papa laid his hand on my shoulder in an old-friend way, and for a minute I forgot about my guests and the party. I felt him give a little start; he looked down at me in a kind of fright.

"Florrie, you knew 'em before the little boy was stowed away! It must have been you who told 'em of that food ship."

I nodded—yes, it was me.

"But, Florrie—you must have known they were hungry! And you told 'em of a food ship!" He shook himself. "Pshaw! You couldn't have known. You'd have helped 'em—given 'em your pocket money. And, if that wasn't enough you'd have got money here at home for 'em."

He stopped dead still; his hand fell away from my shoulder. I had answered him that it wasn't my duty to give money. It seemed to me his face turned gray and hard as stone, but he didn't speak; and after a moment he walked to the window and back.

"I came after an old kit of mine, which is stored somewhere about the house," he said. "The butler can find it for me."

I said he was out of town, and Papa left the address in Colyrado where the butler could express the kit. Then he nodded and went away for good.

I wouldn't have my party spoiled by interruptions. I went back to the girls and we had a great feast and then the wildest romp over the house, till it was tore to pieces. All the next week the lark went on, and even after school began again, till my friends were wore out and the teachers half crazy.

I wouldn't stop a minute; I spent my pocket money for treats as soon as the princ'pal gave it to me and then I made a secret raffle of my gold-mesh purse and entertained with all I took in.

I showed that I could do as I pleased with my own money and didn't have to give it to anybody. To have so much fun all day made me a little lonesome when I lay awake at night—sometimes my roommate shook me because I cried in my sleep; but in the mornin' I started another romp.

One day Mamma sent me a little note saying that she was back home; she hadn't been strong enough to nurse on the battlefields, but trusted to have done a nobler duty. I wondered what it was and went to call on her.

She wasn't at home, but three of the Red Crossers were; and as I waited I heard them talk. I was shocked to find out they were not Red Crossers any more. They said Mamma had set them a noble ixample, and now they were gettin' up a bridge party for poor people at home.

A newspaper was lying open on the table by me and I saw Mamma's photo, taken as she came down on the pier from the ship that brought her home. A lovely little boy was holding to her hand. It was Robber Henry!

Just then they both came in, lookin' as they had in the photo, and Mamma kissed me on both cheeks before goin' up to the old Red Crossers, who already were pettin' Robber Henry and takin' off his greatcoat.

Him and me looked at each other. He was very cool and sly for such a small boy and didn't give any sign of knowin' me—only watchin' from the corners of his eyes, while smilin' at the Red Crossers, who kissed him and called him an angel.

Mamma was very proud and told her friends that only after the little stowaway was found on board, and she was on her way to nurse on a battlefield, did she realize

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No matter where you are, if you cannot get your particular favorite, ask for the *Girard*. You will not be disappointed. It has the "full-bodied" quality and aroma which come only from genuine Havana leaf *grown on Cuban soil*. Yet this is matured and mellowed so completely by our process that the *Girard* is delightfully agreeable even to the most delicate taste.

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In a recent circular to the auto trade, leather manufacturers define leather as "the skin or hide of an animal, or any part of such skin or hide, tanned or otherwise prepared for use."

But since whole hides are too thick for upholstery and the under fleshy portion must be split away from the grain side to make it thin enough, why should the two or three sheets into which the wastage is split be called leather? Although artificially coated and embossed to look like real grain leather, they are weak, spongy, and soon crack, peel and rot.

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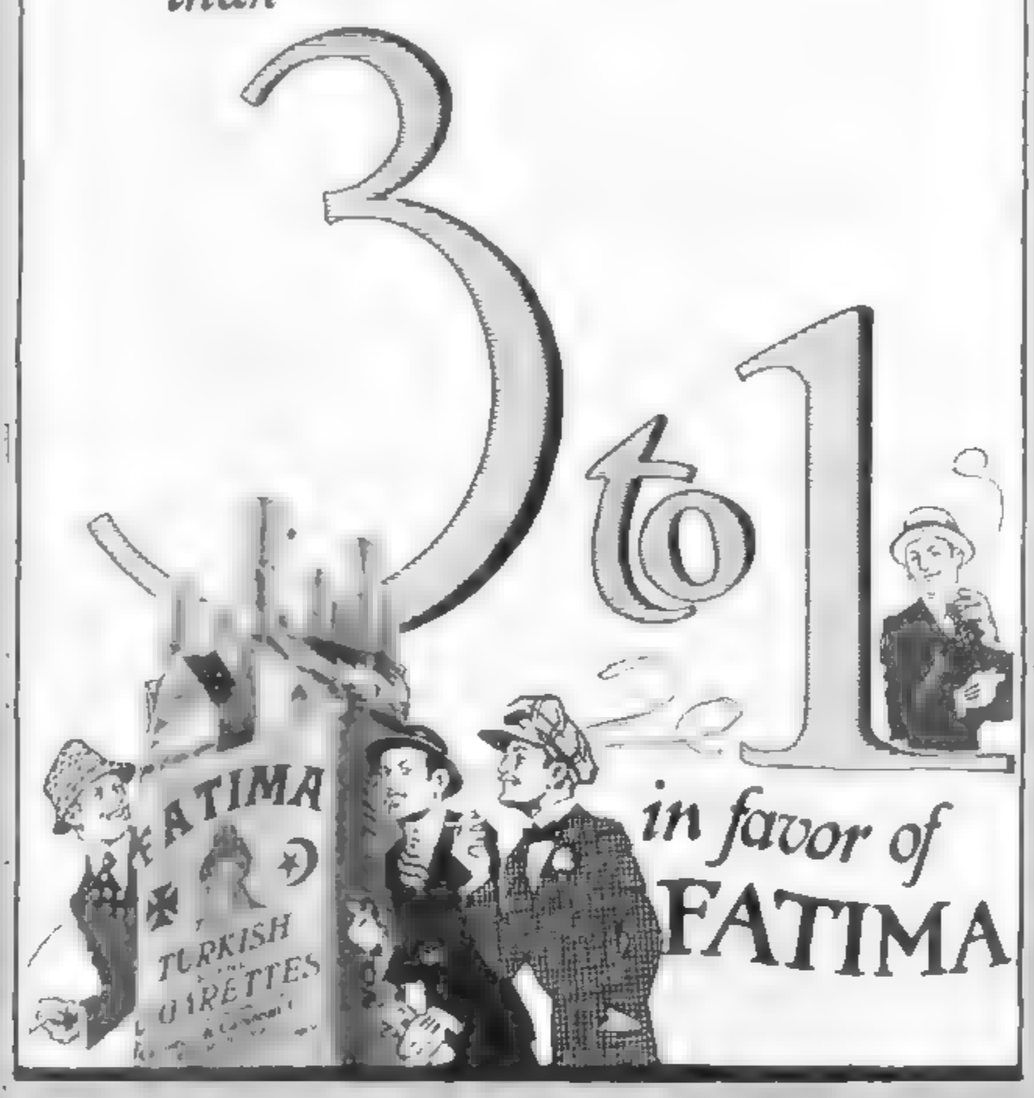

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We have quite a number of these boys who attend our Continuation School during the entire morning and sell your periodicals in the afternoon. I feel that the work they are doing under the direction of your Sales Department is of distinct educational value. You are making men.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) R. L. COOLEY
Director of Industrial Education

JUST as the coöperative and continuation schools afford boys the opportunity of learning the trades while they are pursuing their regular school studies, so the Curtis Plan for boys is a school for salesmanship without interference with the boys' other duties.

The plan is indorsed by educators of national reputation.

IF YOU want your boy to earn his own spending money and at the same time get a business training which will be of value to him as long as he lives, we should like to hear from you. Thousands of other boys are now getting this training by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* after school hours on Thursdays and Fridays. You owe it to your boy to give him this chance. A line of inquiry will bring everything necessary, including a booklet which has interested thousands of parents, entitled "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" Address *Box 772, Sales Division*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

how mistaken they had been not to take care of their own poor instead of foreign wounded.

"It is wicked of them to fight, anyway!" she and all the old Red Crossers said then.

For a minute, after seein' Robber Henry kissed by Mamma, I thought my chest was crushed in and I had gone blind; but in a moment all those people came out of the darkness and I was told to meet Mamma's new little boy.

"He is like an angel," she said, with a little frown.

One of her friends whispered:

"I b'lieve the little girl is jealous!"

"I am not," I said. "I am glad Mamma's got him."

Then truly I hugged him and danced round with him, while Robber Henry smiled with his soft red lips and white teeth, and watched me, very crafty.

I never was so happy, and I romped so hard that the friends said it was lovely of me.

Once I had to throw back my head and laugh; it was the strangest, most sobbin' laugh. I had just 'membered that if I'd given my pocket money to Martha, then Robber Henry would never have gone abroad or have met my mamma. The friends had just gone and Mamma heard the laugh.

"How queerly and noisily you behave, dear!" she said. "I must send you to a different seminerry."

"I'm just happy," I told her.

She smiled sweetly, as she always did, and turned away. Then she turned back.

"Why?" she asked.

"I'm so glad you have brought the little boy home," I splained.

For a moment she frowned, as though suspecting me of only pretendin' this. Then she understood I was honest and sat down, with an arm round both Robber Henry and me; and we had a long talk about the voyage 'cross the ocean and the people they had met.

I stayed home that night; and after Mamma had gone to a benefit party, and taken Robber Henry with her, I sat alone before the gas log.

I thought of Papa camped on the cattle trail and the wolf sittin' 'cross from him. And I could see his face so plain now—not just the hair and eyes and mouth, but the look. It was different from all other faces.

"Why, Miss Florence, you're cryin'!" said the butler when he passed through after a while.

He said I was lookin' pale and thin as a ghost, and must have been playin' too hard with those other young ladies.

Next mornin' I didn't feel much like school, and just sat still in a big chair all day.

In the evenin' it was stormin' very hard and no one came in; Mamma was writin'. I do not know where Robber Henry was, whether he was asleep when the doorbell rang, or hurried to bed after hearin' the voice.

The butler answered the bell and there were queer bumpin' footsteps in the hall.

"Wait! You mustn't come in here like this. I won't have it!" said the butler.

"You can't help yourself—I'm in!" said a sharp, fierce voice. "Back up or I'll soak you with this."

Mamma rose, frightened; my heart was beatin' hard, but I didn't feel 'fraid.

"Florrie! Redcrossie!" the voice cried out, and I answered:

"Here—in the back room!"

In a second, with that strange bumpin' of footsteps, a boy stood in the door. The snow was white on his head and shoulders, and his hair streaked black and wet 'cross his forehead. He was on a crutch and sick-lookin', but his eyes were shinin' wildfire. It was Joe!

"You come on down to see your father," he told me; "he's goin' away to-night—and he's got you dead wrong, Sis. He mustn't go 'way thinkin' that ——"

"Oh, he's got me right," I began; but Joe stamped with his crutch.

"Get wise to yourself—get wise!" he said. "You got a heart o' gold. Let it speak out for itself."

"Who is this?" spoke up Mamma. "What a message! What a messinger! If your papa has anything to say let him come himself."

"He didn't send me; I made a sneak," said Joe.

"Papa wouldn't come; he couldn't after what I done," I told her.

"Florence!" she began; "I forbid ——"

"I only treated him just like you did, Mamma," I said; "but it wounded him. And then I tried to forget him like you did. And I played and spent my money as I pleased, and made lots of friends; but now it don't matter to you, Mamma, what I do—you've got the little boy and I'm so glad. I can go tell Papa I can't forget him. I think of him all the time and see his face in the dark."

I was puttin' on my cloak.

"Sure she likes her father! Anybody would," said Joe. "And I wasn't goin' to have him leave without knowin' it."

Mamma was deadly pale. "Who is this boy?" she asked, holding me back.

"Florrie picked me up and helped take me to the hospittle when I jammed my leg," splained Joe. "And she took my money before they doped me, and gave it to my family. She is sure hon'rable; and she went to see 'em after that."

"Joe," I asked him, "did you know that I bought a gold-mesh purse instead of helping Martha?"

He nodded, pretty solemn.

"I know you wasn't wise to yourself," he answered; "but you are now."

"She is not goin', of course," said Mother; but I told her I must. I'd be 'fraid for myself if I didn't go!

She stood before me with wide eyes, and her body tremblin'.

"Florence," she said—not low and sweet as she always spoke to ever'body, but in a kind of cry—"don't you care for me?" she asked. "Don't you love me?" She just touched me with her hand, as though 'fraid.

"No, no! Not now," I answered, for I was thinkin' only that Papa was goin' away wounded.

She began cryin' with a great sob. Joe shook her sleeve.

"Florrie, where do you get that talk? Don't love your ma! O' course she does, Missus. And so does her pa love you."

Mamma had tried to quiet herself, but was so wilted and forlorn and shaken I hardly knew her.

"It's too late—for all that," she said, turnin' her head from us. "You can't understand."

She had forgot about her little boy; she spoke my name as though she was sayin' good-by to ever'thing in the world.

"What's the trouble, Ma'am?" asked Papa from the door. Martha had begged him so to see me once more that he'd come and just let himself in with his old key. "What's the trouble, Ma'am?" he asked, seein' Mamma cry.

She hushed, but didn't look round.

"She says it's too late," Joe told him.

"Too late for what—too late for whom?" he asked. "For me, do you mean, Ma'am?"

And she nodded in her handkerchief.

"I'm here!" he said, standin' still in the doorway.

Still shiverin', and like a sick, dazed person, Mamma rose and felt her way 'long, with her head turned away, as though 'shamed, till he took hold of her hands to guide her. And, holdin' them, he kept his eyes on me. And we saw each other plainer than ever before, I guess; for he said slowly, in the queerest, gladdest way:

"What! You, too, Florrie?" And I knew his wound was healed.

Only Joe looked down, bitin' his lips hard and thinkin' of his own family, so scattered, with Robber Henry lost 'cross the ocean. Nobody but me knew better; and, somehow, I had to tell Martha first of all. I was so homesick for her!

We are ranch people now, in Colyrado, with the Connors as neighbors down the valley.

I like to think of Martha and the littler boys—they are such dear neighbors! And sometimes I think of Joe, too, who came so far after me on his crutch through the storm, just because he b'lieved I had a heart of gold.

But I can't always 'member the look in his face, any better than I could Papa's in the old days. The eyes and hair and mouth are there—and yet often I have to ride down to the Connor Ranch to make sure of the look. He is the first to see me coming.

"Here's Redcrossie!" he calls.

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

THE STRANGE BOARDER

(Continued from Page 23)

Turning in at the lighted stairway door, he brushed against a passenger who seemed to have taken refuge there from the rain—a pursy little man, with whiskers that curved in under his chin, wearing baggy trousers and a torn alpaca jacket. The man looked at him curiously as he passed up the stairs.

Had he seen a moving figure on the fire-escape or had it been a trick of his straining eyes? That question boiled in his tumultuous mind. The stairs were empty as he went up; so was the front hall. From a point just beyond the door to the gambling rooms another flight of stairs ascended to the third floor. Gardner went up them. He was not moving very intelligently now, but rather blindly following the urge of his tossing fears.

A single gas jet burned dimly in the third-story hall; but a light showed around the edges of a transom on the lefthand side—the side containing the rooms that overlooked the alley. He listened a moment at the door, but heard nothing; hesitated another moment; then rapped gently. Some one stirred inside the room. The door opened a foot and Peter, the slow-moving, subtle-eyed Italian, looked out at him. Peter, he knew from Arthur's gossip, was a sort of bodyguard for the overlord.

"Oh! I was looking for Mr. Bloom," Gardner explained, being taken by surprise and showing it.

"His is the next door," Peter replied, with a little motion of his head down the hall. "He'ain't there now. You can see him downstairs later."

"Thank you," Gardner replied; and the door closed.

He hesitated again, with half a mind to call Peter back and ask him to search Bloom's apartment; but there was the difficulty of his task—he dared not say too much. With the baffled sense of managing it badly, he went downstairs and looked in at the gambling rooms; but the proprietor had not appeared.

Tossed by his fears, his nerves afflicting him when he was not in motion, he descended to the street; and when he reached it the rain was coming down in a deluge. He scuttled across the street and took shelter in a dark doorway, from which he could see the mouth of the alley and the lighted stairway leading up to the gambling establishment. No one could go up there without being seen by him. The best thing he could do, it seemed, was to wait there and watch.

It was a memorable rain, lasting more than an hour and fairly drowning the earth, with much thunder and lightning. While it lasted the shabby street across which Gardner looked was almost empty. Twice a dripping cab sped by. Some score of compelled pedestrians, huddled under umbrellas, braved the downpour. Otherwise he saw nobody.

The rain ceased as abruptly as it had begun. Ten minutes later a taxicab rolled up to the curb in front of Bloom's doorway and the first figure that emerged from it—bulky and raincoated—was the overlord. Two men followed him and the three went upstairs. Gardner looked at his watch and found it was twenty minutes past ten.

It was time to act now. At least, he must give a solemn warning. Even if Kittie Hinch were lurking up there in Bloom's apartment, and should be arrested, he could do no less. He waited a few minutes, with a beating heart, until the overlord should—so to speak—have got settled in his establishment; then he crossed the street and for the second time ascended the stairs.

The first object he saw in the gaming establishment was Jake Bloom, standing in the front room talking to Pat Maloney, Peter and a stranger. He was wearing pumpkin-colored flannel trousers that evening, and as usual they fitted beautifully, the creases falling true as plumb lines from his swelling paunch to his shiny shoes. His fine silk shirt was a pale yellow and in his tie was a large ruby. Also—which Gardner had never seen before—he wore a flower, a red rose, over his heart. In spite of his heavy jowls he was certainly a handsome man—and an insolent.

As his shoulder was turned toward the door and he was busy talking, Gardner slipped by him to await a better opportunity for speaking. He went on to the broad arch that divided the front room from the poker room. Glancing into the poker room, he was fairly paralyzed, for Kittie Hinch was sitting at the corner table calmly playing poker with Arthur and two other men.

Gardner had gaped stonily for some seconds when Kittie looked up and saw him, and immediately sang out cheerily:

"Hello, Sam! Come over here!" Gardner mechanically obeyed. As he went to the table Kittie held up his hand, with the well-known serpentine grin, saying: "How are you, old man? Why didn't you come round for me to-day?"

The other players suffered this interruption of the game with signs of impatience; so Kittie laid down his hand and rose, saying:

"You fellows just excuse me half a minute."

He put his hand affectionately on Gardner's arm and stepped out into the middle of the room with him.

"Why, I did come for you," said Gardner. "I waited over an hour in the anteroom."

"Oh, in the anteroom!" Kittie replied. "I s'posed you'd be in the jail office. 'Course I was in a hurry to get away, so I didn't wait."

"How did you come here, Kittie?" Gardner inquired gravely. "I've been watching for you here all the evening I mean, watching outside."

"Why, I ducked in here early," Kittie replied. "I came downtown without any coat, you see, and when it begun to rain I ducked in here."

"I was up here and didn't see you," Gardner observed dubiously.

"Why, sure! I saw you," Kittie answered cheerfully. "It was just after it began to rain. I stepped out of the toilet room there—see?—and I thought I saw you goin' out." He had nodded toward the door in the corner—a survival of the time when this was a hotel parlor—marked Toilet. And, indeed, Gardner perceived that Kittie might have been in there and stepped out as he was leaving.

"Glad I saw you here, Sam," Kittie added cordially. "What you goin' to do to-morrow afternoon? I'd like to have a talk with you. Everything's all right, you know," he concluded, with a significant little nod.

"Why, yes; I'd like very much to see you," said Gardner, with a kind of grateful tenderness; and the two men arranged a meeting at McBane's Hotel for the next afternoon.

Gardner had been noticing Kittie's unusual costume—that is, he was in his shirt-sleeves; and never before had Gardner seen him abroad without a coat, for a coat, even of the lightest material, hid the butt of the heavy revolver in his hip pocket. As Kittie turned cheerfully back to the poker game Gardner surveyed his hips. Both pockets were flat and empty. This evening certainly Kittie was quite weaponless.

With a lightened and thankful heart Gardner turned toward the door and passed Jake Bloom without even thinking of him. The eaves still dripped outside, but the sky was rapidly clearing. His watch showed twenty minutes to eleven, and he started happily north to take the surface car, for time was of no particular value and his relaxed nerves craved exercise.

The car had hardly passed Chicago Avenue before somber shadows began to arise and question his contentment. He chased them away for a little while; but they came back, thicker and darker and more menacing. Kittie's explanation of how he got into the poker room sounded less plausible the more he thought of it. Surely Kittie had an ape's cause to hate and kill. Above all, there was the thing he had mysteriously felt—the invisible presence, chilling his blood, making something within him cry out pitifully. His heart turned heavier and heavier, accusing him. No doubt he had bungled it all—misdone it all!

Nevertheless, he alighted from the car at Savoy Avenue as though a spring had been wound up and set for that corner. As he got off the car he was struggling to reassure himself with the reflection that Kittie Hinch was weaponless that evening; that, at any rate, he had done all he could. He looked at his watch again and found it was eight minutes past eleven, and at that a recollection rose somberly in his mind—something of the gossip he had heard round the gambling establishment to the effect that

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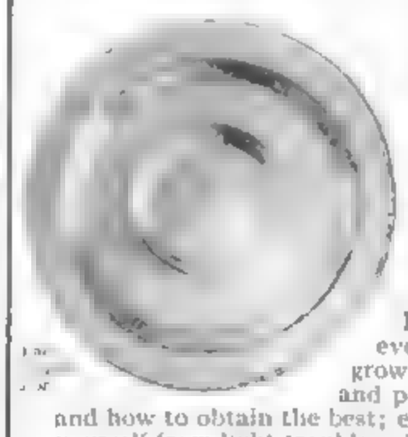

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John Joseph Day

lives in Connecticut

Not long ago his father died, and in order to support himself John went to work in a watch factory. He didn't earn much money, and to meet expenses decided to do some outside work.

He began to sell The Saturday Evening Post

Each week has seen his list of customers grow, and today he has over $400.00 in the bank in addition to what he has spent.

Briefly, this is the story of one of thousands of boys who are earning money by selling *The Saturday Evening Post.* Most of them go to school and devote their spare time after school hours on Thursdays and Fridays to earning their own spending money and at the same time getting what is of much greater value—a real business training which will be of value to them as long as they live.

ANY BOY CAN DO IT

We shall be glad to send to any boy everything necessary for starting, including a booklet telling what other boys have done and a handsome book of premiums which are given to boys in addition to the money earned. *Box 771, Sales Division*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Jake Bloom's heart was ailing and the doctor had strictly ordered him to go to bed at midnight.

He walked slowly, his lagging steps corresponding to the dull state of his mind. At that dissipated hour, of course, Number 2 Carlisle Terrace was dark and given over to slumber. He tiptoed up the steps and across the porch and applied his latchkey. As he glided into the dark hall he could feel the sleeping household, hidden away in the dark, unprotected.

At once that invisible presence was at his elbow again, chilling his blood as though a veritable cold hand were laid upon him. He felt a terrible guilt and crept quickly upstairs as though he could escape it. At the threshold of his bedroom his hand went out mechanically to the electric button. The light flashed out and he stood stockstill.

His bed, which should have been smoothly made up, was in some disorder. There was a hollow in the pillow; a corner of the upper sheet and of the counterpane was thrown back; on the under sheet he could see where a small form had nested. Clearly Billy had gone to bed there instead of in the alcove. A tender concept of the boy's innocence entered his mind, sharpening the sense of guilt. He felt that he was an awful coward and stood staring at the bed.

He was only subconsciously aware of a slight noise behind him—the opening of a door. Then he heard Jane's voice, pitched very low, saying:

"Are you looking for Billy? He's here with me."

He looked across the hall and saw that her door was open two inches and she was peering out at him.

"He was afraid of the thunder, you know; so I took him in with me," she explained, just above a whisper. "Wait a minute. I'll wake him up and send him in there."

"No; keep him with you," he replied, under his breath. "In fact, I'm going out again. Thank you."

Immediately he turned out the light. As he crept swiftly downstairs he heard Jane close her door and lock it. He noiselessly let himself out by the front door, took to the street and ran for the Elevated.

Jane turned on the light in her own room, noticed that it was twenty minutes past eleven, and returned to bed; but it was a poor night for sleeping.

She had a kind of disgust of Gardner's concerning himself so much with the gambler and his putty-and-frosting wife. She had given him a hint of it, but the hint seemed to make no impression on him. That had put her in a vaguely resentful kind of humor. It had been thundering for ten or fifteen minutes, and Billy had been on her mind; yet she had kept stubbornly to her chair and book in that vaguely resentful humor. Then abruptly she had dashed in and found the boy cuddled in his father's bed—as being more secure than his own—very wide awake, with the sheet and counterpane pulled tightly over his head, trembling a little and dripping with perspiration. She had picked him up bodily, in an excess of remorse, and carried him to her own room; then she undressed and lay down beside him.

He soon fell asleep, but she could not. At length she heard Gardner come in. The light from his room showed faintly under her door and, as he did not close the door, she imagined him wondering about Billy. Still remorseful, she rose and spoke to him. But after he went out there was still no sleep. She exerted her will, but only wrought herself into that state of painfully acute nervous consciousness which is the penalty of a vain pursuit of sleep.

Dawn feebly began, dimly revealing first the chair by the window, then the dresser. She dozed a little and woke to full daylight; but the clock on the dresser showed that it was only a quarter past four. She then heard a slight sound downstairs—evidently the cautious opening of the door—next, a soft footstep near the top of the stairs and the gentle creak of a door-hinge across the hall. Evidently Gardner had come in again.

Billy wakened her in broad, warm daylight. He had slipped out of bed and was trying to open the door. She saw that she had overslept quite twenty minutes, and sprang up to let Billy out and to dress. When she entered the dining room Billy and Gardner were already eating their oatmeal. She noticed that Gardner was pale in spite of his tan and that he looked haggard.

"How can such things happen in a civilized community?" Mrs. Wharton was appealing to Professor Jonathan Byers.

"They are sure to happen," he boomed back in stern reproval. "The wages of sin is death!"

"If death was only the wages of sin!" she replied gloomily. "How often I've thought of that since the doctor was taken away! He was without sin."

"But isn't it strange that nobody heard the shot!" said Miss McChesney. "Could it have been suicide, Professor?"

"No—not if the newspaper reports are substantially correct," Professor Byers returned judicially. "It must have been murder!"

"How dreadful!" said Miss McChesney; and, catching Jane's startled, questioning glance, she asked: "Haven't you seen the morning paper? A notorious gambling man named Jacob Bloom was murdered last night—shot through the heart just at midnight!"

She pronounced it with tragic deliberation, her large pale-blue eyes, with dark circles under them, widening with fishy horror. A moment later, trying to make it casual, Jane looked round at Gardner and noticed more particularly that he was pale and haggard. She lost all appetite for the orange, of which she had taken only one spoonful.

Nothing further happened at the breakfast table; and as soon as possible Gardner slipped upstairs, taking Billy with him—as though he wished to avoid her. She was late already, but loitered for a chance to speak a word with him. He had said he was going to see Jake Bloom; he had left the house abruptly after eleven o'clock and stayed out until daylight; he was haggard this morning.

This was enough to make her wish he would say something—merely a reassuring word that he had not fatuously blundered into a mess. So she loitered four or five minutes on the porch. Gardner came out then, accompanied by his son.

"Billy and I thought we'd spend the forenoon over in the park, as I haven't anything in particular to do," he was explaining in a cheerful tone that did not match well with his haggard eyes.

There was no time to say anything more, for they were both aware, with a shock, that two men had turned the corner of the house and were looking up at them.

The smaller of the two men, who was barely six feet tall and could not have weighed more than two hundred, at once said:

"Hello, Gardner!"

To which Gardner politely replied:

"Good morning!"

The larger man approached the proportions of a hippopotamus and reminded Jane of that animal. His clothes hung baggily on his huge frame; straight black hair showed under the brim of his straw hat, and his great face, with high, massive cheekbones, was of a peculiar swarthy, metallic tinge, as though it had been lightly washed with stove polish.

"They'd like to see you downtown," said the smaller man, at the foot of the porch stairs.

"Yes; all right," Gardner replied soberly; and stooping a little to Billy he explained: "We'll go over to the park another time, son; you see I have to go with these gentlemen now." He lifted his hat to Jane with only a look and went down the steps. The three men disappeared round the corner—Gardner, between the other two, looking like a boy.

Jane gave a little shiver. The hippopotamus man, who chewed gum steadily, had been looking up at her out of beady black eyes. It was not that his look had been exactly impudent—it was too inhuman, too far removed from any sympathy, for that. It was as though he were considering whether, on the whole, he would prefer her fried or broiled. She knew, of course, they were from the Police Department.

In the Elevated station she bought a morning paper as usual. The big headlines at the righthand top of the front page seemed to throw themselves at her personally, and from the center of the page a man's face stared up at her—a heavy-jowled yet rather handsome face. Beneath the broad cut her eyes caught the word Murdered! and she at once folded the paper.

It was only in the library at the bank that she spread the sheet deliberately and read through the six-column account word by word. With equal care she read three other accounts, for all the newspapers were sent in to her. Substantially they agreed.

(Continued on Page 57)

More than 4500 owners will now tell you of the wonders of

The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

At long intervals there appears a product, about which the whole truth cannot at once be told.

If ***all*** of its new and wonderful qualities were set forth, before the public had actually experienced them, the description might not be credited.

When we issued our initial announcement of the Cadillac with its Eight Cylinder V-type Engine, we found ourselves in precisely this position.

The most ordinary statement of its advantages appeared overdrawn.

Our certainty that it would revolutionize motoring amounted to a conviction.

But we dared not tax the credulity of the public, by telling the entire story, even though the public has always reposed implicit confidence in Cadillac announcements.

Our one thought was to hold ourselves within bounds—to be temperate—to place a check upon our own enthusiasm.

We told only a part of the truth—and yet we are conscious, now, that some of our statements must have sounded at least a trifle fervid, coming from a company committed to conservatism.

But there is no need now to understate the case, ***because the public knows.***

The strongest statements which we made are mild by comparison with those which are echoing from one end of the country to the other.

Thus we said, in an early announcement, that in the new Cadillac "good roads yield up a velvet quality of travel undreamed of."

We said that "bad roads lose much of their terror, and hills seem almost to flatten out before you."

Many a man no doubt made the mental comment that these were strong claims.

But they are as nothing to the assertions which you can and will hear in every city in which the new Cadillac is being driven today.

Again we said, that the Cadillac Eight Cylinder V-type engine "produced eight impulses in every cycle—overlapping so completely that they melt and merge, one into another."

And, we added, that this power "ebbs and flows so flexibly that the car can be operated almost continuously under throttle control, without change of gears."

Consult your own Cadillac acquaintances, and you will find that this condition of almost continuous throttle control is a commonplace of the Cadillac owner's every-day experience.

We said that "the motor did not seem to be driving the car, but rather to have given it wings"—and the Cadillac owner will express his riding-sensations, today, in even stronger terms than these.

The burden of testimony has passed from us to the finest citizenship of the land.

The uttermost that we might say is being outdone by our friends. The Cadillac car itself, and the owners of the Cadillac have relieved us of the necessity of praising our own product.

We do not believe that anyone, after riding in this car, can resist the charm of such surpassing ease, smoothness, steadiness and flexibility of power.

Our conviction is that the enthusiasm over the Eight Cylinder Cadillac means nothing short of a national conversion.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan, $2800. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

hits the pike that passes your piazza. For P. A. has been out of the woods long enough to be called by its first name. That's because it's friendly-like; because it is manufactured by an exclusive patented process that muffles the bite and the scorch and just makes men so all-fired happy they can hear the pollywogs purr even before the pussy willows peep into the spring sunshine.

So, you men with a sad pipe-past, come around somemore and sort of get acquainted with Prince Albert in the tidy red tin and let the light of jimmypipejoy break into your soul. You'll wonder why you didn't get awake earlier and hear the robins sing in the old mulberry tree.

Get started on the tidy red tin, then you'll graduate to the crystal-glass pound humidor with the sponge in the top that keeps your P. A fine like silk *Because a lot of men do that thing.*

Any point you happen to land you'll find P. A. awaiting your howdydo. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors; crystal-glass pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
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(Continued from Page 54)

During the evening, it appeared, Jake Bloom had been about his gambling establishment as usual. Just at midnight he had left the gaming rooms, stepped into the hall, and gone up the front stairs to his living quarters on the third floor. Four men remembered that it was just at midnight, for Bloom had exhibited his watch and remarked that he was retiring on the stroke of the clock, as the doctor had ordered him to do.

There were diagrams of the second and third floors, with Bloom's course indicated by a dotted line as he went up the stairs, down the third-floor hall, and opened the door to his lavishly furnished living quarters. The dotted line went across the parlor into the bedroom and ended at a cross on the bed. Opposite the cross was the legend: "Where the body was found."

There was a window in this bedroom that was open a foot for ventilation and the shade was up two feet or more. There were two windows in the parlor, one of which, like the bedroom window, had been left open for ventilation. There was no way of reaching these windows from the outside save by a ladder from the ground or a rope from the roof; but the second parlor window was always locked, because it opened on the landing of the fire-escape.

When the police broke into the room after the murder this second parlor window was open. The catch that fastened it had been broken, and an examination of the sill and sash showed that a jimmy had been used. Obviously, then, the murderer had come up the fire-escape, pried the window open, killed the gambler and descended as he came.

There were several things to be taken into account, however. For one thing, the fire-escape ended abruptly eight feet above the ground. The murderer might have had an accomplice who boosted him up, or he might have climbed on the windowsill below the fire-escape and gained the latter by a good leap; but the fire-escape ended only fifteen feet from the mouth of the alley and people were always passing along there. Moreover, by midnight the sky had cleared and there was a good moon; so a murderer clambering up the fire-escape must have taken a long chance of being seen.

Inspector Ryan, however, pointed out to the reporters that the early part of the evening had been very dark with a drenching rain. He opined that the assassin had taken advantage of that earlier darkness to climb up the fire-escape and force the window—lying in wait in Bloom's apartment. Other facts, recited by the inspector, pointed convincingly to the same conclusion.

For example, Jake Bloom, with well-founded misgivings, had equipped the fire-escape window of his parlor and the parlor door with a burglar alarm, which connected with the headquarters of a detective agency only three blocks away; also, with a large silver-plated gong over the door of the parlor. It was Bloom's habit, on retiring, to turn the switch that threw on the burglar alarm.

That this burglar alarm was in good working condition at the time of the murder was indubitable, because it had sounded in the detective agency at exactly four minutes past twelve; and a few minutes later than that a hanger-on of the Bloom establishment—an Italian known as Peter—had identified a certain sound as the ringing of the gong in Bloom's apartment.

Peter was sure he had been hearing the noise for some little time; but for a while he had not identified it—there were always noises. Then it had come to him that it must be the gong. He had spoken to Mr. Patrick Maloney about it and, after listening a moment, he and Mr. Maloney had stepped into the hall—just as three operatives from the detective agency, with a patrolman they had picked up on the way, ran upstairs from the street.

They had spent possibly a couple of minutes knocking and calling at the door to Bloom's apartments; then they broke down the door. But it could not possibly have been later than a quarter past twelve when they discovered the gambler's still-warm body lying across the bed, dressed just as when he had left the gaming rooms, except that his flowing four-in-hand tie was lying on the dresser, with the ruby pin he had been wearing that evening beside it. The shot had cut the leaves of a red rose the gambler wore on his breast and passed through the heart. Physicians who examined the body later said that death must have been instantaneous.

Now a loaded automatic pistol always lay on a little stand at the head of Bloom's bed. It lay there as usual, fully loaded, when the police broke in. Certainly a bold man like Bloom, who lived, so to speak, with his life in his hands, would not have stood coolly at the dresser taking off his tie while that gong over the door was ringing in his ears, and so suffered himself to be shot down when the means of defense lay right at his hand!

Clearly the assassin had entered well before midnight—no doubt concealing himself in the bedroom—or in the bathroom, which opened into it. On entering he had closed the fire-escape window behind him. Thus when Bloom stepped in at midnight and turned on the lights the parlor wore its usual aspect; and after locking the door and turning on the burglar alarm he had walked into his bedroom unsuspecting. He was standing at the dresser and had already taken off his tie when the murderer stepped forth and shot him.

Inspector Ryan thought the assassin must have lurked in the bathroom, and had stepped into the bedroom doorway and there called or made some noise that caused Bloom to face round. This theory was most plausible because the bullet's course showed that the shot had been fired from a position directly in front of the gambler, and Bloom's fine silk shirt was not so badly burned by powder as it would have been at any shorter range than that between the bathroom door and the dresser.

Having committed the murder, the assassin escaped by the window through which he had entered. This was proved beyond doubt by the fact that the door from the hall to the parlor was locked on the inside and Bloom's own key—easily identified by the keyring and other keys—was on the inside of the lock.

In short, it was perfectly plain that Bloom, having let himself in, had locked the hall door behind him; and no one could have gone out that way, as the door was still locked and his key on the inside of the lock when the police broke in. It was clear, also, that in raising the window to let himself out the murderer had touched off the burglar alarm.

Cunningly as the assassin had laid the trap, Inspector Ryan pointed out, he had evidently overlooked that point of the burglar alarm. Everything indicated that he was more or less familiar with Bloom's habits and habitation; but either he did not know there was a burglar alarm or he overlooked the fact that Bloom, on entering, would throw the alarm on.

It would have been very easy for him, after shooting Bloom, to step over and throw the alarm off; also, to turn out the lights—in which case the crime would not have been discovered for hours; but in his ignorance or his panicky haste to escape he opened the window. Immediately the gong sounded, and then there was nothing left for him but to run.

In arranging his living quarters on the third floor of the old hotel building Bloom had torn out some partitions, so that his parlor, bedroom and bath occupied a space formerly containing five or six small bedrooms; and in this rearrangement he had left only one door into his living quarters—the one from the hall into the parlor. That door being accounted for, there was no possible ingress save by the windows overlooking the alley; and only one of those windows—the one on the fire-escape landing—was accessible except by the use of a long ladder from the ground or a rope from the roof.

A ladder was out of the question, because so unwieldy an object could not possibly have been taken down and concealed in the few minutes that elapsed between the murder and its discovery. The same objection weighed as conclusively against a rope. Besides, there was no way of escape from the roof except through the building, and careful examination showed that there was no means of anchoring a rope above any of the windows.

True, the building across the alley was occupied as a cheap and dubious hotel. Windows were open there with people behind them, and no one had heard a shot; but there were always noises about the city—people paid little attention to them. Nor had any one seen a man come down the fire-escape at midnight; but a man fleeing for his life could easily accomplish that in half a minute.

As Jane pored breathlessly over the accounts, no question as to the accuracy of Inspector Ryan's deductions occurred

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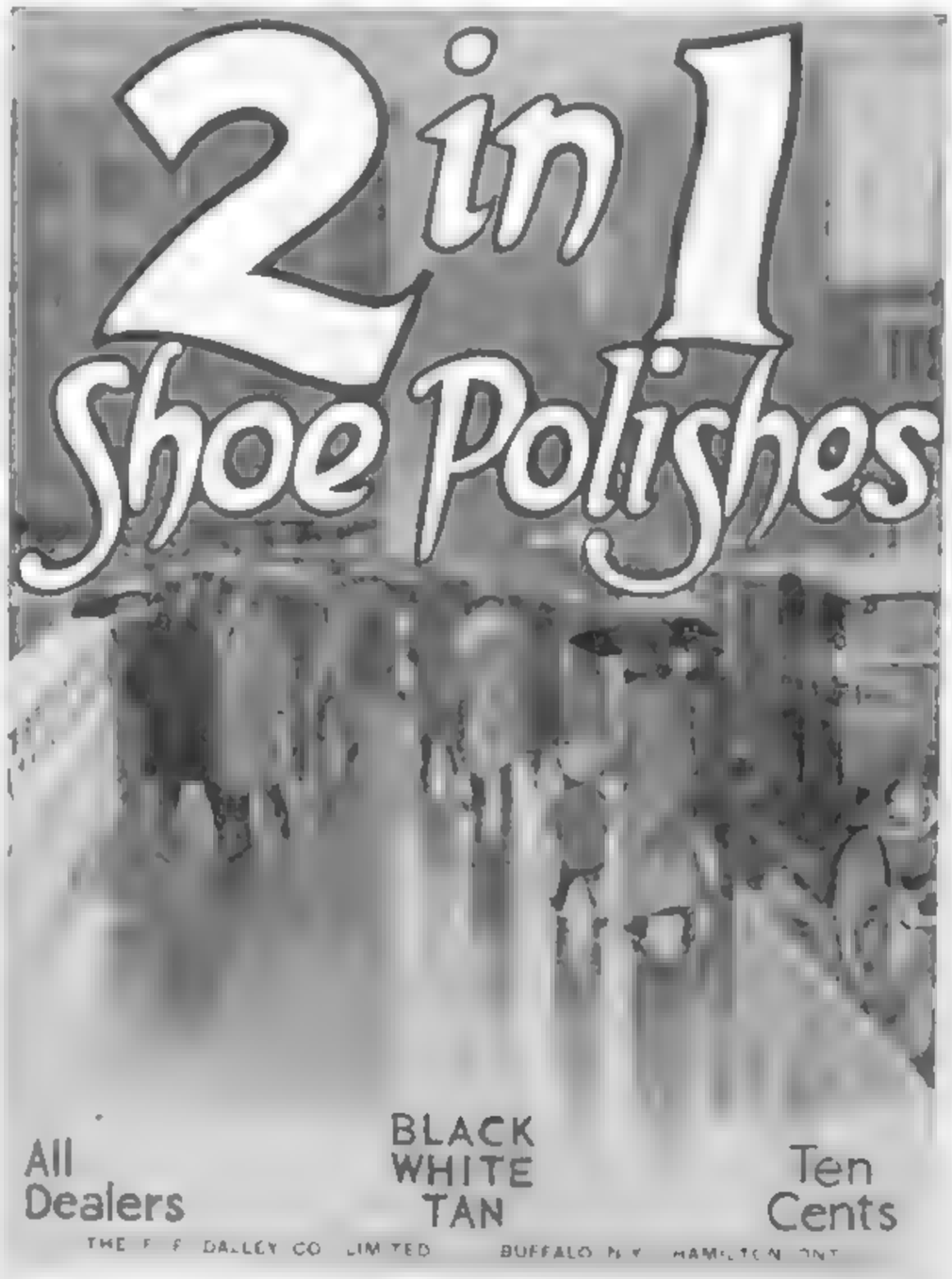

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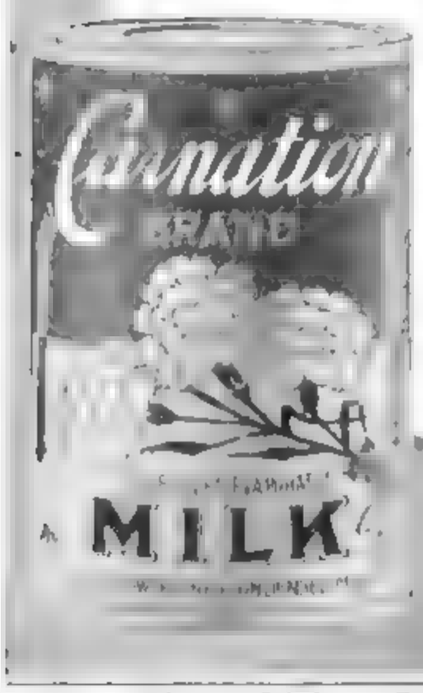

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to her. She saw, indeed, that all the circumstantial evidence infrangibly supported it; and she presumed the inspector had ground for his confident declaration that the assassin was known to the police and would in all probability be apprehended within twenty-four hours.

Naturally, from things Gardner had said, Mr. Hinch came to her mind, and it gave her an excited little shiver to reflect that a man she had shaken hands with was probably a murderer. She turned back to her first newspaper for the frills and addenda she had skipped in her impatience to get the main story; and immediately following a little interview with Patrick Maloney—describing the scene in the gambling house when the fatal gong was heard—she saw a still shorter interview with James alias Kittie Hinch.

He was sitting at a poker table in the rear room, he said, when he heard an unusual noise upstairs. He was just about to speak to his companions about it when he saw Pat Maloney and Peter, with their ears cocked up, evidently listening to the same sound. It must have been about five minutes past twelve, he thought, when he first heard the sound of the gong. He remembered having seen Bloom leave the front room only three or four minutes before that.

So she had not shaken hands with a murderer! She wondered whether the police had caught the murderer by that time—above all, what they wanted of Gardner.

In admiring the astuteness with which Inspector Ryan had built up his theory of the crime, she did not, of course, know that the pursy man in baggy trousers and torn alpaca jacket had seen Gardner drop from the fire-escape and had been sufficiently interested to pause in Jake Bloom's doorway, where Gardner had passed him face to face; or that two minutes later the pursy man had run across a patrolman—thriftily sheltered in a doorway from the oncoming rain—and had related the circumstance to him.

The patrolman had dismissed the incident from his mind at the time, especially as it began to rain harder; but he had put Inspector Ryan in possession of the fact within an hour after the discovery of the murder; and during that hour Pat Maloney and Peter had described Gardner's peculiar behavior in the early part of the evening. Maloney told how Jake Bloom had barred Gardner from his faro table, and reminded the inspector that Gardner was the same man who had been arrested in the raid on Kittie Hinch's place when he had tried to beat up a policeman—a desperate character evidently.

Thus Gardner was the first person on whom police suspicion fell, and detectives had spent all the latter part of the night trying to find out where he lived. Suspicion became certainty about seven o'clock in the morning when the patrolman brought in the pursy man, who particularly described the person he had seen drop from the fire-escape.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Points Against Sport

THE psychologist has been studying the basketball and the football player to see whether their sports add to their mental development; and he has decided that they do not, regardless of muscle development. The chief drawback found is that the practice of the sports seems to make a man more susceptible to suggestion; and so, on the theory that susceptibility to suggestion is something of a weakness in a grown man, the result is a demerit for the game.

An investigator in the University of Washington undertook tests of twelve young people—six boys and six girls—both sexes divided equally between players and nonplayers—a rather small number, however, for satisfactory tests. The tests were devised to show, after several months of basketball practice, whether the six players in contrast with the six nonplayers had developed better control of movement, had developed greater power to concentrate attention, and had become less susceptible to suggestion.

He found that the players became less steady in their control of movement, that they improved in ability to concentrate attention, and that they became more open to suggestion. The first and the last of these three changes he considered to be detrimental, and the second to be helpful; so he concluded that there were two points against the play and one for it.

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A SOCIAL QUADRANGLE

(Continued from Page 5)

ounce was of the hundred and sixty pounds tonnage she carried—and show it a great glistening jewel of life, as much vitalized on her arms and broad, dimpled back as in her face, which changed every moment as the winds of feeling played through the wide-open windows of her heart. Indeed, as for her dinners, there Lalla Rookh queened, even as the Colonel before her had coloneled his way to such success as his soul craved. So, in spite of the salient irregularity of the thin-visaged, steel-fingered, probe-eyed Doctor's position in the Nixon household, there were never too many plates for the guests at Mrs. Nixon's dinners, and Lalla Rookh snapped her fingers at the town, and the town replied as one woman: "Well, how does the Professor stand it?"

To which query the Professor might well have put another: "Stand what?" And that would have been a poser; for, whatever the relations were between Mrs. Nixon and the Doctor, they were not evidenced by a single episode or incident which the town could question. But the town might reply: "A man does not spend all his spare time with a woman, particularly a woman to whom he has been engaged, and by whom he was madly and impulsively jilted, unless ——" "Well, unless what?" might the devil's advocate make answer, and all the town could have done would have been to wag its head and grumble: "Well, anyway ——" and let it go at that.

And yet at the bookstore there was evidence that the Doctor was ordering all the books he could find that told of the loves of Dante and Beatrice, of Petrarch and Laura, of Pelléas and Mélisande and of all the other affairs of unrequited affection of which he had ever heard. Whatever Lalla Rookh's theory of the situation was, it was certain that the Doctor was taking it with dreadful seriousness. And his seriousness affected him with a kind of an obsession of gentleness and consideration for everyone. He visited upon the poor a very passion of tenderness, and entered into their lives with a fraternity of spirit that made them his champions. Perhaps his work among the poor was in the hope of feeling her approval; perhaps it was because love begets love. No one knew and few asked. For in such cases the public mind finds it easier to scoff than to speculate about eccentricities that are by-products of a three-cornered love affair.

As for the big, preoccupied man with the deep, quiet voice who was Lalla Rookh's husband, the town had a divided opinion. Two things were said of him—that he was too busy to care what was going on; and that he was biding his time. And neither saying was true.

For the truth is that Lalla Rookh fooled her husband, after the old, old fashion of the woman whose husband is away on a long journey; for the Professor always was away on a long journey into the innermost core of matter. Yet though she fooled him—such is the sad inconsistency of her type of mind—she loved him. He was the shadow of a great rock in a weary land for her, the land of vain pretenses and subtle intriguing, the land of exciting adventures all in the humdrum of the day's routine work, the land of complicated motives and tangled desires, a waste land wherein she descended slopes and ran breathless back up steeps to safety—ran panting lest she should fall into the pit, and insanely hoping she might fall, a land of stolen waters that corroded her soul and of bitter desert fruit that choked her life; a weary land of mirages, where she walked she knew not why, save that she had a wandering foot. And Gregory Nixon was the shadow of a great rock where she rested and was happy.

Probably it was under the shadow of that rock that Mrs. Nixon went forth as ministering angel in her various public activities. For certainly that part of her life was effective. Even though occasionally as she flitted from cause to cause, walking among the poor, going in and out of the stores and offices of the town begging for money for a wide variety of charities, she met the Doctor, and enjoyed miserably with him one of those brief public trysts which left her disheveled in mind and heart—even then she enjoyed keenly the satisfaction of helping the needy at no particular cost to herself, save that of time and money, both of which she had in abundance.

The Ridge wagged a sad head and gave her up. Whether she realized how publicly posted her story was one cannot say. Perhaps even if she had known how well her neighbors were reading it she would have gone into the antisaloon fight merely to crucify herself and prove to herself that she was not letting her daily excursions among the mirages in the weary land make a coward of her. Or probably she went as a fool blinded by her folly. But she did go into the fight for a dry town, and she went with all the enthusiasm of an ardent nature.

Now, ladies and gentlemen in the saloon business and its allied trades, fighting for their lives, have not those nice, chivalric scruples that Sir Launcelot practiced in seeking the Holy Grail. They use whatever weapon the devil puts in their hands, and they endured Lalla Rookh up to a point; but when she began to be effective they let fly. Whereupon the air grew first purple and then red with stories, highly apocryphal and gorgeously false, yet all based on the fundamental and undisputed fact that Mrs. Nixon and Doctor Kurtlin were engaged in some kind of love affair that had no legal right to exist.

It was only after Archimedes, who handles the lever that moves the world of the Ridge, had refused to print the Personal Liberty League circular, and indeed only after the league had taken it to a job-printing office and had it made into a handbill, that it seemed wise for Elsie of the flat chest and rope hair and saddle complexion to act. It was dusk and the office was deserted when Mrs. Nixon came glowing into the dingy room where the typewriter and the telephone ran the social news of Pleasant Ridge through Elsie as a sort of human transformer, from the high voltage of truth to the low voltage of such sparkling facts as she dared put on her humble society page. In the room Mrs. Nixon found Elsie, and the girl blinked for a moment at Mrs. Nixon before reaching in her desk and bringing out the printed circular.

"Sit down, Mrs. Nixon, and read this," she said.

Lalla Rookh, radiating health and joy and affection, a kind of an incarnation of sweetness and light—plus a perfect and pleasurable digestion—sat beside the thin woman of her own age, whose life seemed so meager, and held the folded sheet in her lap for a moment without looking at it.

"So you wanted to see me, dear? Well ——" The goddess patted the long, thin, brown hand on the typewriter keys.

The girl nodded at the circular in the lap beside her, but Mrs. Nixon went on: "Oh, Elsie, we are going to win this fight. I've been at headquarters all day and we know exactly how we stand. Two women and one man are working in every block, all under precinct captains and ward leaders, and the fight is won—it's won, Elsie!" She put the circular on the table, still folded, and squeezed the girl in sheer joy of life, and then picked up the paper and asked: "What is this, anyway?"

"Read it," replied Elsie soberly, adding: "They are going to spring it to-night if ——"

The girl saw the splendid, effective, exuberant woman pass suddenly down creation's line. She saw the color come and go from shame to fear and fear to shame, and saw the trembling jaw set and the set jaw tremble, and the hands flutter in fear and grip the paper in rage. The frightened creature turned to the reporter, and licking her trembling ashen lips said:

"If—what?"

"If you don't get out of the fight to-night," answered the reporter. "We just got it at half past four. Archimedes thought your father was too old to handle it. I said your husband should not see ——"

"Oh, thank you—thank ——"

The girl took the sheet from the floor where it had dropped as she went on: "And I thought of Doctor Paul; but I knew he'd probably go to shooting—or some fool thing!"

The woman nodded and said "Yes," more in a gasp than an assent.

"So I sent for you." The girl put a steadying hand on the fluttering fingers. "Now, then, Lalla Rookh Longford, brace up. We're both thirty-five years old. You know me; you knew me in school, and you knew me when I delivered the washing to

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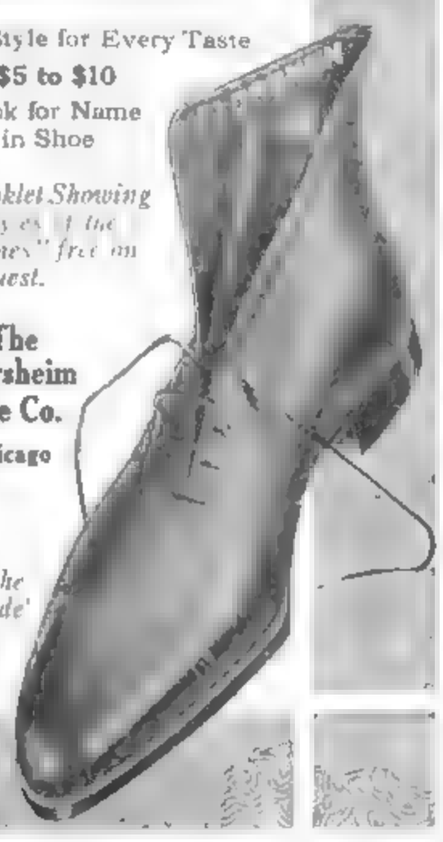

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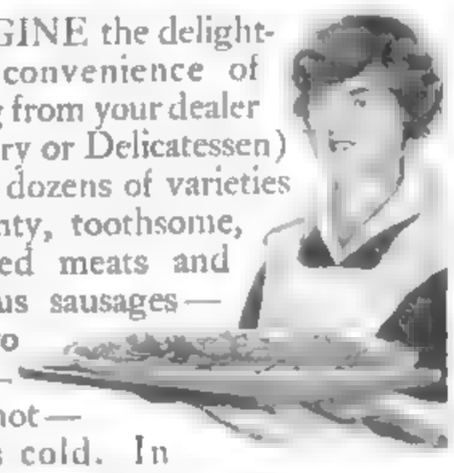

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FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS

your house in my little wagon, and when I set type here in the back room. I'm not pretty-for-nice, Lalla, but I'm here to help!"

As she spoke she saw the beautiful mouth twitching and heard the sobs struggling to rise, and in another instant Lalla Rookh was convulsed in weeping. Her whole frame shook and she moaned.

"What have I done! What have I done! Before God, I've done no evil—no evil—no evil! Oh, what have I done!" she cried as she clenched her soft white hands. The reporter rose and stood looking at the woman as she breasted wave after wave of self-pity and let her emotions go unrestrained. The curtains were drawn, and the lamp under its paper shade fell only on the typewriter beneath it. In the half darkness the two women were as remote from the world as they would have been upon a desert island. Finally the shuddering form grew still and the wet eyes lifted guiltily to the girl's pale-gray eyes, and with intriguing candor in the brown eyes the woman began imploring Elsie for pity even before the gentle voice spoke.

"You don't understand, Elsie, you don't understand!" cried the seductive voice. "God never let you be tempted; you never have fought my fight." She rose, came to the girl, and clasping her hands whispered: "But as God is my witness He knows I did no evil, and that"—she looked at the sheet on the table and shivered—"that is a lie—a lie! Oh, it's not true—only part of it. We did go there, but it was to rescue that Snay girl when she went back once. And we got her. Father was in the carriage outside when we went there and brought her home again."

"That's all right, we won't discuss that part of it," interrupted the reporter. "What shall we do about it? How can I help? I want to help and—— Well, it's my assignment from the office to help. What's your first move?"

"First," answered the woman, who was coming back from her long drop down the line of creation and sat gripping the desk, "call up Doctor Paul. I must be the first to tell him this—to keep him from ——"

"Yes." In a second Elsie was sending in the call. When they found that the Doctor was out on a professional visit the two women pondered a moment. "I'll wait here with you. Telephone Gregory to go on with dinner. Tell him I'm busy; he'll understand."

A minute later, after the girl had hung up the receiver, the woman asked: "Elsie, were you ever in love?" She took the girl's two hands and held them tightly as she spoke. The reporter nodded, and Mrs. Nixon went on: "Then tell me, what is the matter with me? I love my husband; I love my children. And yet ——"

Then the slow, hard voice of the girl beside her began, as one reading dim print: "And yet you've lived soft and you are soft clear through. Listen: Charley and I have been going together ten years; we are kind of engaged and no one on earth knows it. He's got his crippled mother and his consumptive sister. And me?—I've got pa. Don't you think—oh, Lalla Rookh, don't you think it's hard sometimes—hard when I hear my children calling out in the night—hear the fire on my hearth crackle—don't you think it's hard? Yet if Charley went back on them I'd not—not—I'd not care for him, and he never yet has asked me to leave pa! I'll just tell you something—it's five years—it'll be six in December—since he kissed me."

The woman beside her was sobbing. The girl broke her hands away and squared the woman round rather rudely.

"Wait a minute," she called. "I'll try to get the Doctor on the phone again. Now you brace up! You can't afford to have any high jinks; you've got to act." After the telephone had revealed the fact that the Doctor was on the way to his office Elsie went on: "Your trouble, Lalla Longford, is that you haven't got it in your noodle that love is sacrifice. What have you ever given up for your man or your kids? Ask yourself—not a blessed thing. You've had this grand flirtation with the Doctor, and made a fool of him if there ever was one. And you've paraded round indulging in your philanthropic desires like a dope fiend, and what have you given up? Now just what?"

The larger woman shook her head and clearly was thinking of something else. She was working out in her mind, through the labyrinth of the political situation as she knew it, some plan to stop the publication of the circular, either with her lover's help or with her father's. Not once did she

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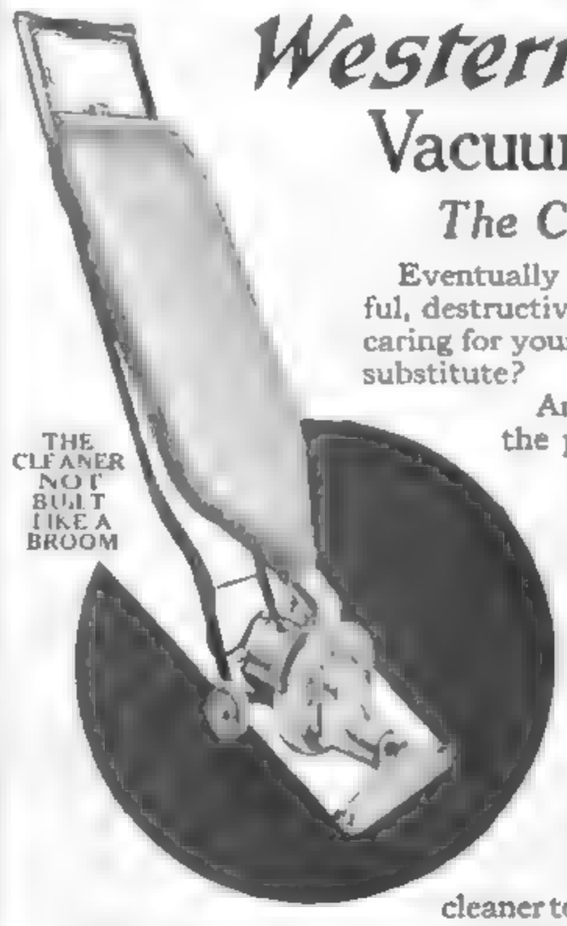

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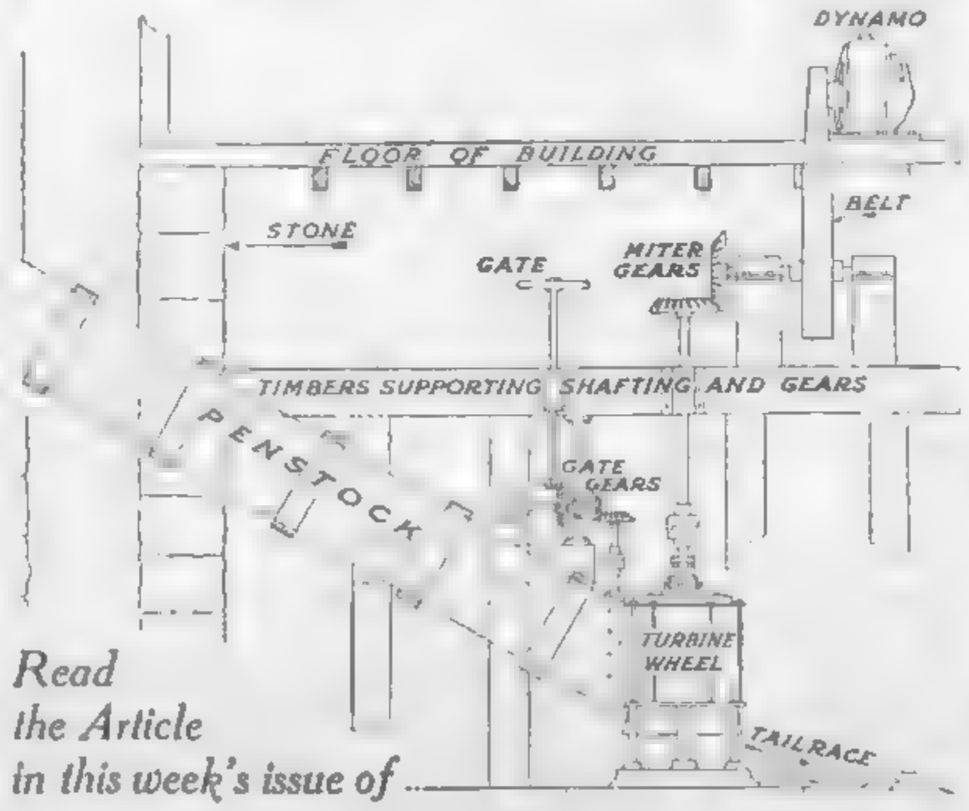

Read the Article in this week's issue of

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

bring her husband back from his journey among the atoms and ions and electrons far into the heart of matter to help her. When she thought of him she flushed with shame.

When the phone bell rang she started, and when the reporter had handed the receiver to her she said in a low, excited voice: "Yes, Paul, it's Lalla. Will you come out to the house as quickly as possible? I must see you. Good-by." She rose full of determination, with all her faculties in hand, and with her jaw firm and her eyes all but flaming with excitement. Then she turned to the reporter and cried: "You stay right here, and I'll phone you when I need you. I'm bound to need you by eight or nine o'clock. I'm going to turn this circular—where is it? Oh, yes, all right. I'm going to let father and Paul read this, and we three will work out some plan or something. But we may need you—you can act for us!" She turned to go, then came back and kissed the girl and cried: "Oh, Elsie, Elsie, don't think I don't appreciate you; you're the very salt of the earth!" Then she hurried away.

It was after eight o'clock when she met the doctor at the front door of Longheath. She did not give him her hand. She did not meet his eyes. She would not take his arm as was her wont when they were alone in the house. She put aside almost angrily his question as to her mood, and as the man and woman side by side went through the hall it was in a silence as though they were approaching some dread doom. They saw through the living-room window the light in the Professor's laboratory, and the woman caught the man's sleeve and whispered: "There he is. We won't disturb him. Father is with him." She went on: "Come back here to the big table and read this." She handed the circular to the Doctor, and stood over him while he read, with her hand upon his shoulder. She could feel his body under her fingers give under the impact of the blow. When he looked up he was cursing in a low, hoarse whisper. "Quit it! Brace up! Think, man—think; there is some way to stop this. Father's smart. Now then ——" She left him with a quick stride and called down a corridor. Through the window they could see the Colonel moving about the laboratory and could see the Professor bending over his table. When the Colonel came in answer to her call the gaunt, shaggy old man, with just the faintest shuffle in his military tread and the shadow of a slouch in his bearing, smiled at the pair in the living room and joked his old joke: "Well, how're Pelléas and Mélisande this evening?"

"Father—father!" she repeated tragically; "don't—don't! Sit down—here by the lamp." She handed him the circular without a word and pointed to it, saying: "You must help! Oh, father, you must, you must help!"

As the old man fumbled for his glasses he said: "Well, I'm glad to help. I was helping Gregory in there with that electrical experiment. The transformer doesn't work some way, but he says he'll get it down." The Colonel finally got on his glasses. The two stood watching him. He had not fixed his eyes on the sheet half a minute before he began: "What in hell is ——" Then a few seconds later: "Well, Go——"

But a horrible blue-green glare in the window and a crashing sound scattered the group, and they went running to the laboratory. It could not have been ten seconds from the time they saw the glare that the Colonel had shut off the current, and in the darkness they stumbled over the body of the Professor. The smell of scorching clothing was in the air and little tongues of flame were lapping about the legs of a stool. While her father and the doctor were stamping out the flames and chattering orders at each other, Mrs. Nixon accepted the challenge of death. She bent over the limp figure against which she had stumbled in the dark. She lifted it without a gasp, carried it into the living room and put it on a couch. Under her command the Colonel was drawing water from a faucet in the laboratory and the doctor was at his medicine case, and the woman, losing no second by a false motion or a clumsy finger, was tearing away the clothing from about the Professor's neck. She worked his arms and did not speak or look round as she bent to her task. She was unconscious of the Doctor at the table, but as the seconds assembled into a minute she realized that he was fluttering and fumbling with his medicines.

The Colonel's hands were pouring water upon the ashen face, and his old legs were hurrying him to and fro from the laboratory with slopping beakers. She kept murmuring "Hurry!" over and over as she worked. Finally at another half minute's end she turned quickly and saw the fumbling hands of the Doctor—the steel fingers fatuously wiggling, crazy and out of control. When she had turned back to her work her mind recorded to her consciousness that the fine forehead of the Doctor and his upper lip were beady with sweat. At that moment she did not see the devil shriving the Doctor's soul. For so desperately was she wrestling with death that she did not translate the meaning of the Doctor's visage, nor read the warning in his mad hands. She was breathing into her husband's lungs from her own deep drafts of air: but when death and the devil came up behind her, as the Doctor moved, she glanced for a moment into his face, saw the bestial glint in his eyes, and saw a bestial slant to his slinking shoulders and swaying body and half rose to cry:

"Paul!"

The doctor tried to answer, but his voice had slipped from its control. She repeated: "What's that? What's that?" looking at the medicine in his hand. A whisper came sputtering out of the cruel animal mouth; she did not heed it. For their eyes met, and in the silence she understood him. With one free hand she knocked the medicine from the unsteady fingers. Half rising, she crouched over the body as if to shield it, and cried to her father: "Telephone for Doctor Roberts and Doctor Keller—quick!" Then, when her command had started her father to the telephone, she whispered to the Doctor: "Hide that medicine case. The other doctors must not think ——"

Then she lost consciousness of the Doctor, and with no more tremor than a machine she held to her fight with death. Something back of her consciousness was directing that fight. Something strong, capable, precise, indomitable.

The Doctor reached to touch the limp hand nearest to him, but from her obsessed eyes a look sent him back ashamed. In that look she saw that the beast had left him. She saw his calm, professional face, gray and worn and haggard. "Come here and work—work!" she cried as she heard wheels scraping the gravel of the driveway and knew another doctor had arrived.

It was ten o'clock. Mrs. Nixon was talking to the Globe office and Elsie Barnes was at the other end of the wire. Mrs. Nixon was speaking clearly and so that the doctor in the next room and the maids might hear: "You may say for me, in to-morrow's paper, that this accident naturally will keep me from my work on the Law and Order Committee until after the election, and that I have been compelled to resign from the chairmanship. You understand, Elsie?" Then the Colonel, standing by his daughter, heard her say: "Now, Elsie, call me up any time to-night if anything goes wrong."

The old man was wet-eyed and broken, not the strong old man he had been when he came laughing out of the laboratory less than two hours before. The voices of the trio of doctors in the sick room could be heard; but they were not excited voices. One laughed; another was trying to make the patient laugh. Doctor Kurtlin was evidently at the head of the stairs, coming down.

"Little girl, little girl!" cried the unsteady old voice. "I'm an old man, an old man, and they've cracked my old bones and they've put water in my blood and broken my heart! But oh, my little girl, I've given you an Irish spirit and God loves the Irish—'all's well with the world!'"

He kissed her and made way for a child in her little nightie with braids down her back, coming to say her belated prayers. The mother fondled the girl for a second and set her kneeling, as the doctor paused on the stair landing and gazed beseechingly across the little figure. The woman looked for a moment at the man, then shook her head, and the Colonel from his post down the corridor heard the front door open and close and felt the night wind blowing through the house.

When the Nixons came home from Europe—from their two years' sojourn in Europe—the Professor brought back sundry medals, degrees and honorable parchments from the universities in what the Colonel called the effete and crumbling capitals of Europe. And the town was properly impressed. But Lalla Rookh, she that

(Continued on Page 64)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

Mean Economy to Automobile Owners

Ball Bearings conserve the power of your motor, consumption of gasoline and oil, the speed, safety, and the general up-keep of your car.

What is a Ball Bearing?

A BALL BEARING IS a self-contained unit having steel balls and raceways, designed to carry rotating members under both radial load and thrust with minimum friction, and for a given displacement a very great saving in power can be shown over the old conventional types.

IN THE SUCCESSFUL DEVELOPMENT of the special steel employed—in the uniform strength of materials and precise dimensions—in the matter of standards established for inspecting and testing—in super-excellence of finish—in correct principle of design and type—the American-Made New Departure Ball Bearings are pre-eminently an efficient, durable, satisfactory and economical component of any mechanism in which they are installed.

Showing Angle of Contact

Sectional Elevation of New Departure Double Ball Bearings, Showing 15° Load Line

Sectional Elevation Showing Vertical Load Line of the Single Row Ball Bearing.

A Few Pertinent Facts

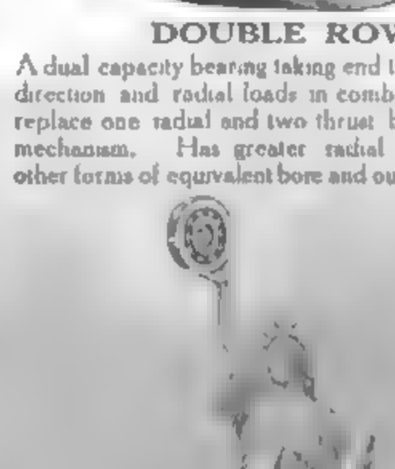
IN THOSE COUNTRIES where the study of anti-friction bearings has been conducted for nearly two decades—bearings of the ball type are used almost exclusively because of their anti-frictional qualities.

IS IT NOT A SIGNIFICANT FACT that the four big racing events of nineteen-fourteen—The Vanderbilt—The Indianapolis—The Grand Prix—The Elgin National, were won by cars equipped throughout with Ball Bearings?

OUR NEW BOOKLET, just issued, entitled "New Departure Ball Bearings and what they mean to the Car Owner," will tell you how to know your car better. Write at once for your copy and, as a matter of convenience, please ask for Booklet "A"

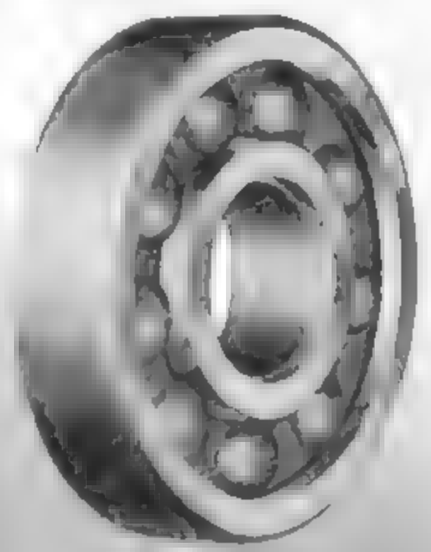
RADAX

An angular contact single row bearing designed to carry a radial load in combination with one direction thrust



DOUBLE ROW

A dual capacity bearing taking end thrust from any direction and radial loads in combination. Will replace one radial and two thrust bearings in any mechanism. Has greater radial capacity than other forms of equivalent bore and outside diameter.



SINGLE ROW

Designed as the ideal standard of this type of bearing for radial load only. Adjustment assures the maximum

American Made for American Trade

The Plant behind the Product

The home of New Departure Ball Bearings employs over 2000 skilled American mechanics producing ball bearings equal in quality and quantity to the American demand

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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Western Branch, Detroit, 1018-17 Ford Bldg.

22-34 Great Eastern Street, London, E. C.

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IVORY is the name of the new garter with clasps and buckles that can't rust or corrode, that can't tear your socks or chafe your skin. Having no metal, Ivory Garter needs no pads. This absence of both metal and pads makes Ivory Garter as light as a silk sock, cool and sanitary, and lessens heat and perspiration. And Ivory Garters have no cords—they neither bind nor break.

The quarter that buys Ivory Garters buys unusual garter comfort, and if you don't get good, long wear and entire satisfaction, you can have your money back. Ivory Garters are at most haberdashers'. If you don't find them at yours, buy from us direct.

Ivory Garter
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Dealers: Ivory Garters sell, stay sold and sell again to every man who wants garter comfort. Write for our unusual proposition.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

Improve Your Store With
SNUG-SEATS

Especially adapted for use in soda fountains, cafes and grill rooms. Occupy only ½ space required for ordinary table sets and therefore save money by seating more patrons. Neat, sturdy, strong and economical. Any finish desired—$2.5 a set of table and four chairs. Send postal for free Catalogue No. 19

W. B. McLean Manufacturing Co.
Herron Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Start Your FORD From the Seat

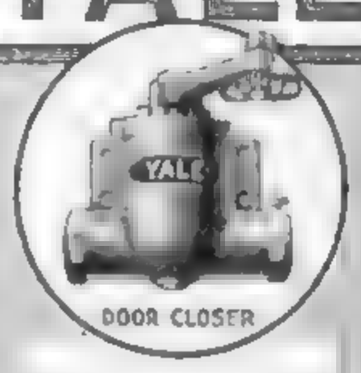
Throw away your crank. Start your Ford from the seat with the SANDBO Two-Compression Starter. Differs from all others, as to crank

$14

SANDBO STARTER COMPANY
99 Sandbo Building Rock Island, Ill.

Agents Dealers Wanted

YALE



Doors that shut quietly and softly—and certainly—are always an evidence of refinement. The Yale Door Closer will close *your* doors this way. And you'll appreciate the added comfort as well.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
New York—Stamford, Ct.

You could dip this house in water

Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary and disfigured. But they can be waterproofed and beautified with

TRUS-CON STONETEX
APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A liquid cement coating which becomes an impregnable [illegible] the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair cracks. [illegible] Furnished in a [illegible]

It will pay you to learn about Trus-Con Waterproofing Products. Write for full information telling us your needs.

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES
101 Trus-Con Building, Detroit, Mich.
Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints

(Continued from Page 62)

was born Longford, brought back seven trunkloads of plunder. And she gave a series of exhibitions for her corals from Naples and cameos from Florence, for her beaten silver and scarfs from Rome, for her prints from Germany, for her millinery from Paris and her silks from London.

Then too she slipped through the custom-house before the very eyes of the inspectors a series of poses, which she used in her home—for practice—and when there was an audience for applause; and these elaborate poses that she had collected from the statuary of the museums gave her such a classical effect that Archimedes spoke of her always as the Goddess of Longheath. From her face, which had taken form and color from the galleries of Germany, it was obvious that she had some sort of notion that she was a kind of Madonna of the Clubs—the federated clubs.

But the most important thing she brought was a large oversoul—like, say, crinoline—which she seemed to have picked up somewhere in the North Country. She showed her hardware and shelf goods and goddess effects to the women of the city federation; she displayed her dry goods and millinery and madonnas to the Monday Music Club; but she kept her oversoul for her more particular friends. She got it out one night for the old Colonel, but he shook his grizzled head and cried:

"To hell with it, Lalla! And while we're a-talking, gal, let me break off a bit of my undersoul, which has been ingrowing for the two years I've been alone here with Archimedes downtown and the cat at the house; and you can as well take it now as any other time, and this is the size of it: Your first job in the cosmos is the kids! Your oversoul, spreading over the infinite and touchin' all the other gay young chips off the old block of primal energy or first cause or the billy-be-dee of your moonshine, is all very grand; but the kids have their rights to a motherin'!"

"But, father, if a woman feels she has a higher mastery than ——"

"Ah-h-h!" drawled the disgusted old man. "Lally, Lally, ye're like Paddy Mahone's dog—you're always goin' a bit of the way with 'em all and getting nowhere! Let me tell you something, daughter of my heart's core; and 'tis this: When the angels took the snip with the scissors that made you a woman, my darlin', they gave you the highest mastery in the world—the transmission of the life-stuff of the race from the last generation to the next. You're the vessel, my gal, wherein the destiny of the race is bilin'. It isn't merely your body that's important, wherein the seeds are warmed into life; though that's much and that's why you should treat it like God's temple. The important thing is your soul, for trimmin' and prunin' and pickin' and sortin' and choosin' and shieldin' and passin' into reality the dreams of to-day. I don't mind your votin' and your agitatin' to make a better world about ye for the settin' of your workshop; that's part of your job, too, and I glory in your spunk, gal. But your job's in your workshop as sure as the Lord's in His holy temple, and don't let this damn nonsense about your oversoul hookin' you up with infinity tempt you away from a duty that makes you a part of God's plan of progress—little or big, as you have the heart and the skill for it—and as plain, Lally, as a boil on the back of your neck!"

Whereupon Lalla Rookh went to the piano and played a movement from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and thought of the doctor, and tried to remember why she hated him, or if she did hate him at all, and if it wasn't a sort of hang-over hate from their disagreement on a lower plane where he had been an unpaternal tomcat and eaten all the offspring in their first meeting in the jungle, or something equally important. For she was convinced that her consciousness here was but the reflection of the phenomena of time and space upon some small apex of her submerged soul that sank deep into a cosmic iceberg floating in the sea of infinity. So she was vastly more concerned about bumping into other icebergs and freezing to them spiritually, as it were, than she was about the area of reflection in the mundane sun. The Doctor, however, held a low opinion of the iceberg theory. He was devoting himself with some degree of consistency and great enthusiasm to going to hell by the drug route. He seemed to have no time for Lalla Rookh and her cosmic theories.

So Mrs. Nixon went floating about as a goddess in her copious crinoline oversoul, touching a number of things that in reality did not exist! And the Nixon children's noses needed more or less attention, and their shoes went unsoled, and their little breeches were often sadly neglected. Now a handsome woman—and no one ever held that her transcendental rigging made her the less handsome or dimmed in the slightest the gorgeous beefsteak dinners she gave to the Professor's Ion Club—a handsome woman who goes about in the seas of infinity, sailing mostly with the hatches down and scanning the lower currents of the universe for submarine craft, is liable before she knows it to be flying at the masthead of her ship, as a signal, a palpable and material petticoat, and waving it at such trousers as may heave in sight. For it's the way of all flesh!

The person who considers too seriously the caprices of his astral arrangements is playing dangerously near his emotions, and that is a slippery playground.

"I can't resist her," cried Elsie as the big, beautiful creature in a Paris street gown swept out of the office after leaving with the society reporter the program of the Monday Music Club. "Charley, I simply can't resist her. She comes in here and kisses me and hugs me like a soft, perfumed, upholstered bear, and she holds my hand and makes love to me. And, Charley, I'm going to propose to her and elope with her if you don't keep her away!"

The advertising solicitor looked at the reporter a moment and shook his head sadly: "It's tough, isn't it, Elsie?" He paused a moment and put his hand across her desk and began: "Elsie, Elsie——"

"Don't you come round here Elsieing me, Charley, at one-thirty, with the copy hook sticking up as bare as Pike's Peak and three machines going."

He tossed his head and rose, saying as he went: "All right, have it your way, Miss Porcupine. You don't have to throw your quills at ——"

"Say, Charley, what do you think?" she called as she looked over the program Mrs. Nixon had laid down. "They've discovered Jim!" To his lifting eyebrows she answered: "Why, our Jim—fighting Jim, the railroad reporter—the Monday Music Club has discovered Jim's voice and they've got him on the program!"

"No. You don't mean it!"

"Well, here it is, big as life," and she read "'Violets—James Lawton.' Fancy old Jim as a society bud! Oh, me! Oh, my! Now, who do you suppose?"

"Well," smiled the advertising solicitor wickedly, "if it's your goddess lady and she tries any of her 'endearing young charms' on Jim, she'll live to regret it. Jim's been eating raw beef and chewin' barbed wire for a year now to get in training to lick the yardmaster, and Jim's not up to much coddling."

He was a rather gaudily but poorly dressed and highly overbrushed young man who sat crossing and recrossing his legs in the big living room of Longheath waiting for the Monday Music Club to assemble. He did not know that two-thirty meant three-fifteen with the music club. He was not temperamental. He was used to making trains and reading time-tables, and as he talked to the hostess he gripped his roll of sheet music as though it were his one hope of safety. She tried to talk art, and told him she had heard his voice had a dramatic quality. He grinned and wondered what Elsie would say when he told her that; also he wondered what a dramatic quality was. She knew it would be half an hour before the club assembled, so she tried to coax him to sing—and in coaxing discovered that he didn't know one note from another and that he sang entirely by ear.

Finally, after she had let him tell two or three stories about the social jealousies of Mrs. First Assistant Night-Wiper Martin and Mrs. Second Assistant Cinderpit-Cleaner Gordon, who had secret ambitions that some day their husbands would be conductors, she wheedled him to the piano and, finding what he could sing, began to tempt him with wisps of accompaniment. Then for a moment he let out his big voice the great bull-roar that he released in the pressroom at night when he and the printers were washing up for the day, and it jarred the bric-à-brac noticeably, and more. Mrs. Nixon began gripping the keys of the piano as though they were the neck cords of her sweetest enemy. Also she lifted up what voice she had and sang a sort of tenor-alto until the tears came into her eyes.

When the members of the club began to arrive Jim kept standing by the piano,

hoping she would ask him to sing again, and she had to lead him away by the arm. The membership of the club was composed largely of women; two men from the music department of the college came, and Jim sniffed at them and all but growled. He sat in the far corner where his hostess had put him, with his deep-black eyes watching her, craning his head betimes to see her, holding his eyes on the door when she left the room and gazing intently at her hands and arms as she came to him with a cup of tea. He took the tea, told her how the girl at the High Sign Lunch counter wouldn't give the switchmen saucers for fear they'd pour their coffee in the saucers and disgust all the swell trade, and then, being on his feet, he followed her much like a dog all over the room, and she could not get rid of him—even if she really had cared to. But she was salving him in her oversoul, and it was a joyful sensation.

She had literally to put him out of the house, following the departure of the last lingering guest. Young Mr. Lawton lounged leisurely down the winding walk and, seeing the Colonel working with a pruning hook among the trees, sauntered over to him and called: "Say, Colonel, swell joint you got here. I hadn't never been here but once—that night the Prof was electrocuted, and I didn't get to see much of it then."

The Colonel looked the youth over and laughed: "How did you get out the front way?"

"Sang my way in and sang my way out. I'm a Tyrolean warbler all right, Colonel, didn't you know about that? Well, 'the pride of the whole house is papa's babee,' eh, Colonel?"

The pruning shears snapped and the old man moved away: "Gwan wid ye, Jimmy Lawton. I knew your father when he was caterin' in a livery stable and yer mother when you could hear her singing over the dishes at the Astor House half a mile away. You in society! Music, heavenly maid, is hard up for company!"

Jim told this ten minutes later at the office and we had a laugh about it. But after we had endured three days of what they did at the musicale, how they dressed, what they had to eat, what they said, why and how and when they said it, with the words "swell women" jangling interminably through his talk over and over, morning, noon and night, until it was plain that Jim was getting a fixed idea, Elsie called the big reporter in and preached at him:

"Cut it out, Jimmy; they're not your kind of people. You can't trot in that class; it'll only bring you trouble. They'll listen to you sing and laugh at your manners. Don't go up there again." But the flush that she saw in his cheeks and the fire in his eyes could not be quenched.

It was a sad day for the Globe office when Jimmy took to society. After three months at the college music department, where they taught him to open his mouth and to slip in extra syllables in his singing words by way of emotional emphasis, the head waitress at the railroad eating house saw that there was no chance for her. He would hurry over his beat like a hound, picking up bits of news, then scurry back to his music lessons. He quit chumming with the head pit man in the roundhouse and the switch shanty knew him no more. But he lowered no flag to the yardmaster, and still told the reporters in the office that some day the yardmaster would appear with what Jimmy called the "fixin's" on him. He held his job, of course; but that was all. He invested his substance in evening clothes as gorgeous as his Sunday suit was gaudy, and Elsie thought she could see the eye of Lalla Rookh in the design of Jimmy's de-luxe regalia. It had a vague European air that was foreign to Pleasant Ridge.

But they certainly were helping the young man's voice at the college, and in the spring he had a solo part in the oratorio at the musical festival and bellowed most feelingly through several hours of pure music. In the town's society, where Jimmy often, like little Tom Tucker, sang for his supper, he was known as Mrs. Nixon's "Golden Musical Discovery," and the years between their ages made it easy for him to get to heel without attracting much comment. If only she had not kept such a tight leash on him! But that was the trouble; he would sing and do his parlor tricks only on her order; indeed he would accept only such invitations as came through her. She played all his accompaniments and took him to the city to hear grand opera. She bought quires of music of a kind new to the Ridge, which had become fairly used to Wagner; and at the Monday Music Club she would set Jimmy to barking on the new scores—tuneless, formless, and often inharmonious musical chatter, full of emotional yelps and groans and moans and complainings that shocked Colonel Longford into language.

As for the Professor, he would often stand behind his glasses, looking rather than listening.

And thus slowly Lalla Rookh sapped out Jimmy Lawton's soul. For a time—perhaps for nearly a year—the youth's heart was lava. And she let him glow and blew upon the fire all her airs and graces. She had to struggle to keep him to heel; he was forever about to paw her and rub against her. But she was wise and he was young. Then came the day that she wished for, when the lava vaporized and Jimmy was all but mad. In his vapid state she could handle him with a breath. He was the soul of devotion, and no one knew how completely she had captured him. But the old Colonel suspected and was wroth. He used to cover up his head with his handkerchief and pretend to sleep in the living room when Lalla Rookh and Jimmy were digging away at their music. The old man saw the youth's eyes at such times; the poor fellow's hands and feet were in a deep submission. But he saw his daughter's eyes, and her hands were still free, and once he startled the singers with a mighty oath as he cried: "Let that boy's hair alone, I tell you. He's got a comb, Lalla; he can take care of it!" And after that when he pretended to sleep they stuck to the score. When the two were alone Lalla Rookh filled Jimmy's head full of tall talk of their souls. And she built up for him an elaborate fable about the union of their spirits on another plane. She read Emerson to him fancy Jimmy taking on Emerson—and Wordsworth and Jean Paul! But he didn't even blink at it, but looked doglike into her eyes and heard her soft, purring voice in an ecstasy.

Even if the Colonel alone had been watching the young man he would have had trouble enough in store for him; for the Colonel was hoarding his wrath. But gradually he also noticed that whenever Jimmy was at Longheath Doctor Kurtlin's new red racing car would come panting by, always once, sometimes twice, and occasionally three and four times. The Colonel had nothing to do but to fumble his cane and watch. Perhaps the others did not notice what was happening. But when he saw the Doctor's car whizzing past the house so regularly the old man was distraught with fear. A pitiful figure in the town was Doctor Kurtlin. His practice was going; his clean, trim body was slumping; his ruddy skin was reddening; his fine eyes were dilating and glazing, and the fires of the pit gleamed from every window of his soul. And the Colonel saw it and hesitated, for it is the habit of age to wait; and the Professor saw it and was wounded with a deep shame.

And Jimmy Lawton saw it, and, knowing what the Globe office knew, he snarled at the Doctor, and bristled by him when they passed on the street and met each other's sidelong glance of hate.

Thus stood the clock when Professor Nixon started to Cambridge to receive his degree. He left Lalla Rookh and Jimmy and the children at the dinner table munching nuts, and the Colonel took the Professor to the seven-forty train in Mrs. Nixon's electric runabout. When the children had cleared out, Jimmy and Mrs. Nixon went to the veranda. Down in the railroad yards—and in all his philandering Jimmy never took his ear from the voice of the yards—he heard the four long screams of the eastbound limited. "There she comes, right on the dot! She'll be pulling out in three minutes." But before his voice had paused he heard from the yards the hoarse hoots of a great freight mogul in warning or distress. A commotion followed and a little switch engine in the west end of the yards began to clamor and the switch engine in the east end made reply. Then he heard her bell clanging as she hurried westward. Ten years of training told him there was trouble in the yards, and he went to the telephone and called up the switch shanty.

"Anything serious?" asked Mrs. Nixon as the young man came back to his porch chair.

"Oh, nothing to speak of—two or three freight cars are ditched at Number seven

My Advice is—Use
UPSON BOARD

I've built and remodeled a good many houses in my day, and I know you couldn't have a better lining for walls and ceilings than Upson Board.

Better than plaster? I've seen plaster walls crack a week after they were put up. But Upson Board will last as long as your house itself. Be sure to demand

UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

Refuse inferior imitations. Upson Processed Board possesses the good qualities of other boards, and five vitally important and superior features of its own!

Upson Board is surface filled at the factory. This should save you at least $5.00 per room, because no priming coat is necessary.

Upson Board should save you another $5.00 per room because a single coat of paint will often finish it smoothly and even two coats will always do it. Ordinary [illegible]

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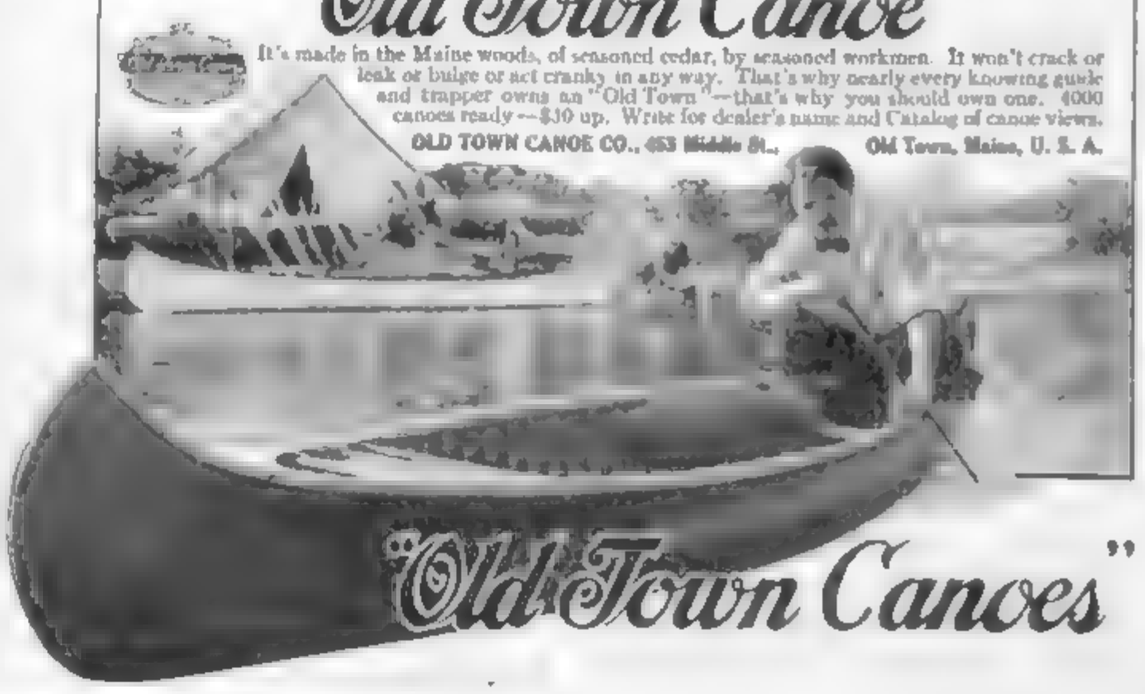
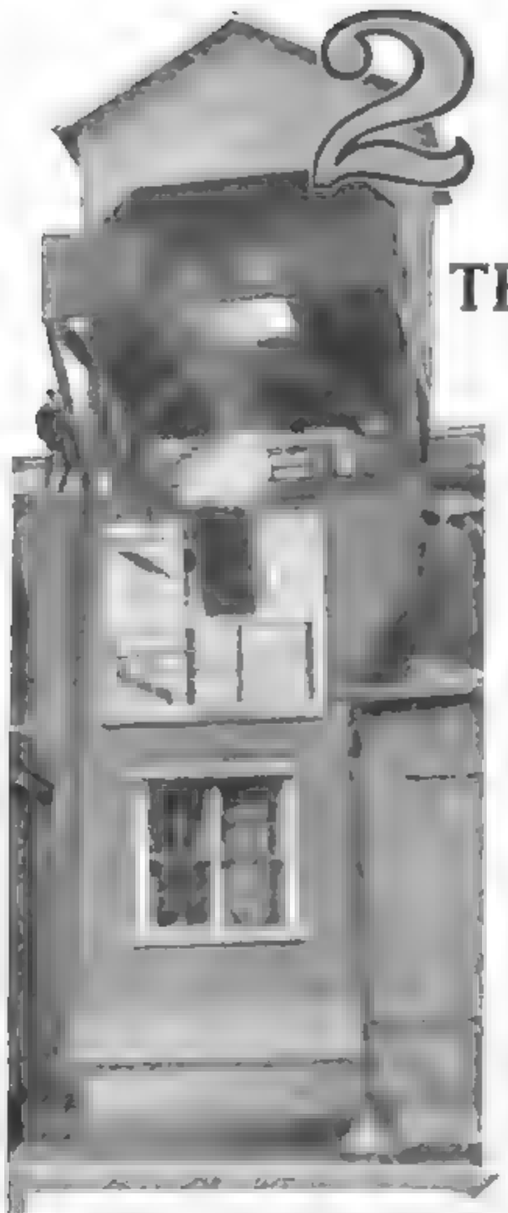


"Old Town Canoes"



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switch down in the west yards." He grinned. "Grief for that boarding-house gladiator who goes round with yard-master on his cap. I told him that switch was blinky."

In due course they heard the electric come up and disappear in the garage at the back of the house, and Lalla Rookh heard her father's step in the living room behind them, and when he had fumbled over the evening paper she heard him mount the stairs. It was a soft June night and her heart was hungry for excitement, the kind of excitement that sometimes gnawed at her vitals like a poison. She sat in her swinging chair and played upon Jimmy with all her wiles. She thought she heard her father move across the room behind her and lowered her voice. A little later she went into the room and turned off all the lights save one in the rear, a low reading lamp before a great table. It shed a respectable twilight in the great room, and when she heard her father moving about in the room directly above her she let all her devils out to play.

The horrible roar of the Doctor's racing car in the street attracted her attention, but did not divert her from her feline joy in the game with the mouse.

Again it roared past and again, the snarling, whining devil in the hood lifting a fearsome voice. In the roar she had to lift her voice to be heard for an instant, and she did not realize that behind her, sitting at the reading lamp, her husband was writhing in his soul as he heard her false, overstrained voice and felt upon his heart the searing feet of all the devils which she played with so wantonly.

He had been sitting there a long time, it seemed to him, waiting for his delayed tram. The voice of the woman—the fondling, intense, excited voice of the woman, and the hoarse, suppressed man's voice in broken phrases—finally had driven him mad. He tiptoed back to his laboratory and returned, bringing in one hand a beaker filled with yellowish, cloudy liquid and in the other a little white clod. He sat for a time balancing the clod over the glass loosely in his fingers, and her voice purred on. A child's shrill, gay, pillow-fighting voice came to him from a distant bedroom. Then he laid down the potassium cyanide gently on the table and sat listening half listlessly with closed eyes to the dialogue on the veranda. He dropped his head on his arm and his body shook in sobs as he pushed with a blind hand the glass and little white lump to a farther corner of the table.

Again he heard outside the roar of the Doctor's car; then the car slowed down and he heard it come snorting up the driveway to the veranda.

He was on his feet as his wife screamed, and he heard a scuffle and a shot and saw the flash through the window curtain, high up in the air, as though it had been pointed toward the ceiling.

"Bring him in, Jim, bring him indoors. Don't! The whole neighborhood is ears!" It was Lalla Rookh whimpering, and a moment later through the door came two male forms, clinched. In the great, muscular arms of the youth the spent little Doctor was struggling feebly, his cocaine courage oozing and his strength all gone. At the noise of the shot and the scuffle the Colonel had come limping down the stairs with his cane, and stood behind the group that faced the Professor. The old man saw the hulking body of the Professor, half risen, half crouching, with his hands out like a bear's paws; he saw the wizened, trembling, bent body of the Doctor reaching futilely up for his pistol in Jimmy's hand, and the canine teeth of Jimmy all but snapping.

The old man, with eyes blazing and bloodshot, stood gathering strength, then broke the silence with a wail—a long "Ah." Then he spoke:

"Ah, Lally, Lally, ye're the evil spirit of the glen, the witch of Bryan's Moor, the very same, the witch herself!" He stood panting in the shamed silence and went on: "And every man that's come to your bower is turned to beast. Look at them here, the little jackal and this dirty dog and yonder great ragin' bear. My God, Lally, is this what ye've made of your life—the witch of Bryan's Moor!" When he began to cry the spell broke.

The Doctor, wiggling weakly out of the youth's strong arm, sank face down on a sofa, moaning miserably. Fear had taken the color from Jimmy's face; he was in a strange place and could not find himself. The Professor saw the woman, in a flash of horror, looking at the beaker of hydrochloric acid. He pointed mutely at the white lump at the other side of the table and cried:

"And this was to finish us both—all three probably!" His face still was drawn and pain-wracked as he went on: "That is the beast your enchantment made of me, Lalla!"

The Colonel's body began to straighten as his spent strength came back. He turned in rising rage to the shame-ridden woman, whose bare shoulders and neck were reddening. She bent her eyes to the floor and would have left the room had not the Colonel barred the way. Wrath was burning—a mounting, beating flame in his massive old head, over the face, through the veins at the temples up into the thin, soft, shaggy hair. His voice was choked as he began speaking, but it rang out fiercely as he went on:

"Maybe to see the devil in yer heart will help you to cast him out and clean you—I dunno—I dunno! But, Lally, gal, this is the secret of your damned witchery—it is yer hellish selfishness. That's what turned 'em all to beasts about you, yer black-hearted selfishness. I that begot ye, know ye, ye witch of Bryan's Moor! It's for yerself, yerself, yer own pleasure, is all yer philanthropies and all yer philanderin'—all fer yerself. Ye have taken and taken and taken - and give nothing. Ye were too selfish in all yer lovin' to give the boys even a bit of a kiss by way of diversion—not one small nibblin's of a kiss would ye give 'em, Lally Rookh, and for why? I'll tell ye. Not that ye were too good and didn't want it a thousand times and more; but ye were too greedy to call yourself a good and virtuous woman, too damn selfish for the bit of a kiss for your own beastie that ye made with the witchery of yer own greedy guts of selfishness. Ye never loved any of them, not even Gregory here; but ye like the comforts of home. It's a pleasant thing to have a daycint home and a kind man about; so ye come runnin' here when yer enchanted menagerie gets too hot for you. Ah-h-h-h," he wailed, "and now that I'm near the great White Door I'm fay—I'm fay and can see it."

And his great high voice was ringing clearly with no tremor or break as he shook his snow-white mane and cried: "She's my own begotten flesh and I know how to handle her!"

He stepped to her, waving his cane, and three men stood by and saw the stick come whistling down on the woman's bare back and shoulders. The white welt reddened, then oozed blood, and no one moved. Nor did the woman cry.

The Colonel stood looking at her a minute as she shook with sobs. Then the old man turned to the two terror-smitten intruders and brandished his stick, calling:

"Clear out! Clear out of here the both of ye!" A moment later he left the husband and wife alone.

As he looked back he saw the man coming back into the Professor's troubled face, and on the landing of the stairs he saw him bending over her as she sat shamed and broken. The husband's face was full of tears. He was covering her bruised flesh. Then from afar the Colonel heard, and knew the others heard, a child's lonely, frightened voice, calling:

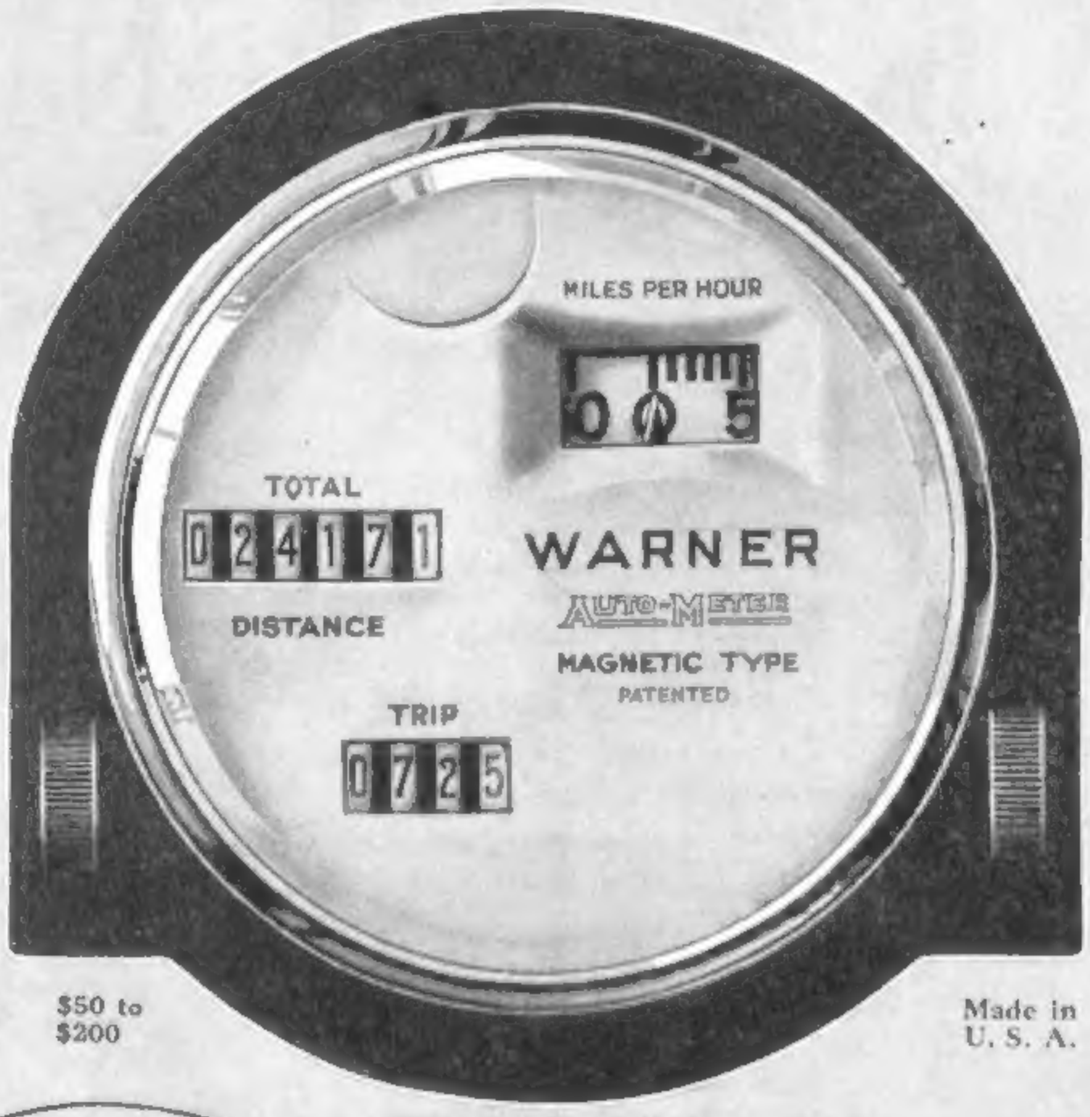
"Mamma! Mamma!" And again the cry: "Mamma!"

Like a thousand secrets that came to the office, we knew the story of that night. Partly from Jimmy we had it in terror; partly through Archimedes from the Colonel; partly from the very air that gathers such things like dew. It was one hot August night, when a cool breeze was just beginning to stir the elm trees of the town, and Elsie was helping the advertising solicitor paste up his monthly string and make his monthly report.

They were talking of Jimmy—poor Jimmy who was coming in agony out of his enchantment back to the head waitress in the eating house, and back to his chum in the cinder pit. It was Elsie who spoke of the goddess of Longheath. "She's a strange woman—a strange woman!" mused the girl.

"A strange woman," repeated Charley sighing; "and 'her feet go down to death.'"

"Oh, well, Charley, I don't know. So far as that goes, so are we all strange women—some of the time—all of us. But, Charley," cried the woman gently, "one of us was chosen as the first witness to the Great Resurrection!"



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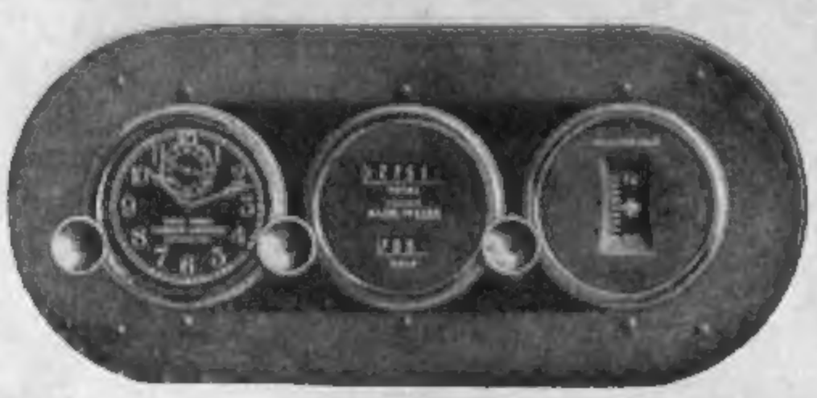

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SUNKIST LEMONS

SUNKIST ORANGES

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